MAY 1930

The American Negro in Europe

The Plight of Department Stores

Howells: Ten Years After

Cathedrals of the Hot Dog

Reviews of the New Music

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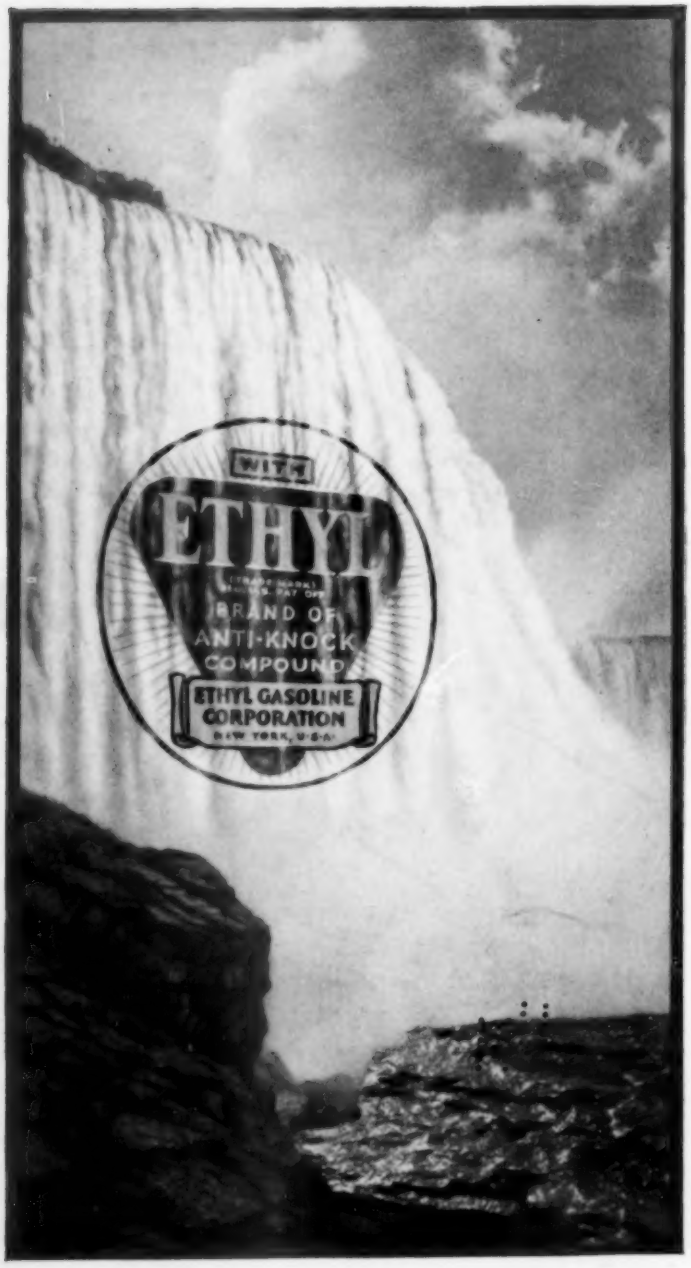

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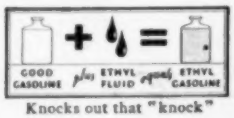

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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XX May 1930 NUMBER 77

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Assistant Editor*

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

HISTORY

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.
By William E. Barton. *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*
$4 9¼ x 6⅛; 263 pp. *Indianapolis*

Dr. Barton, who is a Congregational clergyman, has written a number of books about Lincoln, and is accepted in some quarters as an authority on the subject. Here he discusses at great length the sources, the writing and the texts of the Gettysburg Address, and its immediate effects as uttered. On the latter point there is a great conflict of testimony. Some eye-witnesses say that Lincoln's eloquence stunned and silenced his audience, others that it cheered him, and yet others that the address simply surprised it by being so short. Dr. Barton believes that Lincoln made his first draft at the White House, probably a few days before he went to Gettysburg, and that he revised that draft in the town, at the home of Judge Wills, a local notable, where he was a guest. The common legend that he wrote the address on the train seems to be wholly apocryphal. Later on Lincoln revised the text, and all of the copies that survive differ, one from the others. Dr. Barton presents a mass of interesting matter, and his diligence is worthy of praise, but his book shows signs of overwriting. It would have been more valuable if he had confined it to the known facts, and avoided speculation and moralizing. There are illustrations and a good index.

THE LAST FRONTIER.
By Zack T. Sutley. *The Macmillan Company*
$3 8⅝ x 5¼; 350 pp. *New York*

Mr. Sutley, who is now eighty years old, started westward from Kansas City in 1867, and thereafter for nearly twenty years he was busy as trapper, freighter and scout. His first job came from Buffalo Bill, who had a contract to supply buffalo meat to railway contractors and the Army, and he was thrown into intimate contact with many other celebrated frontier characters, including Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Custer and Jesse James. The story he has to tell, despite all his adventures, is a placid one, and he says that most of the frontiersmen, like himself, were respectable Christian men. "Considering," he says, "the life they had to lead, with no churches, no schools, none of the society of women except the rough element, for years at a time no child to fondle and bring their thoughts back to their youth and the better things of life, these men deserve more credit than they have been given." The book is pleasantly written. There is a map, but an index is lacking.

THE DECISIVE WARS OF HISTORY: *A Study in Strategy.*
By B. H. Liddell Hart. *Little, Brown & Company*
$4 8⅜ x 5⅝; 242 pp. *Boston*

Herein Capt. Hart, the well-known English military expert, discusses all the important battles of history, from the days of Epaminondas down to the present. His conclusions are these: "The indirect approach is by far the most hopeful and economic form of strategy. . . . History shows that rather than resign himself to a direct approach a great captain will take even the most hazardous indirect approach—if necessary over mountains, deserts or swamps, even cutting himself loose from his communications. . . . Natural hazards, however formidable, are infinitely less dangerous and less uncertain than fighting hazards. . . . In history the indirect approach has normally consisted of a logistical military move directed against an economic target—the source of supply of either the opposing state or army. . . . A further deduction, perhaps not positive but at least suggestive, from our survey, is that in a campaign against more than one state or army it is more fruitful to concentrate first against the weaker partner than to attempt the overthrow of the stronger in the belief that the latter's defeat will automatically involve the collapse of the others." There are eight excellent maps and an index.

THE WORLD CRISIS OF 1914–1918.
By Elie Halévy. *The Oxford University Press*
$2 9 x 5¾; 57 pp. *New York*

Dr. Halévy is a French scholar who is reputed to know more about the history of the British Empire than any living Englishman. His books on the subject have been hailed as masterpieces of research and interpretation. In the present volume, first delivered at Oxford as the Rhodes Memorial Lectures in 1929, he attempts a new appraisal of the causes of the Great War. He shoves aside as trivial the entire revisionist criticism. The war, he thinks, was as inevitable as anything possibly could be. But its causes, he adds, were not economic, for all the capitalists of Europe were against it, and were frantic in their efforts with the various foreign offices to prevent it. "I am no believer in the materialistic conception of history. . . . The basis of history is idealistic, not materialistic;

Continued on page vi

GALLOWS' ORCHARD

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Continued from page iv

and idealism makes revolutions and wars." What really caused the war, he says, was the growing spirit of nationalism on the Continent, especially in Southeastern Europe, which threatened the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian and Russian Empires. "It was a war for the liberty of the peoples from its inception." The Treaty of Versailles, that carved new nations out of the old states, was only in keeping with the spirit of the conflict. It "represented the triumph of everything that the Liberals of the Nineteenth Century had fought for." The European results of the war "have been on the whole happy." Dr. Halévy does not develop these ideas to any great extent, but all historical students will find much to think about in them.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING.

By Gaston B. Means. *The Guild Publishing Corporation*

$3.50 9⅜ x 6⅛; 345 pp. *New York*

Means was one of the shining ornaments of the Department of Justice during the Harding administration; later on he was sent to prison for two years on charges of corruption. He alleges that he was imprisoned in order to divert attention from other offenders. At first, he says, it was arranged that he was to submit to trial voluntarily and receive a suspended sentence, but in the course of the negotiations he quarrelled with the gentlemen higher up and so got the whole works, and in real earnest. How much dependence is to be put in his story cannot be determined. That he was an important figure in Washington in Harding's day is plain enough, but that he is a very dubious fellow is also plain. He tells an astounding tale of backstairs intrigue. He says he was in the private service of Mrs. Harding and spent a great deal of time investigating Harding's love affairs. He says that it was their knowledge of these affairs which enabled the members of the Ohio Gang to control and use Harding, and that Harding died in mortal fear of exposure and impeachment. He hints further that the President's death in San Francisco, on August 3, 1923, was accompanied by very suspicious circumstances. He has a great deal to say about Nan Britton, the author of "The President's Daughter," and hints that the story she tells in that book is substantially true. In an appendix he prints some curious testimonials to his own patriotism and veracity—from Senator George H. Moses, William J. Burns, Guy D. Goff (then assistant to the Attorney-General and now a Senator), and the immortal Mabel Walker Willebrandt. His book seems to have been written for him by May Dixon Thacker. It is illustrated, but lacks an index.

THE OLD TIME COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

By George P. Schmidt. *The Columbia University Press*

$4 9 x 6; 251 pp. *New York*

Dr. Schmidt's interesting study covers the period from 1760 to approximately 1860. Though by no means exhaustive, it presents a fairly complete picture of a now almost forgotten phenomenon in the history of American education. Prior to the Civil War colleges were relatively small institutions, and the courses taught in them were little different from those taught at Harvard during early colonial times: Latin, Greek, mathematics, rhetoric, ethics, and metaphysics. The college president of the time was generally a clergyman, and the greater part of his time was taken up with the instruction of the senior class. He was really little more than a head teacher; problems of administration were few, and they somehow managed to solve themselves for the most part. But with the coming of the American industrial revolution and the rise of the sciences, college life rapidly changed and before long the modern university was in full swing. The old classical and theological course of studies gave way to the scientific curriculum, departments multiplied, and problems of administration did likewise. The day of the old college president was gone, and in his place came the go-getting executive who seldom sees students, much less teaches them, and most of whose time is taken up in conference with investment bankers and football coaches. President Lowell's lectures on the government of England at Harvard fifteen years ago were probably the last delivered by the head of a modern university before a regular college class. There is an excellent bibliography, and also a good index.

SIX HORSES.

By William Banning & George Hugh Banning. *The Century Company*

$4 8⅜ x 5½; 410 pp. *New York*

This is a history of the overland stage lines that once ran from the Mississippi to the Pacific Coast, before the days of railroads. One of the authors, Captain William Banning, served as a driver for several of them, and in an appendix he discusses the technique of driving six-horse teams. The other author, who is his nephew, supplies the rest of the text. It is marred by efforts at fancy writing, and the arrangement could certainly be better, but the patient reader will dredge from it many interesting things. The chapter on the celebrated Pony Express is especially valuable. It shows that the ponies ran altogether no more than nineteen months, and that they made no more than 150 round trips. They were put into service to get the mail contract for the Northern route. That aim failed

Continued on page viii

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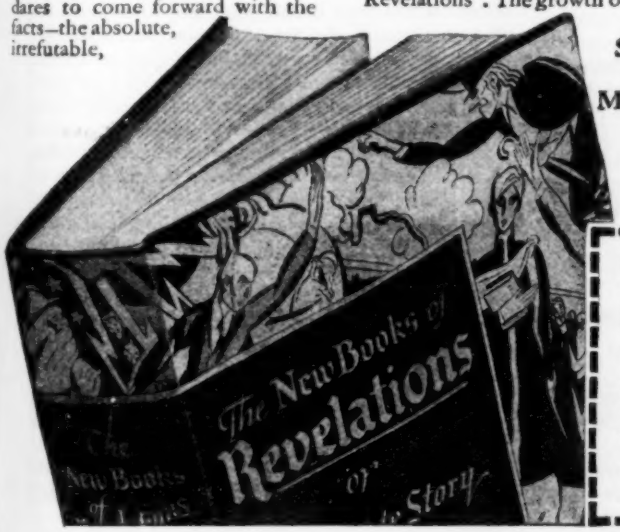

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

of realization, and the contractors lost a million dollars. The book is well illustrated and has an index.

THE COMPLETE JOURNAL OF TOWNSEND HARRIS.
Edited by Mario Emilio Cosenza.
Doubleday, Doran & Company
$5 9⅜ x 6⅛; 615 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Harris, a New Yorker by birth and a leather dealer by avocation, was the first representative of the United States in Japan. Appointed consul-general by President Pierce in 1855, he served until 1861, and during his term of service negotiated the commercial treaties which were later to determine and define Japan's relations to the great Powers. His diary, the MS. of which is in the possession of the College of the City of New York, is here printed in full for the first time. Parts of it were printed in 1895 by W. E. Griffis as a memoir of Harris, but that book is now out of print. The present volume, which is beautifully turned out, is published under a grant from the Japan Society. Important correlative material appears in appendices, and there is a good index.

THE ECONOMIC ORDER OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.
By Jules Toutain. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9¼ x 5¾; 361 pp. *New York*

M. Toutain, who is director of graduate studies at the Sorbonne, gives most of his attention to the economic life of ancient Greece and Rome, but there are also interesting chapters on trade and industry in Carthage, in the Hellenized Near East and among the primitive tribes of early Europe. There is no discussion of Egypt before the Ptolemaic period, or of Assyria and Sumer. The author has exhausted all the classical literature that deals with or refers to the subject, and as a result his book is packed with facts. This works against a fluent narrative, but nevertheless he manages to avoid dulness. In large areas, of course, he is confronted by a great poverty of facts, and has to resort to speculation. There are six maps, a useful bibliography, and a good index.

BIOGRAPHY

VOLTAIRE & THE ENGLISH DEISTS.
By Norman L. Torrey. *The Yale University Press*
$2.50 9½ x 6¼; 224 pp. *New Haven*

In this excellent monograph Dr. Torrey, who is assistant professor of French at Yale, establishes two important things with regard to Voltaire's philosophy of religion. First, he proves that Voltaire's hatred of Christianity had no reservations in it, as some writers have argued. The Old Testament, to him, was a tissue of lies, barbarisms, and obscenities, and the only redeeming feature he could see in it was "a lyric beauty, of a crude sort to be sure, in the Song of Solomon." He had little respect for the person of Christ. He made no distinction between Christianity and superstition. "He appears to have sincerely and consistently attempted, during the final fifteen years of his life, to demolish Christianity from top to bottom." Second, Dr. Torrey points out that the English deistic controversy had a far greater influence on Voltaire's religious ideas than was hitherto believed. "It furnished him with many facts, but above all, it gave him the methods, the atmosphere, and the authorities for his own attack. The so-called moral argument of the English deists, represented by Woolston, Tindal, and Annet, had the most important direct influence upon" his work. There is a bibliography, and also an index.

A WOMAN OF INDIA, *Being the Life of Saroj Nalini.*
By G. S. Dutt. *The Macmillan Company*
$1.50 7¼ x 4¾; 144 pp. *New York*

Saroj Nalini, who died a few years ago at the age of thirty-seven, was one of the most remarkable women that India has produced in recent times. A pious Brahmin and an ardent defender of the ancient customs of her people, she was yet thoroughly in accord with the modern spirit. Most of her energies were devoted to organizing *mahili samitis* (women's institutes), and no woman did more to liberate her sisters of the *purdah* from their ages-long darkness. But she was by no means a mere blue-stocking. Music also claimed her, and such sports as tennis, and she was famous as a housekeeper. Here her husband tells the story of her short but extremely busy and useful life. His narrative is touchingly tender. She must have been not only a great reformer but also a very charming woman. There is a portrait of her as frontispiece, wearing the native *sari* that she never put off for Western clothes. There is also a brief introduction by C. F. Andrews.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF ERNST HAECKEL.
Edited by Johannes Werner. *Harper & Brothers*
$3 8⅝ x 5⅜; 298 pp. *New York*

In 1898, when he was sixty-four years old and the proprietor of international celebrity and a magnificent gray beard, Haeckel received a fan letter from an aristocratic young woman, here called Franziska von Altenhausen. He replied politely, and got another, and soon they were exchanging notes almost daily.

Continued on page x

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Continued from page viii

A year later she visited him at Jena, and he fell head over heels in love. Thereafter, for a week, they went on long walks, held hands, "ate ham sandwiches, drank beer . . ., and shared . . . in the famous Thuringian grilled sausages." By the end of 1899 Haeckel had so far forgotten his invalid wife and demented daughter that he was meditating eloping with the charmer to Elba or Rhodes, Madeira or Teneriffe—"lonely islands, far from this tiresome civilization, equipped by nature with the most glorious attractions." But he decided against it in the end, mainly on the ground that he owed a duty to his disciples, and the affair slid down gradually to a lower level, and kept there for four years. Then the lady died. That was in 1903. Haeckel survived her sixteen years. The story that the letters reveal is grotesque, but somehow touching. Plainly, there was a poet hidden in the author of "The Riddle of the Universe." The excellent translation is by Ida Zeitlin.

DEUTSCHE ARBEIT IN AMERIKA.
By Kuno Francke. *Felix Meiner*
RM. 5.20 9¼ x 6; 92 pp. *Leipzig*

Dr. Francke, who was born at Kiel in 1855, came to Harvard as an instructor in German in 1884, and in 1896 became professor of German culture. When the Germanic Museum was opened at Cambridge he was made its curator and remained in that office until 1917, when he retired with honorary rank. In the present modest book he tells of his long years in the university and the museum, and sets down his recollections of the distinguished men, American and European, with whom his work brought him into contact. His most melancholy but in many ways his most interesting chapter deals with the war years. The violent anti-German campaign that went on in Boston between 1914 and 1920 was a sore trial to him, but he faced it courageously and got through it without any sacrifice of his self-respect. His book is not pretentious, but there is much interesting matter in it, not available elsewhere. There are five pictures of the Germanic Museum.

REFERENCE BOOKS

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA SUPPLEMENT.
Edited by Herbert Treadwell Wade.
Dodd, Mead & Company
$10 9⅞ x 6⅜; 2 vols.; 1818 pp. *New York*

When the first edition of the New International Encyclopedia appeared in 1902 it at once set a new standard for such works. It was not only immensely accurate; it was also extraordinarily workable. Instead of the long and often recondite articles that were the glory of the old-time encyclopedias, it was made up of short articles, clearly and succinctly written. Whenever possible a subject was divided and subdivided. Moreover, the maps were all good, and the illustrations really illustrated. The editor chiefly responsible for this excellent plan was the late Daniel C. Gilman, one of the most ingenious and versatile Americans of his time. He was admirably seconded by Frank Moore Colby and Harry Thurston Peck. All three are dead now, and the New International has begun to date. Even the second edition, published in 1917, shows serious gaps. So two volumes in the form of a supplement are now added. It may be said for them that they are fully worthy to be set beside the original work. In their 1818 pages there is an almost complete account of human progress since 1917, in all fields of any importance. In particular, the articles on the sciences and those on history are admirable. The biographical sketches of notables who were noticed in the 1917 edition are supplemented, and there are hundreds of sketches of men and women who have attracted attention since then. The articles on such controversial subjects as the World War and Prohibition are refreshingly fair and judicious. A few errors have crept in, but they do not seem to be many or serious. Altogether, the supplement is very competently done, and every owner of the New International will find it valuable.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES: *Volume I.*
Edited by Edwin R. A. Seligman, Alvin Johnson & Max Lerner. *The Macmillan Company*
$7.50 10¾ x 7½; 646 pp. *New York*

This work, which is to run to fifteen volumes, owes its origin to Dr. Alexander Goldenweiser, who, along with Dr. Howard B. Woolston and Dr. W. G. Ogburn, interested a number of American learned societies in the project. Ten of them now stand as sponsors for it—the American Anthropological Association, the American Association of Social Workers, the American Economic Association, the American Historical Association, the American Political Science Association, the American Psychological Association, the American Sociological Society, the American Statistical Association, the Association of American Law Schools, and the National Education Association. Their names indicate the scope of the work. It is to be an encyclopedia of all the social sciences, and will proceed on

Continued on page xii

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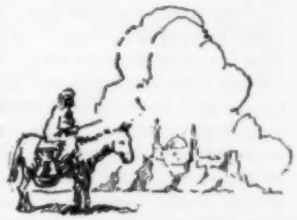

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page x

the familiar dictionary plan, with articles devoted not only to the various divisions and sub-divisions of the sciences themselves, but also to the men who have made them. The first volume opens with an elaborate review of the history and present status of the social sciences, running to 349 pages. There follows the beginning of the alphabet. Some of the subjects dealt with are Abolition, Abnormal Psychology, Absentee Ownership, Accident Insurance, Acquired Characters, Actuarial Science, Administrative Courts, Adult Education, Admiralty, Aerial Law, Agent Provocateur, Agrarian Movements, Agricultural Credit, Alcohol, Alien Property, and Alimony. The list of contributors includes practically all American scholars of any competence, and also many foreigners. The articles are clearly written, and show very good editing. The work is beautifully printed and substantially bound. There are no illustrations.

THE AUTHOR'S ANNUAL, 1930.
Edited by Josiah Titzell. *Brewer & Warren*
$2 7⅜ x 4¾; 202 pp. *New York*

This book is divided into two halves. The first is composed of articles of professional interest to authors —"Why Books Are Published," by Frank Swinnerton; "The Making of a Book," by Joseph Anthony; "A New Survey of the Best-Seller," by Walter B. Pitkin; "What Every Author Should Know," by Priscilla C. Crane, and so on. The second half is devoted to records and statistics. There are lists of the literary prizes of 1929 and their winners, of the best-sellers of the year, of the book clubs, and of other such things. Finally there are brief chapters on proofreading, on the preparation of manuscript for the printer, and on copyright.

ALL-SPORTS RECORD BOOK, 1930.
Edited by Frank G. Menke.
The Commercial Color Press
50 cents 6¾ x 4¾; 256 pp. *St. Louis*

Mr. Menke does not confine himself to the sporting records made during the past year, but goes back to the earliest days of all the sports he deals with. Thus his baseball chapter includes a brief history of the game, showing the dates of salient changes in the rules, and a long series of lists of champion pitchers and batters, record games, pennant winners, and so on. He covers all the recognized sports from archery to yachting, and includes such relative rarities as jai alai, lacrosse, water polo, volley ball, curling, checkers, fencing and surf casting. The book is well printed and substantially bound in paper.

THE SCIENCES

THE LIFE STORY OF BIRDS.
By Eric Fitch Daglish. *William Morrow & Company*
$3 8⅛ x 5⅜; 236 pp. *New York*

Mr. Daglish is well known in England for his excellent wood-cuts of birds. Here he presents twenty of them, along with a text that seems to have been written especially for the young, but will also be of interest to many of their elders. In successive chapters he discusses the anatomy of birds, their courtship and nest-building, the characteristics of birds' eggs, the process of incubation, the care of the young, the common bird foods, and the phenomenon of migration. His knowledge of avian life is obviously wide, and his book is full of odd and amusing stuff.

FIVE TYPES OF ETHICAL THEORY.
By C. D. Broad. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$4.50 8⅝ x 5¼; 288 pp. *New York*

Dr. Broad is a lecturer on the moral sciences at Trinity College, Cambridge, and a frequent contributor to such periodicals as *Mind* and the *Hibbert Journal*. His books include "Perception, Physics, and Reality," "Scientific Thought" and "The Mind and Its Place In Nature." In the present volume, after a preliminary survey of the field, he examines at length the ethical theories of Spinoza, Butler, Hume, Kant and Sidgwick. Almost half of his space is devoted to Sidgwick. His exposition is painstaking, impartial and accurate, but he is a very dull writer, and so his book makes formidable reading. At the end he sets his five moralists against one another, and discusses the points on which they agree or differ. There is a good index.

RELATIVITY: *An Exposition Without Mathematics.*
By James Rice. *Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*
$1 6¾ x 4⅜; 128 pp. *New York*

Dr. Rice is associate professor of physics at the University of Liverpool, and his little book belongs to the New Library, a series of small volumes on the arts and sciences to which Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Charles Singer, Dr. Ernest Jones, Ernest Weekley and other distinguished Englishmen have made contributions. His exposition of the Einstein doctrine is well-ordered and ingenious, and the absence of mathematical formulæ will no doubt commend it to many lay inquirers. At the end there is a brief bibliography.

Continued on page xiv

Leon Trotsky,

lifelong revolutionary, ex-chief of the army of Soviet Russia, leader with Lenin in the upheaval that levelled an empire and startled the world, now in exile on a tiny Turkish island, here tells his amazing life story. Of it Emil Ludwig says: "A great writer has here set forth his fantastic life in such a way as to make me wonder why people still read novels, or even write them. The book begins like Hamsun, and closes like a third act. . . ."

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John Corbin,

critic, scholar, and author of "The Return of the Middle Class," has written a biography, based upon facts discovered in manuscripts and records long published, that takes into account all the recent comments for and against "the father of our country." It offers a novel and keen analysis of his character, and traces his connection with the Constitution, a relationship hitherto neglected. It also contains some unpublished letters relating to the Fairfax affair.

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454 pages. $4.00

James Boyd,

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Continued from page xii

THE SEA.
By H. A. Marmer. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3 8 x 5; 312 pp. *New York*

Mr. Marmer, who is assistant chief of the Division of Tides and Currents, United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, is a writer of little charm, but he has so much to say that is novel and interesting that his book makes very good reading. After first recounting the ideas of the ocean that prevailed among the ancients, he traces briefly the progress of discovery, and then follows with chapters on tides and tidal currents, the content of the deep seas, their depth and extent, and the formation and fate of icebergs. He also has chapters on the Sargasso Sea, on the Gulf Stream, and on the arctic regions. There are many charts and graphs, and at the end there is a good index. The book will be valuable to laymen who are interested in the subject. It is well organized and it is authoritative.

THE NORMAL DIET.
By W. D. Sansum. *The C. V. Mosby Company*
$1.50 7⅝ x 5; 134 pp. *St. Louis*

Dr. Sansum is a specialist in metabolism, and this is the third edition of his book, revised in the light of the most recent researches. In the main he follows his title, but there are some digressions on the diets appropriate to various common diseases. Dr. Sansum presents no simple and ready remedy for all dietetic disorders. He shows that the subject is complicated, but he endeavors to chart its main outlines, and with considerable success. His discussion of the normal requirements of the body is clear and well-informed, and he presents excellent specimen diets. His book seems to be addressed to the layman, but most physicians in general practice will also find it useful. It has an index.

PSYCHOLOGY: *Normal & Abnormal.*
By J. W. Bridges. *D. Appleton & Company*
$3.50 8¼ x 5⅜; 552 pp. *New York*

Dr. Bridges, who is professor of psychology in the faculty of medicine at McGill, has written a very good psychology text for the use of medical students. He covers all the salient facts and theories in the science, and states them in lucid language. The only criticism one can make of the book is that the illustrations are not as clear as they should be, nor as plentiful. The author's basic metaphysical assumption, that consciousness and neural activity are merely subjective and objective aspects of the same thing, is full of logical difficulties, but it is unquestionably the best working hypothesis, and leaves the door open for every investigator who has anything to say. There is a good bibliography, and also an index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

SOVIET RUSSIA: *A Living Record & a History.*
By William Henry Chamberlain.
Little, Brown & Company
$5 8¾ x 5¾; 453 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Chamberlain has been Moscow correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor* since 1922, and has traveled extensively in Russia. Here he presents the results of seven years of observation. It is a testimonial to his scrupulous fairness that the reader finds it hard to determine, at the end, whether he sympathizes with the Soviet ideology or is against it. His book is well ordered and packed with facts, many of them unfamiliar. Beginning with a brief historical survey, he describes the superficial appearance of the Russian scene, and then proceeds to chapters on the principles and organization of the Communist party, the personalities of its leaders, the practical workings of the Soviet state, the position of women and children under it, its relations to the capitalistic Powers, and its probable course hereafter. The effort to overthrow the *kulaks*, or rich peasants, he says, has brought on a crisis. If it fails the Bolsheviki will be in serious straits; if it succeeds they will be safe for generations. In any case, he believes that four of their innovations are destined to endure: the abolition of large scale landlordism in agriculture, public ownership in industry, transportation and banking, the autonomy of racial and cultural minorities, and the spirit of what he calls plebeian democracy. His volume is agreeably written. There is a good index, but the map could be much better. There are sixteen illustrations.

THE TWILIGHT OF EMPIRE.
By Scott Nearing. *The Vanguard Press*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5⅜; 349 pp. *New York*

Dr. Nearing goes to history to prove that all great empires are bound to collapse in the end, and then proceeds to predict the collapse of those which now adorn and enchant the world. But he believes that the rise of communism in Russia will save the race from the disasters that have accompanied such accidents in the past. "Imperial cycles," he says, "followed one another so long as the same general productive basis remained at the foundation of society: business for profit within the civil state. With the coming of the machine age—the period of the great revolution—history entered a new phase; the race turned a corner, leaving behind civilization and imperialism; moving forward to an era of social production—a world economy, a cooperative society."

Continued on page xvi

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THE LANGUAGE OF SCIENCE

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

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The argument is very well documented: nearly half of the book consists of notes and a bibliography. There is a good index.

A NEW ECONOMIC ORDER.
Edited by Kirby Page. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8½ x 5¾; 387 pp. *New York*

Twenty-four authors contribute to this volume, including the editor. The first part is made up of a series of four debates. Dr. Edwin R. A. Seligman states the case for capitalism and Henry Raymond Mussey attacks it, Angelo Flavio Guidi supports Fascism and W. Y. Elliott is against it, Anna Rochester defends Communism and Jerome Davis takes the other side, and Norman Thomas and John E. Edgerton debate the pros and cons of Socialism. The second part of the book is made up of a series of chapters on "ways of transforming the present competitive system into a coöperative order." The contributors include I. M. Rubinow on social insurance, Paul H. Douglas on the minimum wage, Gordon H. Ward on coöperative marketing, Harry W. Laidler on government ownership, and the editor on international economic cooperation. The contributions naturally vary considerably in interest and value, but as a whole the book is well done. It sadly wants an index. Mr. Page is editor of the *World Tomorrow*.

THE ARTS

THE GOURMET'S ALMANAC.
By Allan Ross Macdougall. *Covici-Friede*
$4 9 x 5⅞; 318 pp. *New York*

Mr. Macdougall is a good amateur cook, and here he presents a collection of his gleanings, chiefly from French sources. Many of the dishes he describes are his own inventions. One is an onion omelette that sounds magnificent, and another is a charming dessert of pears stewed in honey. He discusses at length the ancient difference between the authorities who hold that mayonnaise should be made in a bowl as cold as possible and those who hold that the bowl should be warmed, and he has much that is interesting to say about other sauces and dressings. His book is written in a lively manner, and has some amusing illustrations. At the end there is room for the insertion of the reader's favorite récipés. Unfortunately, there is no index—a lack that greatly detracts from the practical value of the volume.

FORM & REFORM: *A Practical Handbook of Modern Interiors.*
By Paul T. Frankl. *Harper & Brothers*
$5 8¼ x 5½; 203 pp. *New York*

Mr. Frankl's subtitle is rather misleading. There is actually very little practical counsel in his book. Mainly he confines himself to rhapsodies on the Modernist style of decoration, and his text is full of such sonorous nothings as "Arithmetic and geometry exist eternally independent of time" and "System is the motor-power for the wings of genius." Every one of the right-hand pages of the book is given over to an illustration. Some of them are very interesting, but not many show any detail. Altogether, the volume leaves much to be desired. The author may be presumed to know his subject, for he is a competent designer, but he seems to lack the capacity for clear exposition.

A HISTORY OF SPANISH PAINTING.
By Chandler Rathburn Post. *The Harvard University Press*
9¾ x 6⅜; 3 vols.; 298+466+356 pp.
$25 *Cambridge*

These are the first three volumes in the first detailed history of Spanish painting in English ever to be undertaken. They include the Pre-Romanesque and Romanesque periods, and the Franco-Gothic, Italo-Gothic, and so-called "international" styles, and carry the narrative down to about 1450. Dr. Post, who is professor of fine arts at Harvard, leaves out all works prior to the Christian era, and he only touches upon Spanish illumination and Sardinian painting. His aim throughout is "to make a synthesis of the history of Spanish painting in all its schools and at the same time to treat the individual examples and tendencies in . . . detail . . . I have at every point sought also to interpret the progress and specimens of Spanish painting in the light of the orderly evolution of European art in general." There are 368 illustrations. Complete indices of names and of places appear at the end of Volume III.

ANTHOLOGIES

THE LOST LUTE *& Other Chinese Lyrics.*
Translated by Gertrude Laughlin Joerissen. *The Elf*
$3.50 8¾ x 6; 185 pp. *New York*

An anthology of Chinese lyrics, some of them dating back for more than thirty centuries, in an excellent translation from the Book of Franz Toussaint entitled, "La Flute de Jade: Poesies Chinoise." There are selections from the work of Li-Tai-Po, Chang-Wou-Kien, Po-Kiu-Yi, Tou-Fou, Wei-Ying-Wou, the Empress

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Continued from page xvi

Sei-Ling-Yung, Wang-Wei, and many others. Most of the pieces are highly imagistic, possessing a charm that completely eclipses the poetry of contemporary free-verse artists. The edition, which is attractively printed, is limited to 1950 numbered copies for distribution in the United States and Great Britain.

THE RED HARVEST.
Edited by Vincent Godfrey Burns.
The Macmillan Company
$3.75 — 7¾ x 5¾; 433 pp. — *New York*

The poems in this anthology are presented in fifteen sections: The Outbreak; The War God Awakes; The Trenches; The Dance of Death; War's Harvest; Spring in War Time; Echoes of Old Wars; Women and War; Christ and War; The Ghostly Marchers; The Armistice; Peace; The Unknown Soldier and Poems to Woodrow Wilson; The Federation of the World; and, In Memoriam. There are few memorable pieces among them. Mr. Burns's vision obviously suffers from his "idealism": "Poetry," he writes in his introduction, "is recognized everywhere as an authentic vehicle for the dissemination of idealism. Indeed it is through poetry preëminently that man's soul is moved to attempt his noblest steps of progress. . . . So often one looks in vain for the full truth (about war in war poetry). Take the great poem by Alan Seeger, who was killed in action with the Foreign Legion of France, 'I Have a Rendezvous with Death' . . . It is disappointing, for it is totally lacking in any hint of its author's first-hand knowledge of the fury and futility of modern warfare." There are indices of first lines and of titles.

ONE FOR POSTERITY.
Collected by Henry Harrison. — *Henry Harrison*
$2.50 — 9¾ x 6; 174 pp. — *New York*

"'One for Posterity' is an anthology comprising what in each contributor's opinion is his best poem," writes Mr. Harrison in his introduction. "One must expect to find in such a collection as this, which is unedited, . . . verses that are inferior to the critical judgment placed on them by their authors. On the other hand, it is unquestionable that many of the poems are intelligent bids for posterity." A pretentious performance, and sadly lacking in distinction. Among the contributors are Bobbie Barrett, Alpheus Butler, Helene Claiborne, Marianne Clarke, James Henry Darlington, Erwin Clarkson Garrett, Milton Montroy, and Henry E. Pilkenton.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF INVECTIVE & ABUSE.
Edited by Hugh Kingsmill. — *The Dial Press*
$2.50 — 7¾ x 5; 221 pp. — *New York*

This is an English reprint, and only a few American examples are included. The contents are always

Continued on page xx

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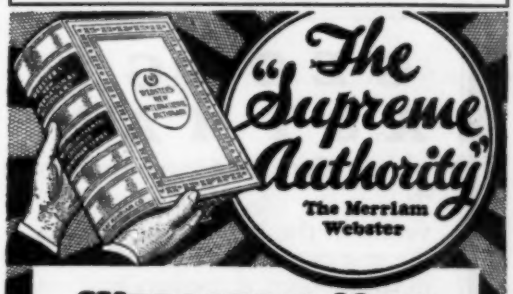

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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amusing and often instructive. The opening is made with John Skelton's rhymed assault upon Cardinal Wolsey, and the last pages are given over to A. G. Gardiner's terrific lambasting of Lord Northcliffe, reprinted from the London *Star* of December, 1914. All of the familiar classics of invective are included—Gibbon's blistering paragraphs upon Oxford and upon the medieval friars, the letters of Junius against the Duke of Grafton, Burke's peroration at the trial of Warren Hastings, Daniel O'Connell's speech at Dublin against Disraeli, Robert Buchanan's celebrated essay on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," Lloyd-George's Limehouse speech, and so on. The American examples are mainly from Whistler and Mark Twain. The book is charmingly turned out.

TRAVEL

SHANTY-BOAT.
By Kent & Margaret Lighty. *The Century Company*
$3.50 7⅞ x 5⅛; 321 pp. *New York*

Mr. and Mrs. Lighty made the trip from St. Paul to New Orleans, 1300 miles down the now deserted Mississippi, in a house-boat thirty feet long and of ten foot beam. They carried no crew, but did all the navigating and housekeeping themselves. As motive power the craft had only a small outboard motor, detachable for use, as the occasion arose, on an accompanying skiff. The trip took months, but was without alarming incident. Scores of ancient and decaying river towns were visited, and there were pleasant encounters with show-boats, missionary boats, and other curious craft. The narrative of the journey is pleasantly written, and will no doubt inspire many other persons to adventure on the same course. The total cost seems to have been very small, and there were magnificent opportunities to loaf. The book is illustrated with photographs supplied by the authors.

BLUE RHINE; BLACK FOREST: *A Hand- and Day-Book.*
By Louis Untermeyer. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 272 pp. *New York*

Since Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad" there has probably been no better guide-book to the Rhine country and the adjacent hills than this one. Mr. Untermeyer not only knows Southwestern Germany thoroughly; he also delights in it, and that delight gets into his pages. Starting from London, he makes his way through Belgium to Cologne, and then up the Rhine to Mainz. There are diversions to Wiesbaden and Heidelberg, and then comes the Black Forest. It is explored on foot and in detail, beginning with Herrenalb and ending with Baden-Baden. Mr. Untermeyer is not content to rehearse what is in the usual guide-books; he is full of penetrating and amus-

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H. L. MENCKEN

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

ing observations upon the life of the people. There is a gaudy chapter upon the *Conditorei*—the German pastry-shop, unmatched anywhere else in the world—, and others on the German bath-towel, the feather-bed, and other such things. The legends of the country are recalled, and a whole appendix is devoted to Black Forest peasant rhymes. Always there is good advice about hotels, trains, routes, etc., born of experience. Altogether, the book is both diverting and useful, and the Americano who plans to visit Germany this Summer can do no better than put it in his pocket. At the end there is a glossary of the German words that will be most needed—mainly the names of things to eat!—, followed by an appendix.

NEW EDITIONS

TO BEGIN WITH, *Being Prophylaxis Against Pedantry. By Raymond Pearl.* *Alfred A. Knopf*
$2. 7¾ x 5; 123 pp. *New York*

This amusing and instructive counterblast against pedantry was first published several years ago, and is here reprinted with annotations, mainly in the form of comments upon the comments of readers of the first edition. Dr. Pearl, who is professor of biology at the Johns Hopkins, is a firm believer in the doctrine that the scientist who knows only science can know very little of that. Here he proposes a stiff but far from forbidding course in sanitary correlative reading. The books he recommends range from William Graham Sumner's "Folkways" to H. Warner Allen's "The Wines of France," and from H. W. Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern English Usage" to James Branch Cabell's "Straws and Prayer-Books." In his annotations he adds John Theodore Merz's "History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century," the still untranslated "Traité de Sociologie Générale" of Vilfredo Pareto the Italian, and Ramon y Cajal's "Charles de Café," which has been translated in part by Lieut. Col. F. H. Garrison, of the Army Medical Corps, and Col. George Blakely. Dr. Pearl is a man of immense reading and very catholic tastes—a good musician and an amateur of cookery, theology and philosophy as well as a distinguished biologist. He writes very charmingly and has a great deal that is shrewd and amusing to say. Scientist-like, he provides his little book with a good index.

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Continued in back advertising section, page xxxvi

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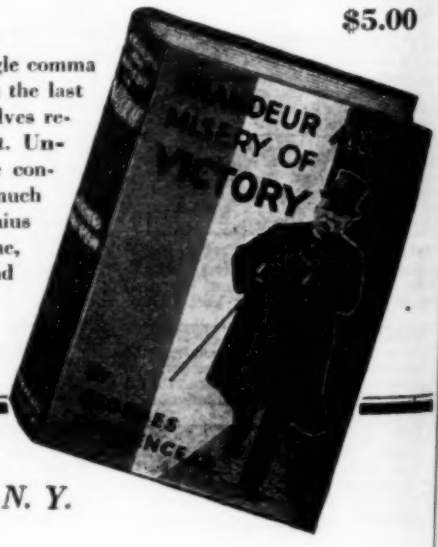

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The American
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May 1930

THE AMERICAN NEGRO IN EUROPE

BY J. A. ROGERS

THE Aframerican who goes to Europe for the first time finds himself in a state of bewilderment as great as that of a lifer out on parole, or a canary tossed out of its cage. No more bars to beat against; they have disappeared as if by magic. In their place is a sense of freedom that is almost alarming.

Trained to resist race prejudice or to submit to it, he now finds himself without an enemy to attack or a fetish to bow to. Timidly he watches, fearing, and almost hoping, for some sign of discrimination—something that will make him feel at home—but as the days go by he meets, so far as his color is concerned, such respect, such courtesy, such appreciation as he would not receive even from his fellow-Negroes in America. He begins to realize that he may go anywhere he wishes. Months pass and the days are like Paradise. At night he awakes with a start, dreaming he is back in America. When, at last, he takes ship to return he feels like an escaped convict going back to his jailers.

In 1928 two colored American women and I made an automobile tour of Western and Southern Europe. In parts of Germany, Holland, Austria and Northern Italy we were so surrounded by crowds of curious natives that the police had to save us from suffocation. And this curiosity was not of the American kind that reaches for the coil of rope and the tar pot: whenever we took pictures the crowd was eager to get into them. At the Hofbräuhaus in Munich, German men crowded around my two companions and began kissing their hands. They followed us out on the street and were so persistent in wishing to go with us to our hotel that our German chauffeur was forced to make it plain that we wanted to go home alone.

All over Northern Europe a Negro of no particular worth may find himself taken up just because he is a Negro. The late Maximilian Harden, writing on the so-called atrocity of stationing French black troops on the Rhine, ridiculed the color objection. He said that the black man was not unwelcome to German women, and told how primitive Negroes would be missing from Hagenback's Circus, only to be found in the homes of society women.

In Stockholm not long ago the Americanized proprietor of a restaurant refused to serve a ten-year-old Negro dancer called Little Esther, who had been having a great success elsewhere in Europe. A Swedish nobleman who was present, by way of protest, invited the child, her mother and her manager, both colored, to his home. The newspapers of the city without a single exception condemned the proprietor, and several of them cartooned him. One of them declared the incident to be "the

greatest scandal Stockholm has ever had," while the leading paper, the *Dagblad*, made a canvass of the chief hotels and restaurants, all of which said that they would not object to serving a decent Negro, and least of all the popular little dancer. Several correspondents wrote to the papers asking the Negroes not to think that the attitude of the proprietor, one Branda Tomton, represented that of the Swedish people. Among those who came to see Little Esther play were the King and Queen, and when she was leaving thousands of school children came to see her off, bringing flowers. The crush was so great that the police had to be called to permit the train to start.

At a recent social function in Vienna at which the ex-Crown Prince of Germany was present, he danced with a colored American girl who is studying music there, while her male Negro escort danced with the white women present. The Prince of Wales and his father, the King of England, have danced many times with colored women during their tours of the Empire. The same is true of the Crown Prince of Italy, the King of Spain, and others. On his visit to Europe Booker T. Washington was invited to dinner by both the King of Denmark and the King of Sweden. But when he dined with President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House there was a storm in the American press and the white South foresaw the downfall of white civilization.

It is, indeed, safe to say that the white European has less aversion to, or fear of, the black than *vice versa*. Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, Du Chaillu, and many other African travellers have told how whole Negro villages, including even the dogs and hens, took to flight at the sight of a white man. Throughout Africa the Negro woman who has a child by a white man usually becomes an outcast, and so does the child. In Continental Europe not only is the white mother of a mulatto child well treated, but the child itself is valued because of its brownness. Much of this, to be sure, is not true in England. But even there the white woman who marries a Negro is much better received by her white neighbors than she would be by Negroes in America. Here American Negroes imitate the American whites, as they do in so many other things.

This is not to say that many Europeans do not shy at their first contact with a Negro. I recall once walking out in Paris with a French woman. We came to a café through whose open door we could see several black laborers. Forgetting my own ancestry, she cried:

"Look at those blacks! They look like the Devil!"

"So you don't like black people?" I inquired.

"I'm afraid of them," she replied, and then added quickly: "but after all they're human beings like ourselves, and should be treated as such."

In any case, the aversion of such Europeans to the genuine black is not nearly so sharp as that of the West Indian or the Latin-American mulatto to the same black. Even in the United States there are mulattoes who are more prejudiced against the blacks than many white persons. Generally speaking, the European prefers the brown Negro to the black one. But many prefer the black, and in Russia the blacker the better. A Negro in Europe will meet ennuis aplenty, especially if he has no money, but these troubles certainly will not arise from his color.

Negro jazz players are better paid than white ones. Had Josephine Baker, one-time queen of Paris night life, been a few shades lighter it would have made a vast difference in her fortunes. The colored woman, regardless of worth, who can pass for white in America, is regarded as a prize by Negro males, but in Europe the high yaller, unless she is unusually gifted or beautiful, finds herself but one of millions of other pale-faced women on a continent where mere whiteness of skin is valued pretty much as water in Holland or sand in the Sahara. Black women in Eu-

rope receive attention that would not be accorded worthier white women.

From Sweden to Italy a Negro meets with prejudice only in Americans and in an occasional white South African or Cuban, who is often touched with the tar brush himself. Not long ago one of the latter attacked a Negro diner in a Paris night club, and next morning found himself facing a colored judge, a native of the West Indies. A party of Aframericans, visiting Rheims, was taken by the guide for dinner into a dining-room in which there were thirty Yankees. Instantly there was an alarm and a palaver was started to bring about the retreat of the Negroes. The latter insisted on staying, however, and the thirty white men walked out in a body, to the astonishment of the natives.

A well-known American Negro who had been stopping at a hotel on the Boulevard Raspail in Paris, came down one morning after he had been there for two weeks and found a note asking him to leave. The proprietor protested that he was losing his American trade. The Negro refused to leave, and the proprietor later apologized to the black man's lawyer.

When white Americans objected to the presence of this same Negro in a Bremen hotel and again at one in Berlin, the proprietors told the Americans to leave if they did not like it. At the Hague, when they protested against a Negro doctor who had been living in a hotel there for more than twenty years, they were again asked to leave. In the best known of the Brussels night clubs, when one of the hostesses refused to dance with an educated native of the Congo, she was reprimanded by the proprietor and came near losing her place.

When the Haitian consul-general at Antwerp was recently refused entry into a Paris dance-hall patronized by Americans and the matter came up in the French Parliament, the proprietor had an uneasy time and hastened to deny that he had drawn the color line. Instead of using the fact as an advertisement, as he would have done in America, he untruthfully explained that the Haitian had been mistaken for another Negro who, he said, had created a disturbance the night before.

White Americans despise or affect to despise the frizzly hair of Negroes, and the Negroes, as good Americans, follow suit. But most Europeans, so far as I can judge, hold an opposite view. Once a German woman placed her hand on the wooly head of a friend of mine and told him that he ought to be ashamed to have hair like that, adding that it was she who, as a woman, ought to have it. In Europe I saw many white women with their hair so frizzled that one would have thought they were of Negro ancestry. On Oxford Street in London there is, or was, a sign reading: "Straight Hair is a Nuisance."

An Aframéricaine in Paris went to a *coiffeuse* to have her hair done. After the shampoo the *coiffeuse*, instead of straightening it, proceeded to kink it more, to the great consternation of the dame, who could not speak French. Several times I have taken colored American girls to French *coiffeurs* to have their hair done. The *coiffeurs* knew nothing about hair-straightening, and invariably wanted to know why Negro women should demand the reverse of what white women wanted.

Once, in conversation with a number of French Negroes, I remarked:

"Well, as for me, I don't care what color I am."

Instantly one of them, a high government official, who is always elegantly dressed, replied:

"Well, I *do* care. As a dark-skinned man I attract attention. Were I white I would pass unnoticed like the white man."

The British Negro, on the other hand, is usually ashamed of his color, and it is most amusing to meet in London coal-black Africans, Oxford accent and all, who pretend that they are Englishmen.

If one excepts Southern Spain and Portugal, which are Negroid (for more than three centuries—1442–1773—a stream of Guinea blacks poured into these lands, not counting the Moors), the European coun-

tries with the largest percentage of Negroes are France and England. The former has, conservatively, 75,000 including 15,000 Senegalese troops, while England has as many or more.

In the matter of treatment no two countries could be more unlike. The French people have a highly developed sense of equality. It may be true, as some say, that France, with her falling birth-rate, has need of the black man for the national defense, but the attitude of the Republic toward the Negro has always been just. When the mulattoes of Haiti came to France during the days of the National Convention, pleading for equality with the white planters and ignoring the blacks, the Convention not only granted their demands but declared all the blacks free also.

II

Under the monarchy the Negro was also well received in France. One of the best known courtiers at Versailles under Louis XVI was the Chevalier Georges de St. Georges, son of the Marquis de Langey and a Negro slave. St. Georges was the champion swordsman of his day, an accomplished rider, skater, violinist, and composer. He once set the fashions both in England and France and was a personal friend of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV.

At least three Negro generals, two dark and one light-colored, played important rôles in the Napoleonic Wars. They were Thomas A. Dumas, father of the novelist; Magloire Pelage, who commanded a division in the Peninsular War; and Dugommier, commander of the Army of the Pyrenees. France's best known general before the last war was Alfred Amédée Dodds, a Senegalese mulatto. Dodds won, or safe-guarded, for France the greater part of her West African empire, and was Inspector-General of Marines. During the Boxer Rebellion in 1901 he commanded the Allied forces, including the Americans, for a short time. During the last war he was a member of the War Council.

A black West Indian, Colonel De M. Mortenol, commanded the air defenses of Paris during the war, with white American aviators under him. The chief of staff of General Nivelle, who commanded for a time at Verdun, was another dark Negro, Lieutenant-Colonel D'Alenson. I have been told that there is a Negro admiral named Amiot, now in retirement, as well as a naval captain, Pellieres Lacournee.

The Negro from the French West Indies is admitted, or rather conscripted, into the same companies with white Frenchmen, and has, on the whole, the same opportunity for promotion. In French politics Negroes also hold high places. There are three of them in the Chamber of Deputies and one in the Senate. One of them, Alcide Delmont, was in the first Tardieu Cabinet. Others have served as under-secretaries of state, or as secretaries to the Premier.

The present first assistant to the Minister of the Interior is a mulatto, M. Isaac, son of ex-Senator Isaac of Guadeloupe. The chief of the penal department for the colonies is a dark Negro, M. Etienne Attuly, with offices in Paris. His brother, Robert, is chief justice of the Cameroons. M. Hector Simoneau is paymaster-general of the Department of the Aube. He was formerly prefect of a department, which is something like the Governor of a State in America. M. J. Germany, formerly inspector of customs in France, is now inspector-general of customs for French West Africa. M. Louis Beaudza is *redacteur-principal* for the Grand Chancellory of the Legion of Honor. There are several Negro professors in government colleges and universities—for example, Isaac Beton, Cenac-Thaly, Deslandes, and Roche—and several colored magistrates.

On the French stage the Negro plays and dances with white people as an equal. There was Chocolate, the noted clown, now dead, and Joe Alex, a dancer in the *bals de l'opéra*, both blacks. The best known living actor is the magnificent Senegalese, Habib Benglia. Benglia plays leading rôles with white actors and actresses. In 1925,

when agitation was strong in America against Paul Robeson's kissing the hand of a white actress, Benglia, clad only in a loin-cloth, was playing at the Folies-Bergère, wearing still less. At times his fair white colleagues, some of whom were English, sat on his knee or extended their bodies over his, and it was not necessary to call the undertaker.

In all dance-halls of Paris Negroes may be seen dancing with white partners. In one hall, the Bal Blomet, there is as conglomerate a mass of humanity as may, perhaps, be found anywhere. Because of the invasion of this place by whites the Negroes recently opened another hall on the Boulevard Blanqui to which the whites can come only on the invitation of a Negro friend.

Mixed couples attract no attention on the Continent. In the dining-room of a hotel in Amsterdam I once saw a tall, handsome white man come to breakfast with his wife, a rather insignificant-looking black woman, and the rest of the Dutch people at the table bade them good-morning and kept chattering on as if the entrance of the pair was the most normal thing in the world. There are a considerable number of mixed couples in Paris, and although I spent more than three years in the French capital I never heard of or read any adverse comments.

There is little doubt that if the number of Negroes were to be greatly increased, and there were to arise a competition for jobs, trouble would ensue, but this would be equally true if any other nationality were to come in large numbers. The feeling against the Italians in the south of France is not too cordial because of the large numbers of them there competing with the natives. Some of the Negroes in Marseilles complain of race discrimination, but when this is investigated it is found to be due largely to the conduct of these men themselves. The better class of Negroes there fare like Negroes in other parts of France. Recently, according to the Paris *Midi*, a white man of the town who shot down a black *maquereau* under peculiarly cold-blooded conditions was nearly lynched by a mob of whites. The French are a very tolerant people. If they were not, some of the Aframericans in Montmartre would have been deported long ago. They would certainly have been if they lived in England.

The nearest approach to color prejudice that I met among French-speaking persons in France was the feeling of the West Indian mulattoes against both their black fellow-islanders and the Africans. There is not much cordiality between the West Indians and Africans in France.

Germany got her African colonies late and lost them too early for the Negro to play any part in the affairs of the Fatherland. The ex-Kaiser, however, had several Negro favorites, one of whom was Sabac-el-Cher, who was bandmaster of his crack regiment. Among his bodyguard at Potsdam was Mambo, and an American Negro named Wilson. Ira Aldridge, Shakespearean actor, born in Maryland, was warmly received by King William of Prussia, who ordered a gold medal struck in his honor. Aldridge was one of four to receive that distinction, the others being Humboldt, Liszt and Spontini. This happened while slavery still existed in America. Aldridge was similarly received by the Kings of Denmark and Sweden, the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Austria. He married a Swedish countess.

George Bridgetower, a noted violinist, was a personal friend of Beethoven, who, it is said, intended dedicating the Kreutzer sonata to him. But a young woman of whom Beethoven was fond showed too much attention to the Negro violinist and caused, it is said, the great musician to change his mind. Bridgetower was a great success on the Continent and in England, where he was for a time private musician to the Prince of Wales, afterward King George IV.

During the reign of Maria Theresa of Austria, a Negro ex-slave, Angelo Solliman, played an important private part in

politics and was the companion of her son, the King of Rome, later Joseph II. In Southern Germany, St. Maurice, a black Negro, is one of the leading Catholic saints. A drawing representing St. Maurice, by Grunewald, hangs in the Old Pinokothek, Munich, while at St. Maurice-en-Valais, near Geneva, is an abbey founded in his honor.

In Russia, a Negro slave, Hannibaloff, ancestor of Pushkin, became general of artillery in the army of the Empress Elisabeth; his son was also a general and designed the fortifications of Cherkov. Another Negro, Yermaloff, was one of the lovers of Catherine the Great.

III

When one turns to England the picture changes. Of all the colonial powers she gives perhaps the least opportunity for advancement to her Negro subjects, although she is the oldest of those powers.

For instance, the little islands of Guadeloupe and Martinique, with a combined population of half that of Jamaica, have five members in the French Chamber of Deputies and two in the Senate, but the 420,000,000 colored people in the British Empire have no representation in the British Parliament or any home rule. With the exception of Africa House in London, where one or two natives are employed in minor positions, no Negro holds in England any government office. Once, however, I heard of a Negro who was a physician for the Board of Health in one of the poorer districts.

In the British army the highest grade possible to Negroes is that of sergeant-major, though it is said that since the late war natives in certain African regiments are being promoted to the grade of second-lieutenant. During the war one or two West Indian Negroes served as officers, due largely to pressure from their colonies. In most cases attempts were made to reduce these men to non-commissioned rank, and some were actually reduced.

General Dodds, already mentioned, was the grandson of an Englishman and an African woman. His father migrated to Senegal, where he was born. Had he remained in his native Gambia, and had the general been born there, the highest grade possible for him under British Army regulations would have been that of sergeant-major.

In the British colonies black men are sometimes given positions of importance, but rarely, if ever, over white men, as is the case with the French. As I have said, a Negro is chief justice of the Cameroons, with white judges under him; while another is inspector-general of customs for all French West Africa, with white subordinates. This is unheard of in the British Empire. Britain's policy is that of our own South, or one had better say the South's policy is that of England, for it was from England that America inherited her color prejudice. America, so far as the advancement of the Negro is concerned, is more liberal than England, even though race prejudice is more evident in America. England, too, has had her race riots and lynchings.

The everyday lot of the Negro in England is far worse than in America. Employment is almost unobtainable; when there is a job the Negro is the last ever to get it. And if he gets it he is likely to be forced out very soon by the whites, who want to know why a Negro should be given work when Englishmen need it. Most Negroes in their own colonies are staunch British subjects, but when they arrive in England the majority of them become bitterly anti-British and anti-white. Negroes were brought to England in large numbers during the war, but no sooner had hostilities ceased than the English began to attack them. Race riots swept East London, Cardiff, Liverpool, South Shields, Hull and elsewhere, precisely as they swept the United States about the same time.

Recently in London at the home of a friend I consulted a scrap-book with clippings from the English press on the Negro:

they read like extracts from Ku Klux publications, or the pronouncements of Southern Congressmen. The marriage of black men and English girls was bitterly denounced. One writer in *Tit-Bits*, under the caption "Should White Women Marry Black Men?" called the union of such a pair "a revelation of horror and disgust," "a scandal and a disgrace to English womanhood," and then asked, if such things were allowed to go on, how it would be "possible to maintain as one stern creed in the policy of the Empire the eternal supremacy of the white over the black?"

There are three or four classes of Negroes in England, including students, mostly medical, who complain of color discrimination, chiefly in their hospital work, just as in America. There are about fifty doctors, some of whom have good practices, thanks in this case to their color, for the English masses are superstitious and believe that black brings good luck. Hence these doctors, though graduates of universities, are looked upon rather as voodoo men. At the races some of the bettors will touch a black man for luck as others touch hunchbacks.

Another class of English blacks, and a large one, is composed of fakers. They sell charms, good-luck powders, black beans, fake medicine, tooth-powders, corn-cures, and may be met with in all parts of the British Isles, particularly at the Sunday morning markets. Others sell tips on the horses, or dope, or live off women. Talk with an English Negro long enough and he will almost always say that if it were not for some Englishwoman he would not be able to stay in England.

Here are the exact words of one of them to me, which I give because it is typical of the feelings of many:

"If it were not for the white women we'd die. That is an absolute fact. The men would massacre us, though the Negro is a terrible fighter. I have three colored daughters and I teach them to hate and disdain all white people except their mother."

This man's children and others complain that they are teased and tormented at school because of their color. Coleridge-Taylor, the great Negro composer, met with the same persecution, and once some English boys set his frizzly hair on fire, "just to see if it would burn."

Still another class are the seamen. Some of the toughest, most disreputable Negroes on earth are to be found in the ports of the British Isles. They fight, brawl, carouse, beat the loose women who support them, and generally give the police a great deal of trouble. It is hardly to be wondered at that in some of these cities the English people bar them from their houses. But as the men themselves sometimes explain, it is conditions that have made them what they are.

By far the most interesting of the Negro fakers in England calls himself Rass Prince Monolulu. He speaks fluently French, German, Spanish, Italian, Yiddish and other languages. He is a privileged character. Dressed in a most fantastic suit of the loudest colors possible, with a horse and horseshoes embroidered on his back, he sells tips at the races. Often he buttonholes the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord Lascelles, Lord Lonsdale, the Aga Khan and other leading sportsmen. His portrait, snapped with such personages, has appeared in the English illustrated periodicals. A double-page colored supplement to the London *Tatler* of June 5, 1929, showed him surrounded by England's foremost sportsmen.

Monolulu is witty and injects a great deal of humor into the life of an otherwise staid nation. I have seen him in Hyde Park surrounded by a laughing crowd. He has made a great sum of money which he wagers freely. His motto is: White for pluck; black for luck. When he visits Ireland he wears a costume which is half green and half orange split vertically, to show his goodwill to both the orange and the shamrock. Monolulu has been in most countries of the world. When he was in Germany, where he helped to introduce

the peanut, which he vended from city to city, the war broke out and as a British subject he was interned. He married a rich German girl who later lost her money. He got into the second German revolution, for which he was tried and sentenced to death, but he managed to escape.

Negro tourists who visit London are likely to be refused admittance to hotels. Recently a well-known Negro editor from America, R. S. Abbott, was turned out of three London hotels and refused admission to more than twenty others. Returning to America on an English ship first-class, he and his wife were refused service with the regular passengers in the dining-room and had to eat in the grill-room. Negro girl students who visited London last Summer were barred from many hotels, and Marcus Garvey reported similar treatment the previous year. He had no trouble in Paris. An accompanist of Roland Hayes was asked to leave a London restaurant, while Paul Robeson says that he was refused service at the Savoy and other places. The Labor Government took official notice of this discrimination and tried to prevent it.

The better class of English people deplore any ill-treatment of the black man, but that is about as far as sympathy goes. The truth is that our white Southerner, with all his prejudices, is accustomed to seeing the Negro around and will not let him starve, while to the Englishman he seems remote and not worthy of consideration. In this respect the Englishman is pretty much like our Northerner. Away from the large cities, however, the treatment accorded the Negro in England is not much inferior to that he gets on the Continent. In the remoter places much depends on the individual.

As in the colonies, the English people make a difference between the mulatto and the black, and the former may go almost anywhere without hindrance, although I met one mulatto who said he was refused admittance to a Salvation Army lodging-house because of his color. Hindus, also, meet with considerable race prejudice and in Paris I once heard a Hindu leader of the Indian Home Rule Movement speak of color prejudice in Edinburgh and ask Hindu students why they went to the British Isles to study when they encountered no such prejudice in France.

American Negroes are generally viewed with a special distrust, particularly if they are ex-Britishers, but England is more generous toward the American Negro artist than America. Roland Hayes was little appreciated before he got English recognition, and Paul Robeson's vogue in London has greatly increased the American appreciation of him. Two of the headliners in the English theatres, Layton and Johnstone, would certainly not have been so well received in America. In the law courts also, there is no discrimination. In cases involving white women, Negroes are frequently acquitted where they would be punished in America, right or wrong.

IV

The largest Negro settlement in the United Kingdom, perhaps in Europe, is at Cardiff. It is an evil-looking dump, with ugly two-story cottages and alleys full of refuse, which bears the appropriate name of Tiger Bay. This name, it is said, came from the terrible fights that used to take place there between seamen. The regular Negro population is about 4,000, with a floating one of several thousand more. This figure includes another settlement nearby, named Barry.

Cardiff is said to be the best town for Negroes in the United Kingdom. Colliers, belonging to many small companies, leave here for all parts of the world, and many Negroes are employed. All of them are in the Seamen's Union, but only the roughest work is given them, at a monthly wage of nine pounds, ten shillings. A few are employed as stewards, while still fewer have captains' licenses. But this doesn't matter, for it is a cardinal British principle never to give a "native" a job that a white man can fill.

Negroes were living in Cardiff before the coming of the steamship, and some now there have been there for more than fifty years. Most of the men have white wives; the rest, colored ones who were born there of white mothers. There are apparently no foreign colored women. Throughout Europe race mixing is just the reverse of what it is in Africa. In the latter one sees the white father, black mother combination. In Europe it is the white mother, black father. On the Continent, as I have said, there is no objection; the English, however, make vigorous protest, and this is one of the great objections to the Negro in England. But the girls usually have their way, leaving their parents to become reconciled to their unions, which they usually do. England has had more than one Rhinelander case.

The white women themselves are vigorous in defense of their black husbands and go waspishly after those who attack them. One Cardiff editor, who wrote an article against Negro men, was faced by an angry delegation of these women, who made him to understand that the Negroes were taking better care of them and their children than white men would have done. They take great interest in their men's activities, and at the Marcus Garvey hall in the East End of London, they shouted the "Back to Africa!" battlecry as enthusiastically as the men. Indeed, the London leader of the Garvey movement was himself married to a white woman.

As for white men, they rarely, if ever, marry mulatto girls. The black man, in England, generally goes out with the children and leaves his wife at home. To avoid insults both are rarely seen together in public. But at Tiger Bay there is no segregation. White and colored families live in the same cottages. Children are plentiful, all the colored ones being mulattoes. Here and there a black child may be seen, but its mother is sometimes white. The father, coming from the Sudan or West Africa, is himself so black that the mother's white blood does not show.

There are about 600 such colored children. In one street of three blocks—Nelson street—there are seventy-two, one man alone having twelve. Colored and white go to the same school, but there are no colored teachers. Here, as in other parts of the United Kingdom, Negroes have no position of even minor importance. The children look strong and healthy, and on Sunday they are well dressed. Indeed, the only persons at Tiger Bay who have the appearance of wrecks are the white men.

There is little opportunity for these children, even when they win scholarships and are taught trades. The boys usually end by going to sea, while the girls go into domestic service, marry, or go on the stage. There are three groups among the Negroes and hostilities between them are perhaps sharper than the feelings of prejudiced whites towards them. These classes are, those from the West Indies, who are usually the more educated; the Christian Africans, who come from West Africa, and make up with shrewdness for what they lack in education; and the Mohammedans, who came mostly from East Africa and that part of Asia which lies around the Red Sea.

The West Indians look down on the West Africans; at home they have been taught to think of them as cannibals and heathen; while the Africans, in turn, regard them contemptuously, calling them the descendants of slaves and hirelings of England who assisted her in taking away their land. Both West Indian and West African, however, unite against the Mohammedan African, who is accused of undermining both in order to get work. It is charged that the Mohammedan will pay to get the job, will work harder, and will be satisfied with wretched living conditions on board ship. The hostility between the groups is strong. As one Cardiff paper pointed out, not without justice, one objection to having the Negroes there is the constant fear of a clash between them. Nevertheless, during the Cardiff riots, all of these blacks stood solidly together and

defied the white men to come in, with the result that they suffered less than elsewhere. Most of the Negroes killed or wounded were outside the Black Belt at the time.

One of the richest men in Tiger Bay is a West African, originally a seaman, who can neither read nor write. He owns several houses, has one of the finest race horses in Wales, and a prize Alsatian dog, and lives in a beautifully furnished home. He has five mulatto daughters to whom he has given good educations and occasional trips to the Continent.

One of the great problems of the Cardiff authorities is how to keep white women out of the cafés. There is an early closing law for the pubs but the café owners get around it by boot-legging liquor in their soft drink places. On three blocks of the main street there are forty-two of these cafés. To quote the *Western Mail and South Wales News:*

> It was the lack of power to require refreshment houses to close at a specified time that had enabled Maltese, Indians, and Chinese to keep open their establishments to such a late hour, and thus attract immoral women, licentious white men, and colored men with uncurbed sexual passion dominating their actions. The Chief Constable said there should be a law to prevent the employment of white women in colored men's lodging houses and cafés. Practically every one of the cafés in the area had been convicted for selling intoxicating liquors. . . . Again, under the present law a white woman could cohabit with a colored man if they rented a room, which became their own home. . . .

None of these problems could have arisen anywhere on the Continent.

A GREAT GUY

BY W. A. S. DOUGLAS

We had just come back from burying Charley Hipp—fourteen of us, not counting Joe Carey, who had been Charley's bartender for four years and who was so overcome when the cortège moved off for the cemetery that he slipped on the step of one of the undertaker's limousines. He gave his head such a crack that, added to his original condition, it just barred him from the obsequies.

We gathered round the stove in the caution room. It was Charley who christened it that, and it was his favorite sitting place, although only supposed to be used when things were hot, and folks had to be, as the name of the room implied, sort of cautious. It was just the same as his ordinary joint, only turned around. For instance, when everything was running nice the bar was in the regular room right in front, looking on to the street, and you walked straight into it. Back of this was the sitting-room and the cubicles, made sound-proof and with no windows, but awful cozy just the same. Here was where you got your chops and steaks and fish and set your cheating dates.

But when the fear of a rap—phoney or otherwise—was on, Charley'd just shut this first joint right off, open a communicating door, and there you were in the caution room, which had the sitting-out place in the front—sound proof and all, and with the windows boarded up, while the bar was in the back. That way folks peeking in could see nothing, while when everything was safe and wide open the bar and the accoutrements could be seen in all their enticement right from the street and trade would be stimulated.

Well, here we were, all mourners, back from burying the best pal a man or a woman ever had. There was something so fine about Charley that Jim Doheny, one of his friends, set it out briefly in a criticism of the funeral itself. I didn't agree with him, but he's sort of intellectual and his heart's in the right place.

"You should either have had a detachment of State troops and the Governor there," he said, "or else you should have buried him like a bum. He should have been treated as a king among men or else as a beloved vagabond. But this damned mediocrity, this Rotarianism—bah!"

Well, despite what Jim thought about it I put it down as a pretty nice send-off and so did the rest of us. We'd got back to Charley's place about three o'clock and by that time Carey had slept off his troubles and got used to the crack on the head. He was set to serve us. The best of everything, as Charley would have wanted it to be.

There was myself and two other newspaper men, including this Doheny who had such funny ideas about the right sort of a burying. There was the hula dancer from Texas Guinan's night club. There were two of the daftest blondes I ever looked at or listened to. They came from the Marx Brothers' show, "Animal Crackers," and if the rest of the opera is as foolish as these two janes then the boys have got a great thing. There were three coppers from the district, already wondering where their good liquor was coming from in the future. And there were two Prohibition agents who'd helped take care of the dead man while he was operating.

Paddy, the Irish waiter, was there, and so was Herman, who was German. And Fritz, Herman's bus boy. Fifteen of us altogether—all sad and low over the passing of a great guy.

II

Joe Carey set them up. He had Bourbon, Scotch and good Canadian ale back there, just enough for a great party. But when that was gone Charley's spot was due to pass out. None of us that counted for protection knew a man we would have cared to see in his place. Carey was too fond of his liquor. Paddy was too pugnacious. Herman was too lazy. Fritz, the bus boy, wasn't naturalized as yet. He would have made the best bet to follow Charley, being young, bright, quick, pleasant and smart-looking. But we were all pretty sound Americans and kind of set against putting folks into any sort of prominence or responsibility until they had assumed the proper obligations of citizenship.

We all had a round of doubles, including the three girls, and then the hula dancer started to cry. It was her first drink that day, so her emotion must have been genuine. She said she couldn't help thinking of the time poor Charley had saved her from the taxidrivers' ball and from the complications that would have been bound to ensue from her appearance there.

You see when this girl works for Guinan she wears just a strap and a brassière and a couple of handfuls of straw. These cabmen had heard the suckers cheering her artistry and had decided to have a try at getting her to their annual ball, which is the toughest gathering in the Middle West. They told her the pay would be fifty bucks and that only nice people would be present. In fact, they let her think the affair was being got up by the executives of the company. They intimated that the audience would be just as pure-minded as the front row tables in the night club.

The little girl needed the dough and said yes. But about an hour before she was to be picked up by one of the drivers and whirled out to this madhouse a kid who'd been working for the cab company and hadn't got properly toughened as yet called her and tipped her she would have to do her cooch in the altogether if she expected to get out of there as she went in. He told her she'd better leave her skirt and brassière and strap behind unless she wanted to get them torn up during the evening's proceedings.

Now, even although this girl was a hula dancer, she was very refined and wouldn't dream of an idea like that. She was scared stiff. Add to that, after the boy driver had finished talking to her the clerk rung her room and told her two of the toughest looking chauffeurs he'd ever seen were waiting for her and had told him to tell her to step on it.

The only person she could think of to call on for help was Charley. She gave him a ring and between tears begged him to run over. He was right busy at the bar when the call came but he was a Bayard if ever there was one. He grabbed two of his guns out of the curtain where he kept them, jumped into his car and was in the hotel lobby just as the biggest of the taxidrivers was telling the clerk to advise the girl that if she didn't shake a leg he was coming up after her.

"You and who else?" asks Charley. "I'm this jane's manager and she goes on naked no place."

"She's hired to dance at our ball and we're waitin' for her," said one of the toughs. "Who said anything about her working naked?"

But they both knew Charley and had started backing to the door.

"Who dances any other way at your rackets?" answered Charley. "You want to get her up there and rip her apart. This girl's decent. All you've done is let her dance fool you."

And with that he chased them out into their cabs. Then he went upstairs to comfort the girl. He had to take her out to his speakeasy to get her properly calmed

down. It took so long to do it she missed her numbers at the night club. But Charley fixed that up too.

Thinking about it over there beside the stove—what with Charley just put away—she got so we couldn't stop her crying. Then Carey had to bring 'round some more of the stuff, and that set the two daft blondes to weeping as well. Altogether, it wasn't such a pleasant sort of a party.

After a bit the cops figured they'd had as much as they could stand and get by on roll-call. The two Prohibition men said they'd have to go to work and show some results for the time used up at the funeral. Soon there was just the girls and us newspaper men and the help left in the place—all huddled round that stove and down in the mouth.

Poor Charley!

Certainly, after listening to the hula dancer and to the two blondes I knew he had not been unwept.

The funeral was nice—despite that highbrow crack of Doheny's. So he had not been unhonored.

And I'll be damned if he's going to go unsung.

III

That backroom of Charley's was a right cozy sort of a place. Red cushions in all the cubicles and the round-bellied stove always going in the cold weather. One side of the room belonged to Paddy the Irishman, and the other was administered by Herman the German.

Always fighting, these two were, and the way Charley handled them isn't the least thing to his credit on this earth. He had hired the pair when he opened the joint four years ago. They were on a straight ten bucks a week then. But tips were running forty to fifty, so the jobs were not to be sneezed at. Charley's big trade was politicians, newspaper men and chorus girls. That sounds like a funny combination but it was a fact. The janes all liked him and the address used to be passed around the companies like travelling salesmen do with telephone numbers. There never was a show in Chicago but what a sprinkling of the girls lit out to the joint. Very few actors. Charley didn't encourage them. Poor pay. But you'd be surprised how straight chorus girls are on squaring up liquor bills when they're running Dutch. Doesn't sound possible but it's true.

Business got so heavy in the bar Charley didn't have the time to handle the food end of the game. Carey wasn't reliable, though a first-class bartender. There were too many bottles around, and Charley spent just about as much time back of the mahogany as did his helper. So he made Paddy and Herman an offer to the effect that they could pool on buying the food supplies, pay the chef and take over that end of the business.

It worked great for the two waiters but I for one quit eating there after Paddy had got things going good. However, the liquor remained all right, which was the main thing. Politicians and chorus girls and some newspaper men have tough stomachs seemingly, for the food trade kept standing up and the first thing I knew Paddy was buying real estate.

A pugnacious pushing little fellow he was, and very anxious to take over the place after Charley had departed. But Jim Doheny, who did the fronting, turned him down cold. He figured rightly that personality is the big thing in the liquor business in these days of trial and tribulation. It was pure friendship between Jim and Charley, the only thing he got out of the protection being his liquor when he dropped in.

"I take care of him politically," Jim explained one night, "and he takes care of me alcoholically."

Which was fair enough and honest and decent enough.

Finally, this Paddy got so greedy about price-cutting that Herman the German, who had worked in the best of places be-

fore he came into the speakeasy trade, got just plumb disgusted. It wasn't that he objected to taking his end of the profits, which were getting bigger and bigger each week that came around, but he just couldn't lay that sort of food in front of customers.

He'd get a few drinks and then his conscience would start to bother him. A guy or a lady would come in and say:

"Well, Herman, how's the perch tonight?"

It would be more for the sake of saying something than anything else. Like as not they wouldn't even expect an answer. But if Herman would be a bit ginned up, which he was most of the time, he'd come right back at them.

"Lousy," he'd say—and he'd say it of everything else on that menu. Tears would come in his eyes and he'd start to tell the customers of the sort of food he'd been used to serving at the Chicago Club.

Well, of course Paddy would listen in and then there'd be a hell of a row. It came close to murder one night. Herman had been stacking up at the bar and had been getting sadder and sadder and sadder. All of a sudden he offs and marches into the kitchen. There was a pot of yearling clam chowder on the stove and he yanked it off and heaved it down the sink. The cook had been drinking all that afternoon too and he was nervous enough even before Herman picked up the chowder. When that happened he started to squeal like a rat and then all of a sudden he went into the rams. Charley and Paddy and some of the boys tied him up after taking the cleaver away from him and soon the ambulance came around and he was taken away. All Herman did while the riot was on was to go sniffing around the other pots and to heave the rest of the food into the garbage pails.

After that there was a council of war. And here was where Charley showed what a square guy he was. He could have taken over that kitchen any time and brought it back to the sort of a place where I would have been glad to eat. But he had given these birds his word and all he did was to tell the Irishman to let the customers have a better break. The deal between them, he said, would have to stand.

You'd hardly believe me when I tell you those two hash slingers were doing more than a hundred and fifty a week apiece in clear profit. Herman finally solved the problem by hiring Fritz to work for him. This boy hadn't been over from the old country long and he was a nice, personable kid. All the trade came to like him and even Paddy got along with him. Herman paid him forty a week, which was good money for a greenhorn. That left the old Dutchman with over a hundred for himself and all he had to do to earn it was to sit there and to see that no short-changing went on over his tips. He led an ideal existence. Had his mug of beer beside him afternoon and night and was in on most of the pinochle games. Listening to him, you'd have thought he was the boss instead of Charley.

It just goes to show you what kind of a fellow our dead pal was.

IV

You could hardly ever go into the joint without running into Sergeant Carroll. In fact, I guess he put in a better attendance than Carey, Paddy, Herman or Fritz. Of course he never bought a drink and once I asked Charley what he figured the copper cost him in Bourbon. But he reminded me the man had his uses. Certainly he did take care of things at his end. Charley, you might say, had about the best protection in town.

There were the two Prohibition agents, who covered him on the Federal end, Jim Doheny, who watched out for him at City Hall and in the courts, and then this Carroll. A lazy guy and a heavy drinker who won't go any further than he has got now and wouldn't be that far if it wasn't for his uncle, one of the city's biggest politicians and a man who has his

finger in the police pie all the time. Carroll did pretty much as he liked around the district and if he'd wanted to work he could have gone to the top of the tree. He was content where he was, for the captain and the rest who were above him at the station-house were scared of his uncle and give him the right of way. He was just putting in what you might call a life's vacation on the force. A good guy to know, although his taste in Bourbon ran into real dough.

Well, sir, Charley had a friend, a right polished sort of a girl who operated an ale and whiskey flat in quite a nice section of town. She was a sweet lass and quite the lady. Her spot came to be known among automobile men, who are heavy spenders when they have it. The time of the last show here she did a whale of a business. So much and with such attendant noise around early in the morning that the neighbors made a heavy complaint to the police captain. He wandered over and gave her a talking to, which frightened her into calling Charley. Sergeant Carroll happened to be in the joint at the time and he heard the story over the 'phone.

"Listen," he said, "tell her to keep on a-going. My uncle got that guy his captain's bars. He'd better lay off her while I'm on the force."

Well, of course Charley heartened her up by telling her that, and, being a girl, she does just what a fool girl would do and gets brazen. The automobile salesmen were carrying on worse than ever and the first thing we knew one night the beat copper—she always took the right care of him—tips her the captain and a squad are heading her way because of new complaints and would be around to pull the flat inside an hour.

She called Charley, shaking so she could barely talk.

"Get your booze out of there quick," he told her. She answered him she'd got so much of it and being alone she couldn't begin to move it. Charley thought a minute and then his eye caught Carroll sitting in the backroom absolutely plastered with Bourbon. He tipped off the girl quick to what he wanted her to do and then shouted at Carroll.

"Say, you," he yelled, "run up to my girl's joint and sit around. She's lonely and she always did like you."

Carroll was willing, so they got a cab and hoisted him into it and ran him out. Finally he walked into the flat, but so soused he could do nothing but grin and wait.

"Take a hot bath," said the girl. "It'll sober you up fine."

This was in line with what Charley had told her to do.

Carroll figured this was a great party and told her to hop to it. So she ran him a tubful in this pink-tiled bathroom of hers, the like of which he had never seen before in his life. She helped him off with his clothes and he tumbled into the water.

She was a sort of a particular girl, having come from a good family, and Carroll was just the opposite. She looked at him a minute laying there grinning silly-like in the hot water. And then she grabbed a bottle of bath salts.

"I'll shake these over you, sergeant," she said. "You smell like a goat."

And with that she dumps the whole bottle-full into the water.

She'd no sooner done that than a rap comes on the door. She opened up and in burst the captain and the squadmen. They banged around and after a minute or two they crashed into the bathroom and there was Carroll lying grinning in the hot water, all perfumed up like Peggy Joyce. He'd sobered considerable too.

"Hello, Cap," he sung out. "Whaddye mean busting in like this? Can't I have no privacy at all, at all?"

The captain recognized Carroll, not for what he was himself but for being the nephew of the man he owed his job to. So he stopped for a snifter and explanations and then off he went.

Those were the sort of things that Charley did for his friends.

V

It was getting dark on the street. In the backroom Carey had fallen asleep across his arms on the bar and those of us who were still drinking had been helping ourselves.

We'd all been sitting quiet, thinking of our friend who was dead and gone. That is, all but one of the chorus girls, who'd been jabbering to herself about what a poor jane like her was going to do when this television had been perfected and there'd be no more theatres and no more work day in and day out for either her or the Marx Brothers.

Jim Doheny shoved his chair back. He and Doc Mitchell had to get to the office and write the stories they'd picked up on the 'phone after the funeral. The hula dancer said something about a supper show and the blondes were due at the theatre. We'd all had a lot to drink but it hadn't taken us out of our sadness.

Jim smacked Carey across the cheek and woke him up.

"You'll pour out a last one," he said.

Carey did just that and we drank in silence. We all stood there a minute as if we didn't know what to do. Paddy broke the tension by saying he'd have to beat it down to his restaurant. He'd bought himself a little place before Charley was cold in his bed!

"That guy I've hired will be diving into the till if I don't," he said.

There was a crack that Charley would never have made. It just showed you the difference between men. And to think Paddy had tried to get Jim to spot him into the joint!

Herman figured he'd go home. His long holiday was over now and he'd have to go back to work. A little older and a little stiffer but full of memories—sweet if sad. Fritz and he shuffled off. Paddy had gone on ahead.

We left poor Joe Carey sniffling over the bar. We didn't know then that he'd stay there all night drinking the Bourbon and that finally he would grab one of Charley's gats out of the curtain and send himself off to join his friend.

We'd sent for a cab and when we got outside it was there waiting. The six of us clambered in somehow or other. It was a funny thing that happened then. Nobody reached out to close the door and the car was tipped to the curb so it couldn't have swung shut by itself. But yet it seemed as though somebody was holding it open for us as we got in and then that someone closed it.

The girls didn't notice it—which was a good thing. I remembered that Charley would always speed us home like that. No matter how busy he might be he'd come out to the sidewalk, pack us in if anybody needed packing, close the door and wave us good-bye.

I guess he was there all right—not wanting to miss the very last time.

DEPARTMENT STORES

BY BORIS EMMET

To those who have, of late, been observing the trend of the retail business in the United States, it is clear that its effectiveness, unlike that of manufacturing, has not increased. As a matter of fact, it has actually retrogressed.

By effectiveness is meant, by and large, the cost of the store service to the consumer and the incidental return to the owner. Aside from that, one is unaware of any complaint which either of the parties would be justified in making. The consumer, almost invariably, gets what he wants under a system of service which necessitates free delivery in most instances twice daily, in bundles or packages wrapped in the most stylish and expensive, to the store, fashion. This service also presupposes, in the majority of instances, free credit of from sixty to ninety days to almost anyone, and an unlimited exchange and return privilege, even after the purchased merchandise may have been used.

The motto, "The customer is always right," is usually construed to mean that the store is always wrong, as a matter of good business policy. The wide-awake customer knows that he can make almost any store acquiesce in anything, irrespective of its reasonableness, as long as he is willing to go higher up. What the department manager may not grant will be granted by the Adjustment Bureau, and if the Adjustment Bureau says No the superintendent will say Yes, under sufficient pressure. By the time the complaint reaches the general manager the matter is usually settled to the full satisfaction of the customer.

There is only one fly in this apparently ideal ointment. Ultimately, perhaps without realizing it, the consumer pays for all this service in full.

The cost of doing business, known in department store parlance as the mark up, has been steadily mounting, until in 1928 the majority of stores needed a minimum mark-up of between 38% and 40% of the retail price to keep the sheriff from their doors. Some could not perform this miracle even on 40% and required a point or two more. This mark-up, in addition to all the other costs incidental to carrying on the business, includes the cost of mark-downs or reductions, and also the net return or profit, which varies in most instances from 4% to nothing.

The meaning of the 40% mark-up becomes more apparent to the layman when it is stated that an article purchased wholesale for sixty cents has to be retailed by the store for a dollar. This charge seems to be rather steep for the service of moving merchandise from the producer to the consumer and justifies the current public dissatisfaction with department store management. That there is such dissatisfaction is made evident by two facts: (1) the full-priced or regular business of a majority of the American department stores is steadily declining; and (2) there has been a tremendous increase in the volume of business of the chain stores, which are known to operate on a much smaller gross margin.

The steady decline in the day-to-day regular business has raised havoc with the traditional department store, necessitating as it has the development of store-wide sales and departmental "events"—a policy which, if honorably pursued, makes the

getting of the requisite mark-up almost impossible.

An acquaintance in charge of a large department store in the Middle West, exhibited recently figures showing the effect of his annual Month of May Grand Sale upon the cumulative mark-up of the store from February to May and upon the month of May alone. To do the large May Grand Sale volume a reduction from the minimum mark-up of almost 4% had to be made. This reduction in the May mark-up was equivalent to a reduction in the average mark-ups of the months of February–May of 1%. Add to this the fact that high-pressure sales of this type increase the cost of doing business all along the line and you readily see that the May Grand Sale was not so grand, after all, for that store. It actually wiped out a substantial part of the small profit of the first four months—almost one-half.

If the situation cited is typical—and it is—it becomes obvious that the present methods and policies of the traditional department store, aside from being very costly to the public, are not very profitable to the owners.

II

The largest proportion of the cost of doing business—about 16% of the retail price—goes to salaries and wages. Next in importance, and responsible for about 8%, is the cost of mark-downs or reductions. Rent consumes about 4%, and advertising copy another 3½%. Interest accounts for a little over 2%, and supplies (boxes, wrapping paper, ribbon, twine, etc.) for 1½% of the retail price. Losses on account of bad debts and depreciation (other than that on merchandise) account for 1%. The other costs incidental to doing business make up the total. These figures are taken from the report for 1928 of the Bureau of Business Research of Harvard University on "Operating Expenses of Department Stores and Department Specialty Stores."

Almost 40% of the total cost of doing business is spent on salaries and wages. This cost has risen considerably during the last few years. One familiar with the wage situation in department stores can hardly claim, however, that the rank and file of employés are overpaid. The wastefulness does not appear in the wages paid, but in the excessive numbers utilized to carry on the business.

Salespeople account for only about one-third of the wage bill. Operating and management salaries, with all of their various auxiliaries, account for an additional half. Buyers' salaries account for a little over 3% of the retail price. Buying salaries, however, are chargeable to management as well as to buying, for the buyer, as a rule, is also the sales supervisor in his department. Assuming, arbitrarily, that his or her job is half selling and half buying, the cost of management salaries, exclusive of direct selling and buying, comes to almost 60% of the wage bill. This means that, on the average, for every forty salespeople and buyers a complement of sixty indirect helpers—credit men, clerks, stenographers, sales assistants, managers and executives, is needed. From the economical standpoint such a proportion of indirect labor may be thought, without much argument, to be excessive.

Before leaving this discussion of the wage-salary cost, mention should be made of the pride of the average department store in its ability to correlate pay with individual productivity. Although some few stores still cling to the old-fashioned idea of time rates, irrespective of performance, a majority of the more wide-awake stores pay to their salespeople a basic wage or salary supplemented by a bonus based upon individual sales. With the exception of buyers and of some executives, all other employés—that is, more than half of the working personnel—are paid straight salaries and the work performed bears no relation to their pay.

As a rule, buyers, some of their assistants, also some of the executives, in addition to a basic salary, participate in the

net earnings of their departments or divisions. Some also receive bonuses for increased volume provided a net is shown. This, ostensibly, is designed to furnish incentives for improved performance. That desirable aim, however, is not always achieved. Frequently the reverse occurs because the scheme engenders hard feeling.

The reason for this is that many operating costs, such as salaries of general management, credits and collections, domestic and foreign representation, interest, insurance, etc., cannot be allocated directly to individual departments. As a matter of fact, more than one-fourth of the total cost of doing business is of this undistributable variety. Because such expenses cannot be allocated directly they are usually distributed to departments in accordance with the volume of sales. A buyer may therefore find himself in the position of having increased his sales and simultaneously improved all factors under his control—mark-up, turnovers, reduction, etc.,—and still show a smaller net simply because the volume of business in the other departments has declined.

As already stated, the salaries of buyers account for about one-fifth of the salary-wages cost, or slightly over 3% of the retail price. One would have no justification for criticizing this fact were it not that the buying, as it is done today, is one of the major causes of department store inefficiency. A buyer is more than what the term would seem to imply. He is simultaneously the manager of his department, he is in charge of marking the goods, he assists in the preparation of his advertising copy, and he is in charge of the sale of his merchandise in the store, which, in the great majority of instances, is located from five to twenty-five hundred miles from the principal buying market—New York City.

Buyers naturally have to travel to this market. Even Pacific Coast buyers travel to New York twice or three times a year, and frequently more often. A considerable portion of the buyer's time—about one-fourth, conservatively speaking—is therefore spent away from the store. During this period his duties are performed by an assistant of relatively little competence because no wise buyer will ever stand for the competition of a capable assistant. Most buyers, therefore, insist on managing their departments *in absentia* about one-fourth of the time, and their departments necessarily suffer during this period from the lack of experienced direction.

To minimize somewhat the results of this absentee management, almost every reputable store has resident buyers, or other resident representation, in New York. The desirability of such assistance has, however, never impressed the individual buyer. Like his superior, the general executive, he does not believe in delegating authority even though he may have assisted in the selection of the resident representative. The burden of the argument usually is: "No one can select merchandise for me." Perhaps not—for the buyer. But not a few resident buyers, it is known, can and do competently select merchandise for customers.

From a humane point of view one cannot blame the poor buyer. Why should anyone be in favor of missing free and luxurious travel and the other incidental pleasures associated with buyers' trips—theatres, dinner parties and other unmentionables, all provided by the ever-friendly manufacturer? The temptation is almost irresistible. The real responsibility rests on the shoulders of the executive management, which is supposed to know the most effective way to attend to the business of buying.

III

Because of the very nature of department store location rentals are necessarily high. The common cost of rentals in 1928, for the larger stores, was almost 4% of the retail sales. One hesitates to compare this figure with the rental costs of the new competition, such as that offered by Sears

and Ward, whose businesses are usually located in sections where rents are probably one-third or one-half of that. One not familiar with the methods of department stores is usually amazed at this cost of rentals. Here the problem of the typical store is akin to that of the hotels built during the war boom, when only the most expensive (not necessarily most convenient) locations were acceptable, and hotels, to be really swanky, had to have palatial lobbies on the ground floor. Inwardly one wonders when department stores will come to a realization of the business wisdom of the newer hotel management, which nowadays places its less palatial lobbies above the ground floor in order to convert the ground floor into rental property which will bring some return.

Up to very recently no department store magnate was happy without some real estate entanglement or other for "future expansion." Some of these entanglements have proven themselves to be very costly.

Between four and five cents of every retail dollar is spent on advertising copy, so-called art work, supplies, and the advertising personnel. In their more reasonable moments department store executives freely admit that there exists no valid reason for spending money on advertising unless the store has something to say—about style, price, service or the institution in general. But the actual practice calls for numerous pages of advertising in the most expensive local media, irrespective of need. Many is the time when the advertising manager finds difficulty in filling up the pages contracted for, and many arguments arise over space arbitrarily charged for by the advertising manager without the request of the buyer.

One examining the current practice in retail store advertising in America may infer reasonably that the store management is operating largely for the benefit of the newspapers. The governing idea apparently is that an expenditure of a thousand dollars additional a day does not hurt much when business is good, and is imperative when business is dull. But has anyone as yet demonstrated that six columns, if properly prepared and backed up with merchandise, will not bring forth the same results as seven? So far no real attempt has been made to establish the relationship between the cost of an advertisement and its results. The benefit of the doubt is usually given to the more expensive way.

More than two cents of every retail dollar is spent for interest. The fact that the merchandise turnover is slow, less than four times a year, is responsible for this high cost.

One and one-half per cent is spent on supplies, the major constituents of which are boxes, wrapping paper, ribbon and twine. The so-called high standard of service calls for fancy and expensive boxes, ribbons and paper, and makes it inadvisable, as a general policy, to refuse the wrapping of merchandise purchased from other stores. Unfortunate, indeed, is the department store located near a five-and-ten, for many a five-and-ten customer buys in the cheap store and brings his purchases over, often for "gift" or expensive wrapping, to the department store. A more crusty customer may even insist on having the merchandise thus wrapped forwarded to his home.

An occurrence which actually took place illustrates the absurdity of this type of service. A customer bought forty-two cents worth of merchandise and ordered it delivered, post-haste and C.O.D. to her home. Incidentally, she requested that another package which she held in her hand be enclosed. When the delivery man presented himself with the package the customer told him that she had changed her mind —that she only wished him to open the shipment so that she could take out her own package. Inasmuch as delivery men are not, as a rule, permitted to open C.O.D. packages unless the merchandise is accepted, the man declined to do it. The customer was much incensed over this "lack of courtesy" and registered a complaint

with the store manager. She had no meat for dinner that night, she said, because her enclosure contained pork chops!

Losses on account of bad debts and depreciation (other than that on merchandise) are responsible for about one cent out of every retail dollar. This figure is rather low and in some stores the cost of these items is nearly twice as great. Bad debt losses alone cost only one-fourth to one-half of one per cent. This does not, however, tell the story of the relative cost of doing business on a charge basis as against doing it on a cash basis. If the consuming public knew the whole story it would invariably prefer to deal with stores operating solely on a cash basis.

New Yorkers are familiar, no doubt, with the fact that Macy's, the largest department store in the country, is operating on a cash basis only. This, it is stated by the Macy management, makes it possible for them to sell 6% cheaper than their competitors who operate on a charge-cash basis. Some may wonder if this statement is literally true. It might easily be. The cost of charge accounts involves, in addition to bad debt losses, the cost of credit and collection (the credit and collection department is often the behemoth of the organization), the cost of money required to finance charge sales, and the cost of non-interest-bearing bank balances which the store has to carry to command large and speedy borrowing facilities. Again, the charge customer is more apt to be unreasonable on returns, exchanges, alterations and delivery.

In department store terminology reductions are synonymous with mark-downs and represent both losses due to the selling of merchandise below the regular price, and inventory losses due to (*a*) the failure to report sales price variations from the regular, and (*b*) losses due to theft by employés and customers. Both of the latter masquerade under the term "inventory shrinkage" because it is the only form in which they appear.

Mark-downs and inventory shrinkages account, roughly, for about 8% of the retail price. Every retail price must therefore include a sufficient allowance to cover this expense. But this mark-down cost figure is only a statistical abstraction since it is not customary to mark down goods not sold, even though such merchandise has depreciated. If stores were to register mark-downs on all old and obsolete merchandise not sold, in accordance with the actual value of such merchandise, as sound business policy would dictate, the cost of mark-downs would probably be greater by half—12%, perhaps.

One is aware, of course, of the fact that from the point of view of retail accounting, losses due to mark-downs are not, officially, an expense, but constitute instead a separate item of accounting. From the consumer's business point of view, however, it is, of course, an additional cost, for the final mark-up must include a proper allowance to cover the cost of mark-downs if the store is to continue solvent.

As stated before, two factors make up the total of inventory shrinkage—failure to report reductions, and theft. Just how great the theft part is is naturally difficult to tell. Thieving in department stores is so easy that it has long been an organized business. Traditional store policies and lack of coöperation among stores have contributed much to the relative safety of the thief. Store executives are in such deadly fear of slander suits that they frequently fail to prosecute even *bona fide* cases involving second and third offenders. Even though the same crew usually operates in all the local stores, the individualism of store management is so great that collective action in apprehending the common pest is frequently difficult. Were it not for the absurdity involved, one might think that department stores compete not only in style, price, service, and sales terms, but also in their liberality in dealing with the purloiners of their property.

It is a matter of common knowledge that department stores maintain protection departments manned by under-cover opera-

tives. The customary methods used in dealing with offenders should, however, be pointed out as throwing light on the business methods of the stores. The procedure is somewhat as follows. The culprit is made to confess, in writing, in the presence of witnesses. The confession includes also a statement that no lawsuit will ever be instituted for arrest and charge. A detailed record of the case is then filed away for reference. In the majority of cases the offender is then dismissed with a warning. When the current theft files are filled up they are transferred to the inactive file. When the inactive file becomes crowded it is destroyed. Is there any wonder, then, that the department store stealing racket attracts many experts?

IV

Mark-downs will now be discussed at greater length because of the light which their cost throws upon the efficacy of the general management.

A good portion of the cost of mark-downs is, of course, unavoidable. Rapid style changes, which are responsible for much of the recent liveliness in the retail business, are also responsible for a great portion of the mark-downs. To this extent, their cost is as legitimate as the squeal of the hog in a slaughter-house. But a very appreciable part of it is also due to ineffective management and to the lack of sound organization in the modern meaning of the term.

To begin with, it is only a year or two since the new so-called "consumer demand" was "discovered." Prior to this great discovery it was the self-imposed task of every store to tell its public what was the proper thing to buy. The consumer was supposed to stand ready to buy only what the store management, in its self-imposed wisdom, knew was correct. The store's principal task then was to "search the markets of the world." This searching could not, naturally, be confined to merchandise the saleability of which was more or less certain. The "art" element quickly entered into this policy, and there apparently never existed a department store executive who did not know art, modern or otherwise. One who doubted the artistic qualifications of store executives was quickly branded as a "non-dry-goods" man, a fellow ready to shake the very foundations of business, almost a Red!

But what, one may ask, has this to do with the problem of mark-downs? Much, indeed. It is the so-called artistic things, modern and antique, bought frequently at great expense abroad, which are usually sold at great reductions because the public does not take to them. Except for a few stores, the number of which can be counted on two hands, all the American department stores are obliged to take terrific losses on so-called art merchandise.

The pity of mark-downs is that many are taken on merchandise which should never have been bought or on merchandise over-bought in quantity. Obviously stylish things, such as women's ready-to-wear or millinery, are naturally perishable and subject to mark-downs. Still, every store of consequence does move its women's ready-to-wear and millinery eight to twelve times a year, with the idea, of course, of minimizing, as much as possible, the mark-down losses. Too much of the reduction cost is found in wares not so perishable, such as art and needlework, furniture, silks and others even more stable, from the style or novelty point of view.

The latter kind of mark-down is due to downright mismanagement, with its lack of a uniform store policy which would make it impossible to feature cheap $10 dresses in one department and $2000 sets of furniture in another. One does not have to be a business genius to know that a store featuring low-priced wear is not the store in which the public will be inclined to purchase expensive furniture.

Another great developer of unnecessary mark-downs is the go-getting, high-pressure sales policy which expresses itself, almost invariably, in frequent store-wide

sales and almost daily so-called departmental sales or "events." This sales pressure causes much overbuying of merchandise, with a consequent overstocking of almost every department with poorly bought goods, movable only at a great sacrifice in price. The sacrifice becomes imperative if new merchandise is to be had.

This brings us to planning, budgeting and general executive management.

In spite of the highfalutin' talk current in store circles, with almost daily mass meetings, and planning, budgeting, promotion and other conferences, there is little real planning or budgeting in most of the stores. Plans and budgets are merely hopes recorded elaborately on paper, and not yardsticks to aim at in store performance. How could anyone make plans based on almost daily special sales of one sort or another—a policy which calls for weekly or semi-monthly expansions and contractions, in personnel and merchandise, from 1% to 500% above or below the normal or average? The store is either customerless or packed to the brim, a condition under which no normally competent business activity is possible.

The basis of the paper planning is usually last year's performance, plus a considerable percentage of increase. This basis is followed even when last year's estimate was not reached by a large margin. But to attempt to criticize such planning is to subject one's self to a charge of being "disloyal" and of killing "the spirit of the organization."

As I have said, almost every department store organization is constantly meeting, and conferring on, and talking about plans and budgets. But the most heartbreaking task one can undertake is to attempt budget enforcement, even though the budget has been agreed to by all concerned, from the president down to the office boy. One is referring, of course, to elastic budgets which provide for much lee-way to meet emergencies. There is always a good reason why the department store business is "different," which makes it impossible to follow the laid-out plans.

Somehow, it often seems that the majority of department store executives are not business men in the usually accepted term of the word. They are artists, men who frequently have only a very faint idea of the totality of their business, who appreciate but little, or not at all, that the very complexity of their task makes an effective and impartially administered organization absolutely essential.

In spite of the presence of a multitude of expensive executives, with elaborate titles, the average store is still a one-man affair. Real delegation of authority is almost unknown and its necessity is unappreciated. This lack of authority delegation plus an administration frequently partisan is detrimental to the development of an efficient and loyal personnel. The department store business is too complicated and risky to permit its successful operation by the one-man type of management, so frequently permeated with favoritism.

V

To one familiar with the recent trends in business, the reasons for the anomalous situation now existing in the American department stores are readily apparent. They have been riding the crest of a mounting volume of business since the turn of the century, with the exception of a few downward fluctuations during some brief periods of the war. The business crash of 1920 affected their volume but little. After 1923 and up to 1927 it steadily increased—a standard indication of a store's affluence. And prosperity is known to be a great breeder of business laxity.

The situation has changed materially since 1927, when the volume of business became almost stationary. With the exception of a few retail organizations which are still going strong—and merely prove the rule—the sales volume suffered a recession, and net profits declined. The average net profit per dollar of retail sales has gone

down from 2.3 cents in 1925 and 1926 to 1.7 in 1927, and 1.5 in 1928. Many 1929 figures already available show further recessions both in the volume of business and in net earnings. In many instances the small net of 1928 was more of a book figure than a reality. Thus the present net earnings of department stores are inconsequential, considering the risk involved in the business.

One may ask, then, why do we see so few, relatively, failures in this field? The answer is twofold: in the first place, the department store business has only recently become difficult. In the second place, there would have been many such failures had not the great merger movement of the past few years appeared. It is obvious that many of the stores sold out to chains or syndicates largely because it was more profitable to sell than to keep on running.

Responsibility for the existing condition cannot altogether be laid at the door of the individual store managements. By and large, the following factors must each bear some share of responsibility: (*a*) the relatively rapid development of the business during one of the most prosperous periods in our history, (*b*) the extreme individualism of management, which makes coöperation difficult and which causes cut-throat competition of every kind, (*c*) antiquated business policies, and (*d*) last, but far from least, the dear public, which imagines that it has discovered a way to eat its pie and still keep it.

The precise extent to which each of these factors is responsible for the undesirable results is, of course, difficult to state.

EDITORIALS

Mysteries of the Psyche

On the psychological side history is still mainly a blank. No historian, so far as I am aware, has ever accounted with complete persuasiveness for the American Revolution—not even the ingenious James Truslow Adams in his three racy volumes. What, precisely, were the rebels fighting for, and what did they expect to make of it when they got it? I have heard the suggestion that Lord North might have put an end to the business in 1777 by making Washington a viscount, but of that, of course, there is no proof whatever. The theory that the Revolution was a struggle for democracy is scarcely more tenable than the theory that the World War was a struggle for democracy. Its primary causes, as Dr. Charles A. Beard hints, were possibly economic, but the evidence to that end remains inconclusive, and none of it accounts for the behavior of the boys in the trenches.

Politicians are supposed to be adepts in popular psychology, but the fact that half of them, roughly speaking, always guess wrong is a sufficient indicator of their actual gifts. Even *post factum* they quarrel like pathologists stumped at the autopsy table. Why did so many Americans vote for Al Smith in 1928? Was it because they were wet, or because they had been seduced by the Roman Harlot, or because they thought Dr. Hoover was too fat and an Englishman to boot, or simply because it was their habit to hang their crosses on the tail of the Democratic donkey? I have heard all of these reasons maintained by eminent professors of the political mystery, singly and in combination. But no one really seems to know. Dr. Hoover, judging by his ignoble grovelling before the Methodist bishops, apparently believes that he beat Al because the majority of the American people have turned Wesleyan. For one, I doubt it. But if they have not turned Wesleyan, then what have they turned? Certainly they differ immensely from what they were, say, in 1850, or even in 1885. The causes of the change remain as dark as the causes of jazz.

Another phenomenon that deserves scientific study—if anything that has to do with the dreams of man may be described as scientific—is the rise of the so-called Rotary movement. A few years ago it seemed to be no more than a passing imbecility, like balloon sleeves, mah jong and chiropractic, but now that Dr. Hoover has summoned a posse of eminent Rotarians—they may not know it, but they are—to Washington to dispose of the hard times by incantation, it takes on a high official dignity, and promises to go down into history on a level with the Wilson idealism. What its grounds are in the nature of man remains to be determined. Did it issue out of evil conscience, or out of the yearning to know God, or out of mere exuberant animal spirits? Its proponents answer copiously, and quarrel in their answers as much as any other band of metaphysicians. Thus the question is left to the ribald, whose competence as psychologists, if they have any, is concealed by their excessive sense of humor.

Even the inventor of Rotary is unknown. The standard handbooks ascribe the business to a Chicago lawyer, but that theory goes to wreck on what is universally known about Chicago lawyers. My own guess is that he picked up the essentials of the idea from the late Elbert Hubbard, who did a thriving trade in Chicago twenty-odd years ago, just after Upton

Sinclair's "The Jungle" came out. It was Hubbard, and not any Chicago lawyer, who invented the notion that butchering hogs is really a form of Service, with overtones of the passionate. He preached it all over the country, but it was naturally in Chicago that it won the most customers. When someone added the corollary that practising law, even in the Illinois courts, was an enterprise comparable to writing the B minor mass or freezing at Valley Forge—when this extension was achieved Rotary was born. As one who has, at times, poked fun at the movement, I testify cheerfully to its social utility. It has unquestionably made many men happier than they would have been without it. It has augmented, if only falsely, the sum total of human dignity in the Republic, and that is something, for when human dignity increases civilization is surely not going downhill. The ideal world would be one in which every man was convinced that he was somebody. Rotary has done that for a multitude of used-car dealers, insurance agents, newspaper editors, trucking contractors, and butter and egg brokers.

But the preliminary steps remain mysterious. No one knows precisely who bridged the gap between the yearning and the conviction, or by what psychological devices. If the facts are ever found out they will make a capital chapter in that history of American ideas which remains to be written. The trouble with such learned men as Dr. Beard is that they simplify overmuch. It is not sufficient, as he seems to think, to prove that the Fathers of the Republic had money in the bank and were eager to keep it; the question is, Why did they risk it in the first place? There we tap something dark and delicate. There we intrude upon the dreams that fever and entertain a man after he has had recourse to the vine, or hears drums roll, or recalls some snatch of verse out of his lost youth, or lies decently beside his wife at night, listening to her snores and trying to remember the names of the stars. It is in such purple depths that great movements take their rise. The laboratory psychologists, with their revolting frogs, rats and sophomores, avoid the subject. Perhaps it must wait for a poet.

The Struggle for Liberty

Since the retirement of Senator James A. Reed from the Senate and of the Hon. John Philip Hill, D.S.M., from the House there has been little effective wet leadership in Congress. It is highly probable that at least four-fifths of the members of both houses are still fluent boozers, but those who use the jug openly are in a minority, and their futile operations against the Methodist *bloc* keep one reminded of it. Of late they were staging a so-called hearing before the House judiciary committee, and calling in all sorts of big-wigs to testify that Prohibition is a failure. But all the while the committee was safely packed against them, and the public, being well aware of it, took little interest in the proceedings. Are such highfalutin' emissions of the obvious educational? Then so would it be educational to bombard the radio fans, night after night, with the news that two and two make four.

No one maintains any more, not even the most fanatical Prohibitionist, that Prohibition is anything plausibly describable as a success. The best anyone ventures to say for it is that, given only a rigid enforcement, it may be a success on some vague tomorrow. But a rigid enforcement of it, of course, is precisely the thing that is impossible. Here I do not mean to argue that the American people would not stand for such enforcement, or for an attempt at it. On the contrary, I am convinced that they are so whipped and pusillanimous that they would stand for anything, including even actual Prohibition. But it must be manifest that it would be quite out of the question to recruit an army sufficiently formidable to undertake complete enforcement. Like the present Pro-

hibition force, that army would attract rogues inevitably, and in two months it would be only a vast machine for propagating corruption. The temptations confronting it would be simply irresistible: one could imagine no worse in a guard of colored divines, set to protect a trainload of watermelons. Do the chiefs of the Methodist *Cheka* propose to get 'round the difficulty by appointing only alumni of Methodist Sunday-schools? Then any jail warden will tell them that the alumni of Methodist Sunday-schools are quite as easy fishing for the Devil as the alumni of Harvard and Yale.

What is needed in the campaign against Prohibition is a vigorous offensive. It is not sufficient to belabor the fanatics and scoundrels behind it with statistics; they must be made to taste sharper weapons. The Hon. George Holden Tinkham, the Back Bay wet, made a feint in that direction six or eight months ago, when he tried to get through a House resolution or something of the sort, calling for the strict enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. There was instant consternation among the guzzling drys from below the Potomac, and no less at the White House, where efforts are being made to erect a Hoover machine down there with the aid of the Ku Klux Klan. The device surely has its points. Why should the Eighteenth Amendment be the only one with a penal statute behind it? Why not one to punish violations of the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh? Why not the hoosegow for Prohibition agents who break into houses without warrants, and the stonepile for Federal judges who deprive free citizens of their right to trial by jury?

It is no answer to say that such a statute could never be passed. The main thing is to get it on the calendar and bring it under debate. That debate would smoke out all the frauds who now bellow that whatever is in the Constitution is sacred and must be respected. It would expose such political eels as Borah, and give Norris and Tom Walsh something to think about. It would throw a brilliant light upon the back-alley dodging of Dr. Hoover, and bring the Methodist bishops leaping out of the chicken-yards and bucket-shops. Best of all, it would reduce to writing the record of some of the Federal judges, whose wholesale violations of the Bill of Rights certainly deserve to be ventilated and pondered. There are, to be sure, a few upright and decent judges left on the Federal bench, but they are not many and they need not be regarded, for the attack I propose would not touch them. As for those who owe their jobs to the Anti-Saloon League, they deserve to be posted as the unconscionable fellows that they are.

I have allowed that no such statute could be passed: maybe I go too far there. The fact is that many of the so-called drys in both Houses tire of the Anti-Saloon League's exactions, and would welcome a chance to get it into trouble in an innocent and patriotic manner, and so weaken it. How far such rebellions may go was shown in the Senate when the Hon. Charles E. Hughes came within a few votes of missing immortality as the first Chief Justice of a presumably civilized country ever to believe in baptism by total immersion. I suspect that the boys of the House, properly plied with Capitol Hill hooch, might be trusted to go even further. At worst, the debate would develop a lot of material that might be useful in impeachment proceedings. And an attempt to impeach him is no fun to a Federal judge, even when he knows the jury is packed in his favor. Witness the case of the late Judge English.

Hands Across the Sea

Of such solemnities as the late Naval Conference in London too much is always expected, especially by the more frantic variety of pacifists. If whole fleets of ships are not sunk at once they mourn dismally. If, to balance things, a ship or two has to

be built they howl and beat their breasts. They make the great mistake of assuming gravely that the current aim of statesmanship in the world is to abolish war. The truth is that its aim, in every civilized country, is what it has always been and probably always will be: to make sure, in peace time, of some advantage that will be useful when, as and if war breaks out. That is precisely what every one of the masterminds assembled at London tried to do for his country, including even the flabby and irresolute Dr. Stimson. The only difference between one and another of them was that M. Tardieu, a fellow of unpleasing exterior and very bad manners, stated it, at times, more explicitly than the rest. The Italian, Dr. Grandi, tried to match his candor, but Dr. Grandi has Dunkard whiskers, and so no one paid any serious attention to him.

What chiefly emerges from the conference is the drifting apart of England and France. Less than twelve years ago they were engaged jointly in a great war to rid the world of wickedness, and it was said everywhere that their ancient enmity was buried forever. But now it flames and flourishes again, and both seem to be pretty well convinced that when the next war comes at last, as come it must, one will be on one side and the other on the other. The French, tossing on uneasy beds, dream of a blockade of their Atlantic ports and a barrier of steel in the Mediterranean, and the English, made dyspeptic and despondent by their bad beer, see London pulverized by bombs from the air, and the Channel blocked by sunk English merchantmen. So both reach out eagerly for advantages, and the sonorous truces that they sign from time to time are not to be taken seriously.

In a sense, Uncle Shylock is the gainer by this lamentable falling apart of allies, for one of its by-products is a considerable amelioration of the English doctrine, so frankly voiced a few years ago, that he is a scoundrel. He is described, at the moment, a great deal more politely, and if it were not for the Senate's traditional hostility to foreign entanglements, he might even turn into a sort of archangel, comparable in virtue to the Russian bear of 1914. What lies under all this has been stated plainly by Commander Carlyon Bellairs, R.N., M.P., in a current pamphlet. Starting out with the premiss that "the [British] navy cannot win a first-class war without allies," the gallant and hon. gentleman proceeds by simple steps to the conclusion that "Great Britain will never again go to war without America as an ally."

This conclusion will meet with little cavil from connoisseurs of human idealism. Great Britain, in fact, *never* goes to war—at least on an heroic scale—without allies, and in the present posture of the world's affairs Uncle Shylock is the only one worth having. What remains to be considered is his own attitude in the matter, or perhaps, more accurately, his own interest. When the inevitable clash comes will that interest run with the altruistic English or with the altruistic French? Will it get him more to help the French to victory, and so make them undisputed masters of the Continent and a magnificent international nuisance, or to help the English, and so bring forward the day when he must fight them himself?

Here are simple alternatives, and they deserve to be discussed calmly and realistically. Naval conferences, it must be plain, do not promote that sort of discussion. They are carried on in terms of the old diplomacy, which is to say, in terms of false pretenses; the real issues, when they intrude, are quickly put down as indecorums. There ensues a glorious "success" or a regrettable "failure," as the case may be, but neither has anything to do with the question really at issue. In the present case that question is surely too serious to be drowned in pacifist buncombe. If anything is certain in this world it is that another war is coming. The United States will come out of that war far more safely if there is a frank preliminary discussion of its reasons for going in. H. L. M.

THE CAREER OF A STATESMAN

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

It is possible for even the godless to find in the career of Arthur Mastick Hyde a great moral lesson. This fact must have been impressed upon those who have had occasion, by reason of his elevation to the august post of Secretary of Agriculture under Dr. Hoover, to realize the scope and magnitude of the man's labors. Until his virtues were thus tardily recognized, he had toiled, much against his own wishes to be sure, in comparative obscurity. Quite outside the brighter, warmer light of the national arena, he had lavished his finest efforts within the confines of the stubborn and recalcitrant State of Missouri.

But though the scene of his activities was thus limited, he more than made up for it by the vigorous righteousness of his endeavors. Examining his career, it is not difficult to see that from the first he must have been singled out for great things; there are those, indeed, who perceive a divine dispensation in the upward progress of his career. He may well stand as the archetype of the Christian statesman, a kind of Methodist St. George ever ready to do battle with the forces of evil; an apostle, too, of the doctrines of Main Street.

So short a time as ten years ago even Missouri was but dimly aware of the merits of this great figure. He had hidden his light most effectively in the small town of Trenton. Here, of course, there was some opportunity to serve the higher causes and Arthur was not the man to overlook it. In due course, he became a Mason, an Odd Fellow, and an Elk. And, in humbler capacity, he served his fellow townsmen and the rustics round about as a money lender, an eminently successful agent for Buick cars and, as he once described it, a curbstone lawyer. The call had not yet come. Or, rather, it had come, but somewhat prematurely; there had been a slight confusion in the signals. Mr. Hyde had hearkened to Roosevelt's stentorian trumpeting in 1912 and had taken the stump as the Progressive candidate for Attorney-General. His voice went unheard in the stampede for Wilson.

In 1920 there could be no mistaking the nature of the call. It sounded loud and clear from the ranks of the downtrodden and the oppressed, and Mr. Hyde became the fair-haired champion of reform, a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of the State. There were those, of course, low enough to intimate that the call had been carefully stage-managed; that it was, in fact, only Mr. Hyde's own voice sounding from the tall timber up-State. But these petty detractors were either machine politicians or Democrats, both abhorrent to Mr. Hyde, though certainly his voice was loud enough. It was heard in the humblest of hustings, crying out for reform of the schools, for economy in government, for revision of the election districts, for death and destruction to the corrupt Democratic politicians of Kansas City; in short, for an overwhelming victory that would enable him to spread the benefits of Christian Republicanism throughout the length and breadth of the State. Needless to say, the Better Elements soon rallied round this gifted leader. Quickly the local pope of the Anti-Saloon League conferred his blessing and there were hosannahs from all the Methodist sanctuaries.

In the unenlightened city of St. Louis, however, there was a certain coldness. The Republican machine, solidly built around the German vote on the South Side, looked with something stronger than distrust on this prophet out of the wilderness. And unfortunately for the forces of reform, the St. Louis vote could practically dictate the nomination. One Elmer Edgar Ellsworth McJimsey, regular, and sufficiently wet, was favored by the Old Guard. It was a troublous time and it is precisely at this point that it is difficult not to see the intervention of a Guiding Hand. The Senate in Washington had just uncovered the fact that the Hon. Frank O. Lowden, in one of his numerous vain endeavors to grab the presidential nomination, had given $33,000 in largesse to E. L. Morse, a Republican worker, and Jacob L. Babler, then the party's national committeeman for Missouri, to distribute as they saw fit. And Mr. McJimsey, badgered by the press, admitted that he had received $1,000 of this sum. That was the last of Mr. McJimsey. The machine politicians realized that with this handicap they could never put him over and so they resigned themselves to Mr. Hyde.

It was a graceless resignation. The regulars made no attempt to whoop it up for the champion of reform. When he visited the city, looking about a little wistfully in search of encouragement, they were passive. But there was one kindly hand extended. An earnest, cherubic-looking young man, Victor J. Miller, had recently come to St. Louis from Joplin. He burned with ambition and, like Mr. Hyde, hankered after reform. When the St. Louis Hyde-for-Governor Committee was still virtually non-existent, he became its angel. There is a story, which has never been confirmed, it should be added, that nicely demonstrates how these great affairs turn on small things. Someone proposed a dinner for Mr. Hyde at a St. Louis hotel in the furtherance of his campaign. There was a lamentable lack of enthusiasm; practically no tickets were sold and the prospect of an empty banquet hall was imminent. At this point Mr. Miller appeared, forked over enough cash for all the tickets that were unsold, and gave them out to Republicans who could be relied upon for roars of applause in return for their victuals. Gradually something resembling a Hyde faction was got together in St. Louis. It included a minor branch of the machine and Mr. Miller and his cohorts.

II

Triumph at the polls, since there was virtually no opposition, was overwhelming and in November Mr. Hyde was swept into the governorship on the Harding wave, along with a Republican Legislature. After many years of benighted Democratic rule, Right was in the ascendancy, and Mr. Hyde's first concern was to entrench it there as solidly as possible. So it became his endeavor to see that every diabolical Democrat was removed from office, however minor, and replaced by a Republican. There had rarely been seen in Missouri such a crowding at the public trough. Even the guards at the State penitentiary were replaced. In his enthusiasm, indeed, the new Governor went so far as to introduce a measure designed to rearrange the judicial circuits whereby Democratic judges, many of them having several years to serve, could be supplanted by his own appointees. The St. Louis machine, it is scarcely necessary to add, profited little from all this. Wherever possible the posts were given to original Hyde men. Mr. Miller, as their leader in St. Louis, was made president of the board of police commissioners.

When the State had thus been made safe for right-thinking Republicans, Mr. Hyde pushed forward his legislative programme. This included a bill for the revision of election districts, a measure which was intended to put the schools of each county under a single board, and one for the unification of various State departments. There were setbacks, to be sure. In February, scarcely more than a month after he had

taken office, the Hon. Mr. Hyde had to sadly but heroically consign one of his principal reform measures to limbo. This was the bill which proposed the reorganization of the major State departments. It would have materially curtailed the powers and prerogatives of the other four elective State officers by reducing their patronage to practically zero, and also, in certain instances, it would have reduced the cash returns to these four officials. Incidentally, of course, it would greatly have increased the patronage of the Governor. So a loud and pained squawk arose. The Attorney-General openly declared his opposition to the measure, and, apparently untouched by every appeal to their higher sensibilities, all four of the menaced magnates stoutly resisted it. By this time it had become familiarly known as the Administration Job Bill. Finally, Mr. Hyde yielded, tactfully explaining: "After conferences with State officials, it has been decided to have a substitute for the budget bill drawn. It will not contain the features for auditing accounts of officials to which objections have been made." In its ultimate form it was minus almost everything else it had formerly contained.

Mr. Hyde had better luck with the other measures he had sponsored. Since there were fewer sensitive souls to be hurt by them, they were eventually passed and signed. Now, it appeared, he could begin to point with pride. But this illusion was short-lived. Before any of the measures could become law, the Democrats contrived a foul plot. By petition they forced each and every one of them to a referendum vote and thus effectively tabled them for a year. It appeared that this was a wrathful reprisal for the high-handed way in which the first Christian Governor of Missouri had swept the opposition out of office. The Democratic State committee made it very clear:

> No executive since Reconstruction days has ever manifested such amazing contempt for the principles and provisions of the law; no General Assembly has ever appropriated such great sums for the conduct of the State government, and no administration in the history of the State has ever sought to impose such tremendous tax burdens upon the people.

This was patently unfair. For Mr. Hyde himself, ante-dating the profound pronouncement of Mr. Hoover on the same theme by seven years, had publicly asserted the sanctity of the law in invoking the divines of the State to observe a particular Sunday as Law and Order Day:

> A general movement is in progress throughout the country to call the attention of all citizens to the need of more definite knowledge of the theory and institutions underlying our form of government and of the absolute necessity for the enforcement of law and order. The maintenance of law and order is one of the principal objects of government and is a matter of grave concern; the people should periodically give special attention to emphasizing its importance. Orderly government and a due regard for the right for the average citizen depend upon maintaining the majesty and supremacy of the law, which represents, in concrete form, the crystallized sentiment of the people. It is important that, not only the foreign, but the American born within our land, shall clearly realize the necessity for preserving law and order and for obedience to existing mandates until and unless they shall be changed in due form by constitutional methods. It is essential that lawlessness in all its forms be suppressed and punished and that the law be vindicated and upheld.

The harpooning of his reform measures, later to be confirmed by the electorate, was a grievous blow to Mr. Hyde. Though the statutes required that the referendum petitions be filed with the Secretary of State in the Governor's presence, he went on a fishing trip. He said to a reporter: "No, of course, I will not be present. Why should I witness the complete wreckage of all that to which I had pinned my faith and hope?"

But there were consolations. In St. Louis Mr. Miller was carrying on with magnificent zeal. His youthful energy was apparently boundless and he was having a swell time. The office of president of the board of police commissioners had hitherto been regarded as a kind of hollow honor, carrying little patronage and a cash return of

but $1000 a year. But Mr. Miller soon made of it a two-fisted, he-man's job. He took pleasure in personally directing police raids and he never passed up a chance to harangue the godly. Mr. Hyde, indeed, was soon embarrassed by the extreme zeal of his lieutenant. In the course of a diatribe on crime Mr. Miller made the assertion that seventy per cent of the current criminals of St. Louis were ex-servicemen. A wild howl went up from every side. The American Legion charged into action, demanding his scalp. Not long after this indiscretion he directed a raid on the weekly poker game which was at that time a venerable institution of the Republican ring. Several State senators and city officials were netted, along with lesser fry, the whole thing got into the papers, and Mr. Hyde had to listen during the next two weeks to violent protests. There were mutterings of legislative reprisal, but he stood firm. He announced dramatically, when confronted with a rumor that Mr. Miller would resign: "Tell the world Victor Miller will stay."

He was not to stay very long, however, for a few months later the ambitious lad from Joplin precipitated one of the most bawdy fracases in the history of the State. It was an episode fraught with grave political consequences for Mr. Hyde, a time of storm and stress.

The occasion was apparently innocent enough, a gathering of the pious to deplore the wickedness of the city. Mr. Miller, fresh from a personal combat with the works of the Devil, stormed in to make the address of the evening. He was in a fervent mood and he let himself go unreservedly. It was not only in the mean streets of St. Louis that crime and prostitution flourished, he said; as well, vice was being flaunted in the West End, under the guise of wealth and fashion. He led his rapt audience with tale after tale of sinister goings-on.

Finally, casting all discretion to the winds, he said he knew that in a large St. Louis high-school there was a club of boys and girls to which admission was granted only upon averment that the applicant had had sexual intercourse! The effect upon his audience was so gratifying that the speaker was led to further details. All might have been well enough—simply an agreeable titillation in otherwise rather barren lives—had there not, unfortunately, been newspaper reporters present. In streamer headlines, by light of day, the incident looked entirely different. Thirty thousand irate mamas and papas descended upon Victor and at least five thousand of them remembered to send indignant telegrams to poor Arthur.

It was, of course, the opportunity for which the Republican bosses had been waiting. They made it clear to Mr. Hyde that if he wished to win another election in St. Louis, drastic action was necessary: the boy from Joplin must go. It was a very difficult time for our hero. For the militantly pious in St. Louis upheld Mr. Miller. At least, they said, give him a chance to prove his statement. Mr. Hyde at once made this concession to righteousness and Mr. Miller, quite undaunted, presented his case.

His only tangible evidence, it developed, was of a very general nature; it came from drug-store clerks and street-sweepers in the neighborhood of the high-school. The immoral club was only hearsay. Nevertheless, Mr. Miller insisted that what he had said was true. And though Mr. Hyde earnestly exhorted him and sent him on a vacation to think it all over, he declined to lighten his friend's burden by resigning. Reluctantly Mr. Hyde at last took action. He caused Mr. Miller's demotion as president of the board, and, this action occasioning a violent break between the two, summarily dismissed him nine months later—"for failure to coöperate" with the other police commissioners! "Oh boy! What I learned from that!" said the young man from Joplin when, four years later, he had succeeded in building up his own political machine and in winning the mayoralty election.

III

It was a lesson for Mr. Hyde, too. During the remaining two and a half years of his term he was considerably more subdued. Though he threatened to force his reform measures, which had been turned down at the referendum election, through his second Legislature, they were quietly dropped. He delayed taking a stand on the important hard roads bill as long as possible and then finally gave it his cautious approval. The Democrats were in a majority in the Legislature and they seemed utterly callous and without sympathy for the noble aims of the Governor. In fact, they went so far as to appropriate $20,644,733, at the same time cutting the tax revenue, thus leaving the administration $1,628,000 in the hole. Even some of those originally dedicated to the high causes which had motivated Mr. Hyde turned on him in 1923. Mr. Morse, one of the beneficiaries of the Lowden fund, who had given him material aid in northwest Missouri, went so far as to say that his pre-campaign flourishes, his holy avowals and righteous causes were nothing more than a bluff. With the shocking grossness of the rural Missourian, Morse went on:

> He has his emissaries feeding at the public crib, running over the State devoting their time to effecting a factional organization within the party with a view to controlling the Republican delegation to the next Republican national convention. . . . Missouri may have thought it had seen evidence of practical politics in the past, but the game now being played by those in control of the State administration is so rapacious that it might be said to arouse envy in the minds of the practical politicians.

In evidence, Mr. Morse gave a long list of jobholders, all of whom were apparently qualified to hold office only by the fact that they exercised political influence on their respective bailiwicks.

In addition, a minor incident somewhat marred the latter half of Mr. Hyde's term. The business was brought to light by the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* which, largely by virtue of the persistent efforts of its State correspondent, Curtis A. Betts, had long been a kind of crown of thorns to the pious Arthur. Early in his administration Mr. Hyde had appointed his brother, Ben, as State insurance commissioner. He had announced at the time that Brother Ben was the only candidate on whom both the reciprocal and old line insurance companies could agree. He also announced that, in the interests of the highest integrity, he had disposed of 250 shares of stock which he held in the Liberty National Life Insurance Company of Cape Girardeau, Mo. When, however, a deal was made whereby the Liberty National was acquired by the Mountain States Life Insurance Company of Denver, the *Post-Dispatch* disclosed that Mr. Hyde, apparently still in possession of his Liberty National stock, had sold it for $6,000, equivalent to a price three times in excess of that received by the other stockholders, who were not paid in cash. It was further disclosed that the deal had hung fire over a period of about ten days, or until the stock held by Mr. Hyde had been purchased by the Denver company, whereupon it was immediately sanctioned.

Confronted with these facts by the Jefferson City correspondent of the *Post-Dispatch*, the Governor explained that in reality, as he had announced shortly after taking office, he had sold the stock in question, but that he had got in return from the purchaser, a political friend, nothing but a note. The friend had never paid anything on this note. When the matter of the merger came up, Mr. Hyde explained, he had sent the note and the stock, which of course he had held as collateral, to an insurance lawyer in Kansas City for collection. And—miraculously, it seemed—a check for $6000 came back. The Governor knew nothing else about the transaction.

There were many other harassments. Desirous of fortifying his position in order, it was charged, that he might dictate to his successor, he made an effort toward the close of his term to replace most of his own appointees, regardless of the tenure of

their office, with others whose subservience he could rely upon. He encountered great difficulty with one elderly gentleman, the State grain and warehouse commissioner. As Hyde himself pithily described it, "He's got his whiskers wrapped around a pole and he's hanging on." This unpleasantness was widely aired in the press.

Yet despite all this, when it came time to make the keynote speech at the Republican state convention in 1924, he could count many blessings. He said in part:

> Four years ago, reds and radicals filled the air with their frowsy and destructive theories; men like Tom Mooney, bomber of a preparedness day parade, were pardoned; and men like George D. Herron, Socialist and free-love advocate, were appointed upon diplomatic commissions. Today reds and radicals, whether of the parlor, cootie, or academic variety, have been reduced to soapbox pulpits, and American missions are manned by Americans.

And of the oil scandals that were then in their first phase:

> I speak only for myself. Just as an American citizen, I resent the attempt to besmirch the character or belittle the service of either our martyred President, or of our living President. Both have served the welfare of the American people, faithfully and devotedly. The one had made, the other is making heroic sacrifices in the public service in these trying times.

He had long been a devout worshipper at the Harding shrine. On the occasion of the great man's death he issued an eloquent panegyric. He thought so well of it that he wired it to the New York *Times*. In part he said:

> The calm, but unswerving Americanism of the man brought order out of chaos. He accepted responsibility for the safety of the nation having five million unemployed, carrying a deadening load of public expense, and beset with a clamor of bizarre doctrine that threatened disintegration. The army of the unemployed merged rapidly into the ranks of production. His firm devotion to fundamental elemental principles of government has gone far toward disproving the variant and vagrant theories of radicalism. He was sincere, devoted, patriotic. He was considerate and tactful, yet firm. Under the crushing weight of his responsibilities his spirit never broke. Rather, as shown by his speech read to the Knights Templar at Los Angeles, he developed the qualities and character of a man Lincolnian in principle and purpose who had the same source of divine guidance which shone through Lincoln's Second Inaugural.

IV

His term of office nearly at an end, Mr. Hyde began to cast about for the future. The national convention was at hand and the vice-presidential nomination glittered lasciviously. A committee was formed and the Hyde-for-Vice-President boom got under way. It met very tough going at Cleveland and died unobtrusively when it became certain that not more than fifty-five votes could be herded into the fold. There was nothing for Mr. Hyde to do but return, like another Cincinnatus, to the Buick business in Trenton. For some time he was more or less quiescent. But two years later, in 1926, a righteous cause once more compelled him to come forth.

He undertook to direct the campaign in the remoter hinterlands of the State for the reëlection of United States Senator George Williams. In Harry B. Hawes, the Democratic nominee, Mr. Williams had a formidable foe. It was obviously to be a close race, with St. Louis the vital battleground. Mr. Hyde, full of zeal, opened the campaign at a Republican rally at Jefferson City. He turned loose floods of oratory, poured the vials of his wrath upon the opposition, implored divine guidance to aid the electorate. And in the course of this peroration he addressed a question to Hawes: "Were you paid $100,000 for bringing an estimable lady home from Germany during the war?" It was this remark that really decided the election.

Mr. Hawes, in his capacity as attorney for the Busch brewery interests in St. Louis, had piloted the late Mrs. Adolphus Busch across Europe and back to the United States shortly after this country had entered the war. It was this wicked and wilful act that Mr. Hyde had singled out for

scorn. He discovered almost immediately, however, that he had made a ghastly tactical blunder. It was pointed out to him, none too gently, that virtually every German voter, and a great many others in St. Louis, swore undying allegiance to the Busch family, war or no war. Mr. Hawes, aided by the vitriolic James A. Reed, quickly made capital of the incident. But Mr. Hyde was not the man to retreat in the face of danger. In a speech in St. Louis a few days later he made bold to question Mr. Hawes' military record and mentioned Mrs. Busch by name in the wording of the inquiry. With loud trumpetings he carried this vital issue into the provinces. It was not until the German vote was all hopelessly alienated and on the warpath that the extent of the damage was realized. Mr. Hyde was then silenced. But it was too late. Mr. Hawes won the election by a substantial majority.

It had not been a happy time. Jim Reed's voice had sounded loud and clear throughout the campaign and the mildest of the terms he had applied to Mr. Hyde was "steam-whistle to a fertilizer plant." At this trying period, however, there came some slight recognition of our hero's virtues. He was made president of the Sentinel Life Insurance Company of Kansas City. One of the directors and the leading organizer of this company, ironically enough, was Tom Pendergast, principal cog in the Democratic machine in Kansas City. It had been largely by reason of his shrill denunciation of the Pendergast ring that Mr. Hyde had been elected Governor. He labored in this capacity until another opportunity to serve the public seemed to offer itself to his eager gaze.

In January of 1928 he was in a quandary. He felt that destiny called him to the United States Senate, but there loomed on the national horizon the Hoover boom. Mr. Hyde viewed this phenomenon with increasing dismay. For he was convinced that Mr. Hoover could never carry Missouri and he was equally certain that Lowden or Dawes could. In vain he sought counsel. Was it to be the noble engineer, or Lowden? Or possibly Dawes? He panted for an answer, for even a little encouragement, before definitely committing himself. The question was answered to all intents and purposes scarcely a month later. In the vile purlieus of St. Louis Mr. Hyde's ambition was again bogged. He was told by the machine politicians that his candidacy would be ill-advised; it was intimated that if he persisted, a candidate would be put in the field against him. There were the little matters, it was delicately pointed out, of his dryness and of the terrible Busch boomerang. The bitter enmity of the Miller faction was to be considered, too.

Even at this Mr. Hyde was not to be put down. He bustled about the State, trying, as of old, to rally the forces of righteousness. And in a benign and lofty mood he went so far as to call on August Busch to explain that he had really not intended to criticize the latter's mother during the Williams' campaign. It was only when the presidential nomination promised to remain uncertain to the last hour that he yielded. On April 2, 1928, he nobly renounced the senatorial toga, saying:

> On the political side, it is only frankness to say that my views on the liquor question do not agree with those of many of my associates. Many wet leaders have offered to support me, but have suggested that a change in my views would better suit the sentiments of their constituents. I cannot change my views. In my observation the most miserable of men is the candidate who professes a faith that he does not believe. The senatorship is not worth the price.

It was at the Kansas City convention, however, that Mr. Hyde most brilliantly displayed the consummate and kindly tact that has marked his entire career. The vice-presidential nomination was again dazzling him. The occasion called for the utmost discretion. And he managed it. He kept just close enough to the Lowden camp to retain his standing there, but not so near that the Hoover cohorts could for a single moment mistake him for a passionate Lowden advocate. But it was to no

avail. When the shouting and the tumult died, Mr. Hyde was still president of the Sentinel Life Insurance Company, but nothing else.

Little did he realize then that his reward was so soon to come. Nor, for that matter, did anyone else. When, in the course of time, the Republican national committeeman, from Missouri, Dr. E. B. Clements, secured an audience with the President-elect, he put forth, as is the pleasant custom, the claims to high office of various distinguished and loyal party members in his province. No official report of that momentous conversation has ever been given out. It is understood, however, that the Chief was cold to all proposals. The suggestion that he continue the Hon. Dwight Davis as Secretary of War was received with something considerably stronger than indifference. Nor was there any stray ambassadorship for Davis. Finally Mr. Hyde's name was proposed. The Chief, it is reported, registered a degree of interest. It is said he was chiefly concerned over Mr. Hyde's ability to defend himself on the platform. But he gave no positive assurance before his departure for Florida. Feeling that it would be wise to be at hand should the lightning strike, Mr. Hyde, too, went to Florida. And there he received the accolade, the crowning triumph of a career fraught with excursions and alarms, pathetic and perilous. In Missouri word of the appointment was received with malicious sniggerings. Dr. Clements had urged the appointment, it was suspected, in the hope of getting Mr. Hyde out of the State for four years.

When the news was made public shortly after Mr. Hoover's inauguration, Mr. Hyde, now an expert in agriculture, went home to Trenton to settle his insurance and Buick affairs. What a homecoming that was! He told the homefolks that he was not Mr. Secretary Hyde to them but just plain Art. They gave him a great banquet and after the good women of the Baptist Church had cleared away the dishes and the local band had played its last popular air, Mr. Hyde was introduced. "Agriculture," he told his fellow townsmen, "is a most honorable and ancient pursuit. Farmers were the founders of the nation. From their ranks have come the names of great leaders of American history. From agriculture Main Street gets its inspiration. America, as we know it, cannot continue to exist until agriculture is on a parity with other industry." This sudden love for the farmer must have somewhat surprised the good folk of Trenton. It was, to them, a new rôle for Art.

As Secretary of Agriculture under the watchful eye of the Chief, Mr. Hyde has been discretion itself. Requested on several occasions to furnish information to congressional committees, he has had the good sense to consult experts among his subordinates and to acknowledge the sources of his information. He is frequently before the public and only rarely does he fail to deliver a rousing good speech, sprinkled with rustic epigrams and homely parables. He has gone far, very far. Now, ensconced amidst the Babylonian splendors of Washington, who can say how much farther he will go? Certainly not Arthur. He is ready, the nation can be certain, to respond when next the call sounds.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

CULTURAL items from the want-ad columns of the San Francisco *News*:

SPIRITUALS

CONSULT WOMAN
THAT KNOWS

Advice given on all problems. Readings given with eggs or cards. No questions asked. Will tell you what you want to know. 9 to 9 p m, also Sundays. 802 Fell, cor. Fillmore. HEmlock 4131.

MME. SARARRAH, reader, she gives absolutely reliable and confidential information on every subject of life dear and interesting to the human race; will reveal to you accurately your past as you alone know it; your present as it is, and your future as it will be; readings daily. 750 O'Farrell, Apt. 109. PRospect 2147.

MME. BONGER, reader—If you are in need of assistance don't fail to consult me on all affairs of life dear and interesting to you. Come today and seek your future happiness; readings daily. 816 Geary, Apt. 3. PRospect 3887.

REV. THERESA STILLWELL

Of Portland. Readings daily. Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 8 p m.
756 TURK ST. FRKL. 3326

THERE IS AN ANSWER

To your problem. See Prof. Roland. Real advice, readings, 10 to 9 daily and Sunday. 1517 Jones St. FRanklin 3465.

MRS. PINNER—True advice given on all problems; readings daily, 11 to 8; Sunday, 1 to 5; front apt., 16, top floor; no phone calls. 1290 Golden Gate, near Fillmore.

MRS. L. H. KINNAIRD, 1529 Steiner-st—Consultation daily, 1 to 4; meetings Tuesday and Friday, 8 p m; make appointments mornings. FIllmore 0121.

VERA—Wonder expert; troubles over. See me. Lucky charm free with each reading. 3185A 16th-st, near Guerrero. HEmlock 5573.

NUMEROLOGY, COLOR PSYCHOLOGY
MINNIE FEYLER.

Card readings, 50c. Short time only. MArket 2451. Cars 22, 32. 730 Fell-st.

CLAIRVOYANT, card reading; psychic tests; daily and Sun. Appt. 464 Haight. UNd. 4006.

PSYCHIC—Spiritual advice daily. Circle Wednesday, 8 p m. 1411 Valencia. MIssion 4399.

LENORE ALLEN—Gifted card and palm reader. 716 Hayes. Hrs. 9-9. Cars 21-32. WALnut 3247.

REV. ANNA SINGLETON DU GUAY, 1794 Eddy-st—Meetings Monday, Thursday, 8 p m; Friday, 2 p m. Phone WEst 3578.

HAWAIIAN lady, gftd. reader, 1-5 dly.; cir. Tues.-Fri. 8 p m; Thurs., 2 p m; appts. 520½ Linden, cor. Laguna. HEm. 6058.

J. KING, Irish medium; readings daily; messages Tuesday, 8 p m. VAlencia 1934. 3326 19th-st, bet. Mission and Howard.

MME. WEETMAN—When in doubt about anything see me. Spiritual advice daily. 416 Turk-st, Apt. 202. PRospect 2293.

MRS. WALLACE, spiritualist gives names and facts; hours 9 to 8; circles Thurs., 8 p m. 966 Valencia-st. MIssion 2460.

CARD AND CRYSTAL READER; GOOD RESULTS. PHONE ORDWAY 9941.

READING by Astrologist or cards. Ladies only. 6 to 10 evenings. MIssion 2037.

CARD Reading, 1 hour of analytical, sincere help; your home or mine. MOnt. 0175.

MME. SCHARLOTTE—Just arrvd., readings dly. 965 Geary, Apt. 8. GRaystone 7781.

MRS. MACK. Readings daily. 1550 Steiner-st. Phone FIllmore 3618.

SPIRITUAL READINGS—LADIES ONLY, 50c. PHONE SUTTER 6461.

COLORED psychic card reader; price 50c; ladies only; readings daily. GRay. 1650.

READINGS daily; no charges. Hours 11-9. 346 Leavenworth, Apt. 101. PRos. 2940.

MME. BLANCHE—Extraordinary French spirit. 323 7th-av, nr. Clement. SKy. 7152.

20 YRS. exper., gifted reader. 433 9th-av. Cars A and B. Ph. EVergreen 8266.

GIFTED reader, present, past and future, 50c. 1250 Golden Gate-av. WEst 6201.

ZAZELL, healer, reader, helper. 1696 Geary, corner Webster. FIllmore 8372.

PSYCHIC CARD READER, 50 cents. 214 Haight-st, Apt. 115. HEmlock 7552.

MRS. S. KAUFMAN—Read. daily; cards, palms. Hrs. 11–8. 1639 Turk. WAl. 1723.

MRS. BELL, 2773 23rd-st—Auspices of Univ. Spirit. Science Church. Tues. 2; Fri. 8 p m.

MRS. N. L. LOVE, gifted palm and card reader; ladies only. 2641B Miss. ATw. 1632.

CLAIRVOYANT—Card reading, daily, Sunday. 871A Capp, nr. 24th, rear. MIss. 2811.

MADAM MAE LEWIS, noted psychic, reader, true, 50c. 1928 Webster, nr. Calif., Apt. 1.

MRS. E. L. DAVIS, card reader, 901 Eddy, corner Franklin.

MRS. M. PEARSON, psychic-card read. 50c. 808 Webster, near McAllister. Hrs. 11–8.

JAPANESE expert, spiritual adviser. 1759 Post-st. Will call at homes. AWalnut 7140.

THE charms of life in Los Angeles, as described by the American Civil Liberties Union:

When Leo Gallagher, Los Angeles attorney, went to the aid of a Negro poet arrested at a meeting last November, the lawyer was himself arrested for interfering with the officer. He was held for trial following a preliminary hearing. He was convicted by a jury, but the jury's verdict has just been set aside by the judge on the ground that it was contrary to the evidence. Gallagher's arrest was extraordinary. When John Owens, the Negro poet, was being arrested, Gallagher attempted to speak with him and was threatened by Lieutenant Hynes of the Red Squad. Gallagher went with the officer and his prisoner to the police station. Returning to the meeting, he was requested by a police officer an hour later to return to the police station to see his client. When he arrived there, he was charged with interfering with an officer, finger-printed and jailed. The case against Owens, held on "suspicion of criminal syndicalism," was later dismissed.

AND by the Associated Press:

As Mr. Coolidge neared his hotel, he threw away an inch-long butt that remained of his cigar after a stroll in the downtown district. Men, women and children—and the crowd was far from small—fought for the souvenir. Hands were stepped on and faces slapped as the former President smiled. A woman who arched her eyebrows and coldly said "sir" when asked her name carried away the major portion of the relic.

COLORADO

THEOLOGICAL handbill distributed in Pueblo:

"WHERE AND WHAT IS HELL?"

Preachers have spoken a great deal about Hell, but they have never told us where Hell is. About all most people know about Hell is that it is down, and reputed to be very hot. Some evangelists would almost like to have us believe that Hell is so jammed full that there is hardly standing room left.

Prof. Everson will tell you exactly how many persons are in Hell at present; just where Hell is located; if the Devil is in charge, and if the fire burns the meanness out of people, or if they must go on burning forever.

Intensely Interesting; Not a Dull Moment in It

SUNDAY—7:45 P. M.
DOORS OPEN AT 6:00 P. M.
BIG TABERNACLE
9TH & SANTA FE, PUEBLO

ILLINOIS

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Chicago:

Dr. William Parker, a chiropractor, was granted a divorce yesterday on the ground that his wife's backbone was faultily constructed. The chiropractor stated his case to Judge Lynch this way:

"That part of the mesoblast near the notochord forming the primitive segments in Mrs. Parker's craniata, is so 'muscle-bound' that she was given to frequent impulses to strike me with missiles of varying proportions. On March 30, 1929, it was a rolling pin. On St. Valentine's day it was a hammer. Her vertebral aponeurosis failed to respond to the touch of my finger tips."

"By which you mean to say—what?" inquired the court.

"That the facia covering the muscles of her back in the thoracic region were not functioning properly, causing her to be irritable and hot-tempered.

"I told her when we separated last May," added the chiropractor, "that she might keep the neurocalometer in lieu of alimony, to which she agreed."

He was given a decree.

MARYLAND

THE rise of Humanism at the Johns Hopkins University, as revealed by a letter to the *Johns Hopkins News-Letter*:

TO EDITOR OF THE NEWS-LETTER:

Dear Sir: I fully expect to be criticised by those who deign to read this article, as one of three things—a child, a Victorian with an "unwillingness to face facts," or a Sunday-school teacher. Being firmly convinced in my own mind that I am none of these, I am per-

fectly willing to be criticised by those who think otherwise.

For some time the feeling has been growing on me that some, perhaps many, of our professors "talk too much," or let us say, talk too much about certain subjects. I came to this university to secure an education and with this purpose in view I selected my subjects and paid my tuition. It is perhaps easier to define what education is not than what it is, but I conceive it to be the acquiring of knowledge for practical and character-building purposes together with a certain amount of genuine pleasure.

But when I attended a class in political science, for example, (no names or particular classes will be mentioned) I neither expect nor desire to hear an hour's lecture on birth control or some such subject. This, or something similar, has happened a good many times in the past two years and it is not my idea of education nor is it something for which I am willing to pay $400 a year. If one desires to learn about such subjects there are plenty of places one can go other than a university where more authoritative lecturers than Hopkins professors (*i.e.*, on these subjects) will give one the information sought, at much cheaper rates.

In a French class recently the whole period was spent by the professor in talking about prostitution. Such a subject may have its place, but it is not in a French class of the Johns Hopkins University. I chose that subject, paid my tuition, and regularly attend that class to add to my knowledge of *French*, and not of prostitution, about which I know little and care less.

Along with a tendency for "liberal" speaking there is a Voltairean effort to destroy ideals and popular beliefs. It is the delight of many professors to criticize harshly everything that comes into their minds and to impress upon the students that the world in its entirety is just an enlarged duplicate of Hamlet's Denmark.

Perhaps I may know that the government is corrupt, that the "noble experiment" is an ignoble failure, that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, that "everything is rewarded but desert," but I don't enjoy being told so and I don't care to pay to hear such opinions expressed. Whatever the subject, a great many professors appear to enjoy exposing its worst side and subjecting it to the most bitter sarcasm, probably with a desire to impress their audience with their own superior intelligence and knowledge.

Recently, a professor, on having one of his statements pointed out as contrary to that of the textbook, said, in effect: "The author of that book is an old fool and doesn't know what he's talking about." Why, may I ask, why was that book selected by the professor if the author is an "old fool"? And whom are we to believe—the author or the professor?

In spite of all the "rottenness" I see about me and in spite of the manifest efforts of certain professors to destroy one's conceptions of a possible goodness and happiness, I have certain ideals to which I intend to cling. I am one of those who prefer to believe that Washington crossed the Delaware as per the famous painting and I don't care whether or not the historians can prove that he didn't or that at least it was extremely illogical for him to stand up while doing so. If the Father of his Country chose to stand while crossing the Delaware in a small boat, I am perfectly content to accept the fact. After all, one couldn't very well paint him sitting beside a private soldier, pulling hard on a heavy oar. It just isn't done.

Socrates, they say, was condemned to drink the hemlock for "corrupting the youth." While I do not exactly feel "corrupted," quite possibly we could use a little hemlock at Hopkins.

Yours truly,
ALLAN M. THATCHER.

CARD circulated among the patriotic Babbitts of the great city of Baltimore:

HQ. FIFTH MARYLAND INFANTRY

Dear Sir:

Do you know that the Militia Law of Maryland provides for Honorary Members? In this organization such members receive a card admitting them to the privileges of the Armory on regimental occasions, and without involving any military obligations.

This membership will also excuse from *Trial Jury Duty* in the courts of Baltimore City (or of the county of your residence).

Among your officials or employees are some who hold key or other important positions, and whose enforced absence on jury duty, for possibly several weeks, would seriously interfere with your business.

Should you be interested in obtaining this membership for anyone, I shall be glad to handle it for you. The cost is $10.40 per year, including filing of the certificate, and all details are cared for by this office.

Information required: name and RESIDENCE address of applicant.

Very truly yours,
Use this card in reply. HERBERT A. SMITH
(*Lieut. Col., Inf., Res.*)
38 South Street *Collector.*
Baltimore

SPORTING item from the Catonsville *Argus*:

> Several residents in the vicinity of Oella are indulging in a new sport called butting. A young resident and a billy goat had a butting contest several days ago to test out which head was the hardest, to the great interest of several spectators. It goes without saying that old Billy won the contest and his opponent is now nursing a number of bruises and lacerations of the face and head, after procuring the services of a doctor.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

LATEST findings in the spiritual life, as reported by the *New Hampshire Clipsheet*, issued by the State Publicity Bureau, Concord:

> The lack of pastoral pep which frequently marks Sabbath morning pulpit discourses in New England is motivated by the succulent baked bean aided and abetted by its traditional allies, pork and brown bread. This is the conclusion of the Rev. Ralph L. Minker, pastor of Baker Memorial Methodist Church in this city. The Rev. Mr. Minker, in stressing the claim that physical condition plays a large part in one's devotional life, said in a recent sermon: "Much of the religious apathy in country places is attributed to the prevalent habit of serving baked beans for supper on Saturday night. There are homes where the beans are served up again Sunday for breakfast. It is a well-nigh impossible task for a preacher filled to the throat with baked beans to preach to a congregation similarly filled and accomplish the full and appropriate measure of spiritual result."
>
> Mr. Minker declares that a full stomach renders the mind a non-conductor of inspirational energy.

THE proud achievement of the life-time of a free American citizen gracing the town of Meredith, as reported by the Manchester *Union*:

> To have sung continuously every Sabbath for fifty-seven years in the same church choir is a record which Fred H. Smith, seventy-four, leading Meredith citizen, believes to be a State record, if not a national one.
>
> "I started in singing at the First Baptist church, Meredith, when I was seventeen years old and I am still at it at seventy-four," said Mr. Smith to a reporter at his home on Lang street. "I question very much if there is another person in New Hampshire, who has sung continuously for so many years and I have never heard of any one anywhere who has held out so long."

NEW YORK

THE political editor of the New York *American* describes the solemn process of choosing a judge in Manhattan:

> The entries in the race for the Supreme Court gown are on the home stretch, and the chances are that by tomorrow they will have passed the judges' stand. Although they are running pretty close it looks as if Ben Schreiber and Jonah Goldstein have pulled a little ahead of the field and are about neck and neck. Sol Stroock is coming through the yellow dust too. Some of the others we mentioned a day or two ago don't seem able to keep up the pace; but they flash past the post. Yes, Bennett Siegelstein is riding hard. So is George Washington Simpson, and so are others. Some folks in the stands are rooting for Joseph Force Crater, Bob Wagner's law partner. It was nice of Judge Proskauer to furnish all this excitement by quitting his job and leaving another place for John Curry to fill.

NORTH CAROLINA

BROTHER C. E. WAY, in the *Methodist Herald* of Tobaccoville, tells what he expects of his pastor:

> 1. To spend his forenoons during the week in study, prayer and meditation, so as to get out a pointed, practical, helpful gospel sermon that will cause me to think, remember and act. The afternoons spent in calling on the sick folks of our flock, recent removals of Methodist folks to our community, and others who may be interested in making our church their church home.
>
> 2. Make up a list of fifty folks who have no church connections, and then for him to attempt to sell one of them each week Jesus as their personal Saviour and our church as their visible church home.
>
> 3. To believe the Bible from cover to cover and all the doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church as set forth by John Wesley, and to teach and preach the same without doubting, hedging, or dodging.
>
> 4. On Sunday I would want him to be in the vestibule of the church early to meet and greet strangers and members of the Sunday-school and church, and to take the names and addresses of the first attendants, and call on these the following week, then ask other members to call later.
>
> 5. I don't want him to teach a Sunday-school class except in case of emergency and rarely then. I want him to use all his religion, wisdom and strength to furnish us a worthwhile sermon.

6. If the announcements are on the bulletin, don't repeat them verbally. Make his prayers short and powerful. Jesus gave us an example of a real prayer—brief, reverent and thankful. Then thirty minutes is the length of a sermon I prefer. Give us the cream of your thought and study, and let us go home and digest it.

NORTH DAKOTA

LITERARY criticism in the Elkhart *Truth*:

Well, Dreiser has written a book ["A Gallery of Women"] about women, and what women! In the main, they are a pretty bad lot, constantly getting into sex scrapes and acting in an abnormal way. He tells about fifteen women and touches on most types except the good woman. To him, good women are wholly uninteresting. . . .

Why is such stuff bought? It is not beautifully written and certainly has few beautiful thoughts. One critic says Dreiser's work is valuable on account of his genius for "photography" when he depicts people so graphically. However, one who specializes almost exclusively in photographing with his writing talent the abnormalities and shameful things of life isn't worthy of the attention Dreiser gets.

Of course, there are probably a great many women in the world as bad or worse than Dreiser paints them in "A Gallery of Women." We all know everything is not good and beautiful in this world. Our prisons and our insane asylums prove that. But much of Dreiser's work is an insult to womenkind which in the main remains pure and beautiful. Good women are interesting if they are accomplished, intelligent and busily contributing something worthwhile to the world. A novelist has a perfect right to talk about the kind of people he pleases to place in his stories. But it is not necessary for us to praise him and read him when he prefers to wallow in the filth of life.

OHIO

REASSURING educational news about Wittenberg College in the *Synod of Ohio*, official organ of the Synod of Ohio of the United Lutheran Church in America, published in Toledo:

President Rees Edgar Tulloss recently has been elected president of the First National Bank & Trust Company at Springfield, O., a bank which is affiliated with the BancOhio Corporation of Columbus, O. President Tulloss succeeds J. B. Cartmell, who while president of the bank, was also president of the Buckeye Incubator Company. The executive committee of the board of directors of Wittenberg College, in special session, received assurance from the board of directors of the bank that Dr. Tulloss' duties as president of the bank will not interfere with his duties as president of Wittenberg, and upon this basis unanimously urged his acceptance of the position.

SOUTH CAROLINA

THE literary critic of the *Baptist Courier* of Greenville goes Humanist:

The Rev. R. P. Hamby, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Pelzer, has gotten out a little book of poems. Pastor Hamby sells the volumes for fifty cents. There are two or three dozen of these poems covering a large variety of subjects. The first one is, "My Philosophy," and the first verse is,

I'll do or die,
I'll win or try;
Success will follow by and by.

That's pretty good philosophy, and the last verse of this little poem is,

I'll be a man,
The best I can;
And make life real in this brief span.

We like the last verse better than we do the one preceding:

I'll build a name,
I'll climb to fame,
By sword and spear or flood and flame.

That was the philosophy of some in other centuries, but we are sure it is not the philosophy of good Pastor Hamby.

TEXAS

FROM the *Western Sun* of Breckenridge:

It is reported around the courthouse that Mr. George Liles, candidate for sheriff, in summing up his qualifications for the office, says if he can't prove that he has already done more real good for the city and county in general and the churches in particular, he will quit the race. He states that he has started Mr. Chastain to praying in public and Mr. Walker Sayles to taking the sacrament in the M. E. church. Someone suggests that the churches of the city may decide to send George to China as a missionary instead of electing him sheriff.

HOWELLS: TEN YEARS AFTER

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

William Dean Howells placed himself accurately in relation to his predecessors in American literature when he said at his seventy-fifth birthday dinner in 1912: "I knew Hawthorne and Emerson and Walt Whitman; I knew Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier and Lowell; I knew Bryant and Bancroft and Motley; I knew Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe; I knew Artemus Ward and Stockton and Mark Twain; I knew Parkman and Fiske." Four years later he could have spoken of his intimate friend, Henry James, in the past tense also. If we add that he was born (in 1837) before the deaths of Poe, Irving, and Cooper it will be seen that his lifetime touched all of the important American writers. His own first book appeared in 1860 and his last posthumously in 1920. In 1916 he recorded, in commenting bitterly on a rejection, that he could look back on "fifty years of inevitable acceptance." His constant friendliness enabled him to meet the young men of his last days. He was friendly, for example, with Hamlin Garland, Booth Tarkington and Brand Whitlock. He was kind to Stephen Crane. He was interviewed by Van Wyck Brooks. Thus his lifetime spanned almost the whole course of American literature, while he was active himself for sixty years. There is no other American literary career of anything approaching the same length.

He originated in frontier Ohio, and, attaching himself to New England, became the heir and assign of the Boston tradition and the first "foreign" editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was typical of the early frontier writer in that he took color from the dominant culture of the community in which he aspired to make a place. It was as necessary for a writer from the frontier to do that as it was for a frontier social aspirant to adapt his manners to the urban amenities. Howells' position is further defined when it is noted that he was the first American writer to undertake realistic fiction. There were plenty of earlier writers of fiction, but they were either not theoretical realists or not pure fictionists. Lastly, as a critic he was among the earliest to make contemporary foreign literatures common intellectual currency in this country, especially the literatures of Russia, Spain, and Italy, and he wielded an incalculable influence in giving a realistic (as he understood it) color to American reading. In the last analysis it may turn out that he was more important to the history of American taste than to the history of American literature.

In fact, his extrinsic literary importance is so great that it is easy to forget his intrinsic unimportance. If that seems paradoxical it is because the truth about the man was always paradoxical. As a fiction writer he brought out more than forty volumes, and it was as a novelist that he chiefly sought recognition. He professed to be a realist deriving his doctrines from Europe, somewhat from Zola but more especially from the Spanish writers. He had a high admiration for the Russian novelists, especially Turgenev, for long his *beau ideal*, Tolstoi, his final admiration, and Dostoievsky. Sir Edmund Gosse accurately defined his true relation to European realism in the phrase, "he was shaken by the wind of Zola's doctrine."

But when it reached Howells it was little more than a breeze.

A novel to him was not a matter of plot, nor was it an interpretation of life, nor a temperamental reaction to life, but a transcription with a minimum of interference by the personality of the transcriber. Detachment was the theoretical essence of his method. A novel was a piece of life, neatly rounded off and put into a book. In actuality, his work is simply a reflection of his own temperamental limitations and of the literary prejudices of his environment. That is proved when we consider this definition of what he did not do, made by one of his most ardent admirers:

> In these forty volumes, adultery is never pictured; seduction never; divorce once and sparingly; marriage discordant to the point of cleavage, only once and in the same novel with divorce; crime only once with any fulness; politics never; religion passingly and superficially; science only in crepuscular psychology; mechanics, athletics, bodily exploits or collisions, very rarely.

II

Howells was born and brought up in a community which was but little less of a frontier settlement than the community which nourished Mark Twain. Yet no one ever thinks of calling him a frontier writer. If we recall, however, that Henry James fled in despair from what he regarded as the hopeless crudities of Cambridge and went to England, and that to Howells these same crudities represented an equal advance in civilization over his homeland, the nature of his early environment is more obvious.

When he got to Boston he thought himself in Valhalla. He never tried to escape America, yet when he abandoned the frontier he cut himself off from the most fundamental sources of his possible literary strength. For while it may profit an artist to remove himself from his environment temporarily for perspective, it profits him nothing to abandon his environment altogether for another which he considers "better." The fundamental environment returns to haunt him as it did Henry James, and as it did Edgar Lee Masters' Archibald Higbie.

In 1895 Howells confessed that "my own youth seems to me rather more alien than that of any other person"; yet he was able to record in the completest detail his early literary experiences, or, as he for some reason or other called them, passions. But if reading was his passion and his life, it gave him no identification with his environment and no standing in it. The last career to be justified in a frontier community is the literary career, and it takes a strong personality to make literature a lifework in the face of environmental hostility.

Howells did not have a robust personality; so he sought the company of women who were most sympathetic to literary interest, and escaped the situation altogether as soon as he could. "I have a feeling," he wrote, "of something like treason to the men I knew at that time, when I own that I preferred the society of women to theirs." He thus increased his deflection from actuality by reading what women would, in those days, read, and by building up an attitude which later ruled him completely: he was a lifelong slave to the young girl bugaboo in literature. In his later days his wife was his censor. "She became with her unerring artistic taste and conscience my constant impulse toward reality and sincerity in my work." He began to believe in the end that no books should be written and no classics republished which would "offend the modesty of a pure woman."

When he settled in Boston he was thoroughly prepared to accept the traditional culture of that exhausted community. In spite of the fact that he came from the frontier and was theoretically a barbarian, his whole mental set was alien to the iconoclasm which would have led him to perceive the limitations of his new environment. Because he was so thoroughly

deflected from the frontier he failed to see that the only real vitality in America was in the region from which he had come. While the drive of American society was westward, he was retreating to the East, and even to Boston, which was more of a backwater than, say, New York City. Thus he left a christening to attend a funeral. His attempt to make a place for himself in what was still the chief cultural center of America would not have been so unfortunate had he taken a realistic attitude toward the matter. But instead of trying to infuse some new vitality into a moribund society, he accepted it as it stood. How thoroughly he fell in with Boston may be judged by the fact that at the Whittier birthday dinner in 1877 it was he who was most severely shocked by Mark Twain's celebrated speech.

Like any convert, he became more Bostonian than the Bostonians. His deferential and uncritical attitude was clearly betrayed in "Literary Friends and Acquaintances." He accepted Boston as the be-all and end-all of civilization, and Boston judgments became his judgments. He never perceived that the Boston attitudes and manners, like any other, were but temporary congelations of human adaptations. That he never penetrated the surface of the town is clearly shown by his books, which judge all problems, trivial and profound, in terms of the Boston *mores*. The emphasis is always on Boston alone; the rest of the Yankees, who were equally decadent with the Bostonians, appear but fleetingly in his fiction, and always in the background. He saw that these Yankees were decadent, as one may determine from the opening pages of "Mrs. Farrell"; but he never essayed the inadequacies of Boston.

Howells was a victim of circumstances. The frontier community failed to give satisfactory approval to the literary type that he represented, and he was to discover that in Boston he was a "foreigner" socially. For however he may have been accepted among the writers, he never got into society. In "The Quality of Mercy" he makes it clear that writers were not countenanced socially *qua* writers and that when they did get in it was because of non-literary circumstances. Having no standing among men of action and no standing socially, a writer could justify himself only by a firm literary creed. Howells, however, was always afraid of himself; even so early as 1880, Moncure Conway, in a review of "Poems by Two Friends" (Howells and Piatt), printed in the *Dial*, noted as his chief weakness "a certain fear of himself." He was haunted by a feeling of victimization, and once wrote:

> My reading gave me no standing among the boys, and I did not expect it to rank me with boys who were more valiant in fight or in play; and I have since found that literature gives one no more certain station in the world of men's activities, either idle or useful. We literary folk try to believe that it does, but that is all nonsense. At every period of life, among boys or men, we are accepted when they are at leisure, and want to be amused, and at best we are tolerated rather than accepted.

Since he was "tolerated rather than accepted" it was natural that he should do nothing to offend the prejudices of his audience. He therefore avoided all subjects on which it was touchy. He wrote nothing about sexual maladjustment or adventure (although he confessed archly in "Indian Summer" that "after eighteen hundred years, the man is still imperfectly monogamous"), or on religion, and his attitude toward business we shall shortly examine. Not only did he avoid sex in his own novels, but he wanted all others to avoid it too. As late as 1916 he proclaimed himself "Victorian in my preference for decency."

The truth is that, while he was "as much of a realist as I could be," he had a paralyzing distaste for anything which offended him personally, and he denied all such matters a place in his fiction. Thus, by temperamental limitations, he was debarred from penetrating below the superficial manners of society, and by environmental deflections was carried still

further from reality. He commented plaintively on the situation, but expressed his revolt only in his garden-party Socialism. He had no penetrative understanding of American society, and so his Socialism is more an expression of finical dislike than anything else. As D. G. Cooke puts it: "Those who in his novels wage war on Dryfooses [business men] and gimcrackeries do so for the most part in the Utopian manner."

It tells one little to know that he read and studied foreign writers, particularly, at the last, Tolstoi, for in some curious fashion he was able to dissociate reading from practice. He was in the position of a professor of historical sociology in "The Vacation of the Kelwyns": "He was a very well-read and careful scholar in his department of historical sociology—with no thought of applying his science to his own life and conduct." While Howells wanted the Russians read in this country he did not want American society portrayed in their fiercely veridic fashion. As an academic critic concludes in disgust: "In our country [according to Howells] we write for young ladies. Is not that a pretty box in which to shut our budding Tolstoi! Grown-up Americans may have their Flaubert and Zola, because the books can be locked up; but let our writers continue to write realism for young ladies!"

Yet Howells sought his chief justification as realist in the novels of European writers: in those of Turgenev "who was of that great race which has more than any other fully and freely uttered human nature, without either false pride or false shame in its nakedness"; in Palacio Valdes, whose "Marta y Maria" he considered "one of the most truthful and profound fictions I have read"; and in, to conclude briefly, Verga's "I Malavaglia," "a story of infinite beauty, tenderness, and truth." Of Tolstoi he confessed to Van Wyck Brooks, "As a writer I have not been influenced by him—my work has no trace of his influence." Elsewhere he wrote that Tolstoi "has given many of his readers a bad conscience, and a bad conscience is the best thing a man can have." From Tolstoi, then, Howells got a bad conscience; but what a singular reason for reading him! Not only is there a contradiction between Howells' reading and his practice, but there is as sharp a contradiction between the books he recommended and his own view of life. His view was singularly passionless, not to say tepid. In "The World of Chance" he wrote: "Our common notion of tragedy is that it alters the nature of those involved, as if it were some spiritual chemistry combining the elements of character anew. But it is merely an incident in our being, and, for all we can perceive, is of no more vital effect than many storms in the material world." Is not that view of life contradicted by, to mention no others, "Marta y Maria" and "I Malavaglia"?

Howells felt strongly that he was merely tolerated by his social "superiors" yet he hastened to endorse their view of society. His Socialism amounts to nothing in the last analysis. His recorded views clearly indicate his failure to see the real America of his day. Because he could or would not see tragedy and brutality in American life, (as the *bourgeoisie* also could not see it) he concluded that it was not there. It is altogether probable that he could not readily find such things in Boston, but that was certainly untrue of America at large. Even he, indeed, discovered corruption in Boston business ("The Quality of Mercy").

This novel pertinently illustrates his limitations as a social novelist: he deals at length with the moral corruption of the peculator, but not at all with his business life. One never knows what his mills make. In spite of the fact that Howells knew that Northwick's "gentlemanly decorum and grave repose of manner masked a complete ignorance of the things that interest cultivated people, and that he was merely and purely a business man, a figment of commercial civilization, with only the crudest tastes and ambitions outside the narrow circle of money-making," he was willing to accept the tolerance of

the class he represented. Of America he wrote in 1891:

> It is one of the reflections suggested by Dostoievsky's novel, "Crime and the Punishment," that whoever struck a note so profoundly tragic in American fiction would do a false and mistaken thing—as false and as mistaken in its way as dealing in American fiction with certain nudities which the Latin peoples seem to find edifying. Whatever their deserts, very few American novelists have been led out to be shot, or exiled to the rigors of a Winter at Duluth; and in a land where journeymen carpenters and plumbers strike for four dollars a day the sum of hunger and cold is comparatively small, and the wrong from class to class has been almost inappreciable, though all this is changing for the worse. Our novelists, therefore, concern themselves with the most smiling aspects of life, which are the more American, and seek the universal in the individual rather than the social interests.
>
> It is worth-while even at the risk of being called commonplace, to be true to our well-to-do actualities; the very passions themselves seem to be softened and modified by conditions which formerly at least could not be said to wrong any one, to cramp endeavor, or to cross lawful desire. Sin and suffering and sham there must always be in the world, I suppose, but I believe that in this new world of ours it is still mainly from one to another one, and oftener still from one to one's self. We have death too in America, and a great deal of disagreeable and painful disease, which the multiplicity of our patent medicines does not seem to cure; but this is tragedy that comes in the very nature of things, and is not peculiarly American, as the large, cheerful average of health and happy life is. It will not do to boast, but it is well to be true to the facts, and to see that, apart from these purely mortal troubles, the race here has enjoyed conditions in which most of the ills that have darkened its annals might be averted by honest work and unselfish behavior.

The America that Howells is talking about is the America between the close of the Civil War and the date of the quotation. During those years labor and capital organizations struck their roots into American life. It was a period of decided and often tragic social maladjustment. Not to go outside fiction for evidence, one may refer to Frank Harris' tragedy of social revolt, "The Bomb"; White's "Book of Daniel Drew," and to the novels of Henry B. Fuller and Theodore Dreiser. All these writers derived their material from this period and discovered in it tragedy, passion, and dramatic struggle. Even Fuller, whose talent was slight, perceived in the welter of commercial Chicago a tragedy of the artistic personality and called it "On the Stairs," and a tragedy of social pushing and called it "The Cliff-Dwellers." What prevented Howells from seeing literary material in the hurly-burly of American industrial and commercial life—the fundamental life of the day—was simply his complete deflection from reality. The result is that his view of America is scarcely distinguishable from Andrew Carnegie's, whose attitude was that of the triumphant *bourgeoisie*. Howells was their novelist.

III

It should not be supposed that his limitations were not perceived by his contemporaries. As far back as 1880 W. C. Brownell permitted himself some caustic reflections in the *Nation*. He noted a certain lack of virility in the Howells' men; he pointed out that "cuteness" was the dominant characteristic of his women; and that there was "a certain slenderness at the pith" of the novels. Brownell proposed *roman de société* as the proper designation for the Howells' novel. And Barrett Wendell, who was certainly not given to deprecation of New Englanders, real or adopted, noted his "timidity." Frank Norris, as a literary rebel, characterized him as being as "respectable as a church and proper as a deacon." Nevertheless the prevailing attitude was one of deference. The deference paid him was indeed colossal.

What he did as a novelist is our chief concern here. Though he wrote forty, I believe that he may be adequately measured by seven novels: "A Modern Instance" (1881), "The Rise of Silas Lapham" (1885), "Indian Summer" (1886), "A Hazard of New Fortunes" (1890), "The

Landlord at Lion's Head" (1889), "The Kentons" (1902), and "The Son of Royal Langbrith" (1904). These are not all successes, even of the Howells method, but they are representative. In them it is possible to discover his range and power as a writer of fiction.

In "A Modern Instance" he made, as Professor Firkins puts it, his single venture at portraying "divorce . . . sparingly . . . and marriage discordant to the point of cleavage." An unsophisticated country girl marries a young go-getter just out of college. They settle in Boston, and Bartley Hubbard exhibits in journalism his alleged lack of moral stamina. His penchant is toward yellow journalism. In addition, he takes up beer drinking and puts on some soggy fat. On one occasion he actually gets drunk. By thus offending his wife's stiff Yankee morality he makes his marriage "discordant to the point of cleavage."

To complicate matters, Ben Halleck, a college friend of Hubbard's, loves Mrs. Hubbard and deplores her situation. Halleck is a Boston aristocrat. Hubbard cleaves the marriage by running away. After months of debate Mrs. Hubbard determines to find her husband and divorce him. Her final determination is precipitated after she discovers that he has himself instituted proceedings. Mrs. Hubbard is a typical Howells woman. Her long delay is occasioned by her absurd loyalty to her husband as a husband. She is so "unworldly" (a merit in the Howells view of women) as to be blind to his caddishness. For Hubbard is not really, as Howells tries to make out, a moral degenerate. The evidence for that is too feeble: beer drinking, getting fat and a penchant for yellow journalism. He is simply a bounder. Once divorce is determined upon it is pushed through with the assistance of Ben Halleck.

The questions of the novel are two, and both of them could only be problems in an extremely special, limited, and narrow social situation. The first is whether divorce is ever justified, which is decided in the affirmative, though a divorced woman, it is indicated, must reconcile herself to losing social caste. The second is whether a man should marry a woman he has loved before her divorce, while she was another man's wife—loved unavowedly and at a distance. This is decided in the negative.

I have summarized this novel at length because it is as fundamental in its human basis as any effort of Howells', and because it is so obvious that the counters in his thinking were the conventions of bourgeois society. In "A Modern Instance" there is no probing of human life and character, but only a measuring of both by social prejudices and conventions. Once those prejudices and conventions shift in nature or emphasis, the novel loses heavily in significance. It illustrates accurately the fallacy of the Howells method, which sacrificed the penetrating analysis of mankind to accuracy in the rendition of externals. In seeking to look closely at the "insipid face" of real life, Howells captured the temporary insipidities and missed the fundamental realities.

It has been remarked that in "The Quality of Mercy" there is no emphasis on business; all the emphasis is personal. That is strictly in line with Howells' principle that an American novelist must "seek the universal in the individual." In "The Rise of Silas Lapham" there is the same personal emphasis, and the same avoidance of business. Though the fundamental aspect of Lapham's career is his rise from poverty to comparative business success, it is definitely and decidedly subordinated to a problem in hot-house social conduct. This problem is, in O. W. Firkin's summary, "whether a girl may decently marry the man she loves if the joint anticipations of two families have previously bestowed him on a consenting sister." The same use of business as a subordinate background occurs in "The Son of Royal Langbrith." The son reveres his father as a saint, though the father cheated the father of the girl the son loves out of thousands of dollars and drove him to opium, and for years kept a mistress. The problem of the story is

whether or not the son should be saved from his parental adulation by a revelation of the truth. The revelation is made accidentally by a cynical uncle, but the Howells verdict seems to be that all concerned should have kept still.

Equally trivial problems, occasioned by the confusion of the transient with the permanent, may be discovered in the other novels. "A Hazard of New Fortunes" has a little more bulk and beam. Though it illustrates, along with "The Story of a Play" and "The World of Chance," the abominable triviality of Howells' conception of the novel, it also contains his best pictures of industrial conflict. In no other story does he show so clearly his social sympathy with the workers. Further, in his portrait of the vulgar, newly rich Dryfooses he well displays the foolish intolerance and emptiness of the self-made business man. But here as elsewhere the lack of any fundamental conception of social revolt—either its expression or its genesis—is apparent. The reverse side of Howells' social radicalism is shown in his anæmic, ladylike Utopian romances, "A Traveller from Altruria" and "Through the Eye of the Needle." His attitude toward ameliorative activities comes out in "Annie Kilburne"; it is noncommittal.

Since it was his conviction that the American novelist should "seek the universal in the individual," we may reasonably look for an outstanding portrait of an individual in his work. The novel which comes nearest to supplying it is "The Landlord at Lion's Head," where the protagonist is Jeff Durgin. In spite of the fact that qualifications must be made, Jeff Durgin is the best character in Howells. He originates in a degenerate New England country family which, under the direction of an energetic mother, transfers its attention from farming to Summer hotel-keeping. Young Durgin is destined for Harvard, the law, and respectability. Because of supposedly fundamental defects of personality he achieves none of these except the Harvard degree, and that only when pressed to it.

His defects are predatory cupidity, selfishness, boorishness, and caddishness. Obviously, predatory cupidity characterizes the more gross sort of American business man. It is an important characteristic of Dreiser's Frank Cowperwood. Howells, however, does not portray Durgin in business; he was unable to do so, as we have seen. His conception of the man must be derived more from his comment than it is from the man's actions.

That fact marks the outstanding weakness of his character drawing, here and elsewhere. For the actions he instances as evidence of a character's goodness or badness never seem to warrant either evaluation. Durgin is put down as selfish because he places his own comfort of mind above loyalty to the uninformed ideas of his mother; that is, because he fails to fall in with the mother-worship convention of American society. He is boorish because he does not make a fraternity at Harvard and is awkward in Boston society. He is a cad because he gets the brother drunk and makes amiable love to the sister with no serious intent; he is amusing himself. His cupidity is exampled by the fact that he places the attaining of his ends above the accidents of the means of their attainment.

Predatory cupidity seems to me to be the central strength of Durgin's character, and the axis on which his life turns; it gives him substance and reality; but Howells equally emphasizes his other faults, which are more the product of lack of social education than of anything else. When he attempts to prove that Durgin is not quite all he should be by instancing his frequent attendance at the Boston theatres, and by revealing that he spent a night in jail under the false accusation of breaking a street light, one is moved to laugh. The trouble here, as always, is that to Howells it was as much a moral error of the first order to use the wrong fork at dinner as to run off with a million dollars. He was beset by a middle-class horror of doing the wrong thing, no matter on what

level. This horror vitiated his whole understanding of character, and so he was more successful at setting forth the "peculiarities" of people than at revealing their fundamental traits.

If Durgin is the best character of Howells, nothing need be said of the rest. The same inadequacy characterizes them all. Though he drew many women, he rarely gave anything but a superficial view of them. Every chance flash of insight is quickly hidden in a covering barrage of exculpations: witness the drawing of Mrs. Farrell. He seems to have regarded women as being admirable in proportion as they were unaware of the actualities of the world. Nevertheless, he saw them as the keepers of men's consciences; they gave, in his view, a high moral tone to American culture. Yet at the same time they were ignorant and trivial and petty-minded. Howells' women were compounded from the elements of the American myth about women. His attitude, as is that myth, was at once adulatory and insulting. It is summed up in his reference to the "heavenly whiteness" of Mrs. Clemens.

Subtract every attempt at depth of character-analysis and all sociological intent, and the remainder is "Indian Summer" and "The Kentons." The latter, in 1912, was hailed by Henry James as "that perfectly classic illustration of your spirit and your form." It is precisely what Mr. Brownell called a *roman de société*. The story carries an Ohio family to New York City and then to Europe and back. The drive behind it is supplied by the love affairs of the eldest daughter. The pilgrimage begins with her socially unfortunate infatuation with Bitterage, a vulgar, facetious newspaper man. The family seeks to escape him. They go to New York, and he pursues. They go to Europe, and on the way over the daughter's love is somehow transferred to a facetious minister.

Once it is settled that she may love a second time and not commit a breach of the moral law of the universe, all is happy. The book is enlivened by a portrait of Boyne Kenton, who forecasts Tarkington's "Seventeen," and by the social contrasts incident to the pilgrimage. This light, fluffy novel shows Howells at his trivial best.

Of the same quality and significance is "Indian Summer." Once one convinces oneself that the portrait of Colville is not a libel on the intelligence of newspaper editors, all is well. The action is laid in Florence and tells the story of the drawing-room love affair of a middle-aged man (Colville) and a middle-aged woman, temporarily interrupted by the man's affair with a young, sentimental girl. In the handling of this situation Howells exhibits all of his ability to deal skilfully with the trials and tribulations of the drawing-room and to somehow convince himself that life is a placid, even tepid affair. His error is, of course, to assume that the tea-table situations rule the world at large—that whether a man has his tie on straight and his shoes shined is just as significant, say, as his adjustment to the universe, as the clash of men in finance and industry, or as the relation of the sexes. No novelist ever more completely lacked a sense of relative values.

One of Howells' chief assets was his amazingly supple style. The ease and grace and comprehensive finality of that style are very deceptive. Apparently nothing is beyond his power of definition. Yet this seemingly unlimited scope of utterance reveals how circumscribed his vision and feeling really were, for it is only a man who sees and feels little who can find precise utterance. But it must be admitted, none the less, that his style represents a very considerable achievement. Its most constant devices are repetition and internal comparison. It is a perfect vehicle for faint emotions and "notions" (in contrast to convictions). It is linear and not organic. It is thin and not robust. It is alacritous, rapid, superficial. It is the style of a consummate craftsman rather than of a true artist. A competent craftsman Howells certainly was.

IV

His influence, by and large, was baleful. His greatest service was to taste: he turned American fiction toward realism. But this service was largely vitiated by his reservations both in precept and practice. The school of local color, largely a product of his cultivation, failed because it placed the accurate recording of environmental peculiarities above fundamental studies of man. It is impossible to name a single figure upon whom he had any influence that was otherwise than unfortunate, or to name a single successor in fiction who, following his tradition, became one of the first-rate writers of the day. The authors who openly revolted against him are among the greatest—for example, Norris, Crane, and Dreiser.

Howells' whole life shaped him for eventual failure, no matter how great his temporary success. That failure was rooted in his particular inability to absorb his frontier environment—in the deflection from reality which the literature he was reading gave him. It is quite probable that if he had started with Tolstoi his case would have been different, but Tolstoi came too late to modify profoundly either his life or his fiction. His deflection threw him into the society of women, which destroyed the masculinity of his point of view. He accepted the New England environment at Boston's evaluation and took Boston's judgments as his own. Consequently, he came to represent no more than a narrow class response to a disturbing society.

Though he was vaguely disquieted both by his personal position and by social conditions, he never clearly analyzed either. He accepted the tolerance of a society he could not, in his more thoughtful moments, respect, and won success by conformance to its attitudes and prejudices. He never cut through the surface and became a true portrayer of human life as it appeared in the United States. In the end he can only stand forth as the perfect exponent of the late Nineteenth Century bourgeois spirit in American literature.

CATHEDRALS OF THE HOT DOG

BY RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

The amusement parks of the Republic, the tried and trusted playgrounds of millions of frolicsome Americans, are in the grip of a scientific renaissance in which the average park operator finds himself as thoroughly at home as he would be with his wife if she suddenly began to talk to him in Choctaw. He goes off heavily to national conventions and blunderingly seeks light on what used to be a simple and pleasant job of hornswoggling, but has become overnight a weighty problem to be dealt with in papers that make his pals of the merry-go-round think the world has, indeed, become a merry-go-round. He is headed, so the best roller-coaster minds of the country tell him, in the direction of a Finer and Higher Attitude toward the raffling of kewpiedolls and Indian blankets, and the merchandising of racer-dip rides, hot dogs, hot buttered pop corn and Japanese parasols, but he finds the way as full of quirks, twists and distorting mirrors as his own highly popular Crazy House. In the meantime business tends to languish.

There is an answer in all this for those observers who have been wondering, since opportunities for uplifting and elevating the American people began to peter out, what was becoming of all the surplus Men of Vision. The answer is that they have been going into the amusement park business, and that there they have been delighted to discover endless possibilities for Service in elevating the carnival frankfurter and the skee-ball concessions. Today, at their feet, hearing them speak in the tongues, sit the hardy pioneers of jovial pill-gilding, rapidly approaching the physical and mental state of devout Holy Rollers.

They have been introduced to Public Relations. They have shaken hands with Child Psychology. They have had crammed down their throats the Scientific Questionnaire. They have found themselves listening goggle-eyed to young industrial preachers who talked about Fooling the Public as though it were something immoral, and who lisped of Clean, Innocent Amusement as though they were not kidding. In short, the old-time conception of the best method of making people happy while taking their money has come crashing down upon the heads of the old masters. Hence, along all the Midway Plaisances of the land, there are rows of wailing walls.

There was formed about ten years ago a National Association of Amusement Parks. A brief study of its beginnings uncovers the shocking fact that the gloom and sadness of the World War was accompanied by a tremendous boom in the amusement park business, which suddenly blossomed forth as a sure and pleasant way of cleaning up easy money on a large scale. Many crooks got into it. The instalment selling of amusement devices and wildcat promotion produced two or even three parks in localities that had barely supported one. They began multiplying almost as rapidly as filling stations. A little more and one could have ridden clear from Maine to California on racer-dips.

In 1919 and 1920 the industry reached the peak of its prosperity. Then it began to slip. It took one sock on the button after another. It was hit in 1921 by the railroad

strike; then by the liquidation of war resources, the over-extension of building, instalment buying, Prohibition, chain stores, dog races, the farm problem, the Mississippi flood, the Florida boom, the Florida bust, the automobile craze, and three successive years of bad Summer weather. The public that used to take its beating with a laugh began to sour at the old stuff. Receipts seemed started on an endless toboggan.

That the business survived at all is probably a marvel. Its national association, a sort of protective union, a forum for the exchange of plaints, problems, and panaceas, and a willing audience for the Men of Vision who now came swarming under the sagging tents uttering cheerful cries—all this came none too soon. Anybody looked like a savior—even the lads who talked like refugees from a burning Y. M. C. A. about "beauty and cleanliness and decency in our outdoor recreational areas." Perhaps, thought the operators, this was really some new and sure-fire grift; they pricked up their ears and took deep breaths. It got them.

Today, therefore, all the park men find themselves agreeing that the model amusement park of the world is the one now occupying the site of old Rye Beach in Westchester county, New York. Up to the Spring of 1927, Rye Beach was a rowdy place. Law-abiding citizens shunned it, unless suitably disguised, and even then they entered into its pleasant orgies with no peace of mind, for the man at the next table might be a member of the same church, also disguised. Obviously, this state of affairs could not be permitted to continue, and in 1927 all the uplifting ideas in the park world seemed to converge on Rye Beach in one big drive for the Right.

The new era in Clean, Innocent Amusement was thus introduced to the public in the Spring of 1928. Upon the ashes of the old Gomorrah a New Jerusalem of gilded palaces and jeweled mansions had arisen, visited by awed, whispering souls who had been passed at the pearly gates by squads of carefully costumed St. Peters meticulously trained in Public Relations and Selling the Service; a land of Angel Choirs sending heavenly harmonies from topless towers labelled Miracle Music (canned, of course); in short, a flawless model on earth (indeed, less than forty-five minutes from Broadway), of that Great Recreation Park Beyond, from whose celestial Fun-House no ghostly frolicker ever has returned. It was called Playland.

The hardy old park men have been heavily confounded by the reported effects of this gorgeous layout upon the public. The rough-necks who made old Rye Beach a hell-hole of singing and carousing came to this new Paradise as they had come to the old place, all primed for a hot time. But the Spirit of Service descended upon them as it descended upon Saul on the road to Damascus, and they were changed in the twinkling of an eye, and went back to their homes resolved to be better men.

Thus it has become one of the pleasing diversions of the director of the park, the Hon. Frank Darling, to pick up a gang of gunmen at the entrance and follow them through. He watches them register, first, fiendish amusement at the beauty of the place, then incredulity, then humility, then appreciation, and finally an almost holy joy. If, perchance, it has ever occurred to a member of one of the gangs to pick a pocket along the way, it has so far escaped the director's notice. Visitors remark on the "fine class of people" who swarm to this park (2,800,000 the first season), but scientific park men know the real truth. It is not that the people are of any finer class than the crowds who used to litter Rye Beach. They still represent a cross section of this great Republic. They are simply classy in their orderliness because their beautiful surroundings stimulate them to Beautiful Thought.

Naturally, the possibilities in all this leave the old-fashioned park men a little aghast. They are realizing that they have in their hands the opportunity to prepare an entire nation for Heaven. No such power

has ever been given to man—at least, not tied up, as this one is, with the opportunity to make a barrel of money. The gross revenue from the first season of Playland exceeded the estimate by 80%, and so did the net income.

Thus the Pentecostal Dove is not entirely responsible for the fact that the American park mogul is concerning himself more and more with things of the spirit. He is, indeed, a good deal less eager to turn rowdies into vestrymen than he is to keep from losing his shirt. If he can prevent the second by accomplishing the first, all right. So, for the past two or three years the trade journals of the industry, the annual conventions, and all the trade conclaves, correspondence and publications have resounded with the call to a finer and higher Service, and a challenge to a public which had got into the habit of calling any collection of bath houses, hot-dog booths and hit-the-nigger-in-the-eye games, an amusement park.

II

Reform often begins at the hot-dog stand. In the park racket there abideth these four: Faith, Hope, a line of credit, and a hot-dog stand, but the greatest of these is the hot-dog stand. Give a man that and all the other things shall be added unto him. The people will swarm to the doggies and once well gorged they are pliable and submissive. So the first thing to do, as the park man now knows, is to make the public frankfurter-conscious.

A few years ago the goods, as the doggies are called in the industry, were put into crude little charcoal pans with iron plates over them and broiled, or they were dropped into kettles of hot water over kerosene lamps and steamed in some back room. Cooking gas then came into use, and the goods were broiled in the open on a flat piece of steel over a gas flame. Then the park men quickly realized that the hot-dog stand was capable of furnishing not only food but also visual entertainment. Crowds with all the enthusiasm of cannibals watching missionaries broil would swarm around wieners sizzling on a hot steel plate. But dust, dirt and sand would collect on the open-air griddles, so they soon were enclosed in glass. Electric lights were added for flash. Electric cooking equipment took the place of gas. Artisans in bronze and brass schemed to turn out fancier griddles and stoves. The dogs were laid out in long ranks behind plate glass fronts flanked with tall bronze standards topped with electric light globes. New shipments of Paris gowns could not have been any more elaborately displayed in Fifth avenue windows, nor more hungrily watched.

All this turned out to be so decidedly the way the American public wanted to see its hot dogs handled that today nothing is too good for a frankfurter. It occupies a definite niche in amusement park science: the branch known as the frankfurt game. Its specialists are men of power and rank in the park world. Frequently the dog is prepared in cathedrals occupying the exact geographical center of the park, with gleaming towers and turrets, and with smaller baronial castles scattered around, elbowing the coasters and games.

So profitable is the frankfurter game that many park managers now refuse to rent the privilege out to concessionaires, preferring to handle it themselves. One small park sold 360,000 hot dogs at ten cents each during last season. The manager estimates he can do twice as well next season. He will simply invoke better showmanship. A hot-dog concessionaire in another park was paying $5,000 a year for the concession; still another was paying $10,100 a year. Playland, the Miss America of amusement parks, had ten *de luxe* frankfurter boudoirs located in positions of prominence.

The riding habit so microscopically studied in the general transportation business has always, of course, been at the foundation of the amusement park business. To be tucked into a rattling little car with half a dozen friends who just never will grow up, and to be hurled down

frightful declivities and around sharp corners, yelling, screaming and hugging one another, has been the principal reason why people have gone to amusement parks for many years. But today the riding habit is as much a problem to amusement men as it is to railroad and automobile men. They fear it has changed. Indeed, fearing the same thing, they began a few years ago to make rides more frightful than ever. The limit had not been reached with the old Loop-the-Loop that whirled people upside down at Coney Island twenty-five or thirty years ago. The Loop-the-Loop passed out simply because the capacity of the ride was too small. You could run only one car at a time. So men of imagination invented other rides that were just as hair-raising and productive of bigger cash returns. There are now, for example, the Lindy Loop, the Hell's Bells Scrambler, the Swooper, the Tilt-A-Whirl, and the Bug. In all or any one of these a living person can taste every sensation of the reward after death.

But now amusement park science begins to have doubts about these hair-raising rides. "Sometimes I wonder," said Mr. George P. Smith, Jr., at the 1928 convention of the park men, "if this Jazz Age has not taken us too far in the search after sensation, particularly in recent developments of coasters. Are we catering to the masses from whom we must in the end secure our profit, or to the vagaries of an extreme element, sensation mad?"

Nobody seems quite sure. But meanwhile, everyone knows that the old-time merry-go-round is passing out. The merry-go-round idea, brought to this country secretly by a German named Fritz Landow in 1879, and sprung suddenly on a jeering American public for the first time in the Spring of 1880, probably has had as much influence on American civilization as the cocktail or the porcelain bath-tub. But no less a sage than Mr. R. S. Uzzell, historian of the National Association of Amusement Parks, is the authority for the statement that its day is nearly done. Once ladies riding lions and giraffes side-saddle gained thereby a gentle and unobtrusive chance to call attention to the fact that they wore silk stockings and had slim ankles; but this incentive has now vanished. Along with the merry-go-round is going the pony-riding business. For years, at Asbury Park, they gave away, as first prize for the annual Children's Day and Baby Parade, a Shetland pony and cart. Two years ago they stopped it, because modern children don't drive ponies.

People seem to want rides they can operate themselves, or they want the new sensation of flying. So the flat ride has crept in—little automobiles run by storage batteries that the kiddies from eight to eighty can pilot around. Colonel Lindbergh's influence on park rides has, of course, been tremendous. The country's supply of airplane swings named Spirit of St. Louis now runs up into the thousands. The Colonel had scarcely crawled into the baggy suit lent him by the late Myron T. Herrick the day after his arrival in Paris before one park manager had repainted all his old airplane swings, labelled the cars London, Paris, Rome, North Pole, South Pole and Hollywood, moved them to the most conspicuous place in his park, and erected a large painting of Lindbergh done by a local sign-painter. Before that moment the airplane swing had been failing; the park man, indeed, had been planning to get rid of it. But scientific methods triumphed and that season it brought him three times the receipts it had produced the previous season. From a park in Baltimore they sent over to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington and, from drawings and sketches reproduced the Spirit of St. Louis and made it part of a thrilling ride. The Lindy Loop is the name of another thriller produced and featured by a big ride-producing corporation.

Yet doubts persist. People take amusement park rides to be thrilled, but they still have an old-fashioned distaste for being bumped off. Mr. Roy Staton, manager of Springlake Park at Oklahoma City,

is credited with having discovered a method of "giving the customer the satisfaction of sensation while eliminating fear." Reports of this miraculous discovery are a little hazy, but it seems to involve some clever system of sales talk by the park employés. The problem, of course, is a tremendous one, not unworthy of such herculean minds as Mr. Hoover's or Mr. Mellon's, since the customers have to be convinced of two things (*a*), that the ride is not dangerous and (*b*), that it *is* dangerous. If they are completely satisfied that it is as safe as sitting in a rocking chair, they won't ride, but neither will they ride if they fear the chance of a broken leg or neck.

It doesn't do the park man's headache any good, either, to hear of the amazing new popularity of L. A. Thompson's old Oriental Scenic Railway at Coney Island, built by the Hon. Frank Darling in 1914. As reported in *Amusement Park Management*, an editor of this lively organ of the trade saw an immense crowd mobbing the entrance. There were old people and young people. They were fighting for seats in the old-time high-backed cars, and furnishing a bad afternoon for the middle-aged attendants, who had probably been there from the day the ride started, fifteen years ago. The editor thought there must be something new in those dark musty tunnels, so he shelled out a dime and rode. Perhaps, he thought, they have modernized the scenes; they must be reproducing the Widow Snyder's sashweight party, or at least "Peeps Through Peggy Joyce's Keyhole." But no; the scenery had not been changed in a decade and a half. Yet the attendants were packing them in, and the repeat rides were running about 17%.

To this riddle the answer of Mr. Darling, the wizard of Westchester, is that every park ought to have two sorts of ride, the wild ride and the mild ride. Let one complement and feed the other. Make them neighbors. If people start on the mild scenic ride with gentle dips, they will end up starry-eyed and breathless at the entrance to the fierce, wild coaster ride, fairly panting for more and deeper thrills. On that theory, when the public began denouncing the wildest racer-dip in Playland as a menace to public safety, the foxy Mr. Darling simply built close to it a gentle scenic ride that would put any grandmother to sleep, and the following year he was turning people away from both rides, and had jacked up the price of the wild one.

III

This, in the amusement park business, is being scientific in the modern manner. In the last two or three years the experience of the industry has been vastly enriched by such examples of the new technique. The difficulty is to know when and how to apply them. They are variously described by the leaders as "making our parks a power for the public good" (the Hon. Fred W. Pearce, past president of the National Association); "giving the patrons all the value possible for their money" (the Hon. Milford Stern); "shattering the public suspicion that parks are run to get the money no matter how" (the Hon. Leonard B. Schloss, Washington, D. C.); "improving our public relations" (the Hon. Rex D. Billings, Youngstown, Ohio); "moving toward higher and finer things" (the Hon. D. S. Humphrey, another association president); or "measuring up to the best community standards" (the Hon. Jerome P. Fleishman, Baltimore).

A year or so ago a park in a Middle Western town had acquired such a bad reputation for rowdyism that the good people of the place were for shutting it up. The manager, living up to the Best Ideals of the business, began inviting the local ministers, one by one, to hold their Sunday services there—which they did, in the open air, under the pure, bright Summer skies, just abaft the shooting gallery. Needless to say, that manager has not only achieved the respect and patronage of the best citizens, but will in time be canonized as a saint by the park industry.

Three or four years ago crowds of indignant citizens could have been seen descending upon Rockaway Beach, New York, with fire in their eyes, and heading for the office of Mr. Harry E. Tudor, manager of the park. They had come to promise him a taste of the tar brush if he didn't pipe down on the paper organ music with which he was contaminating the air. Like the master of Public Relations that he is, Mr. Tudor promptly piped down. Then, with the Hon. Frank Darling, president of his company, he cast about for ways and means of having Rockaway Beach achieve that finer and higher attitude toward things. They built a tower, installed a phonograph and amplifier, called it Miracle Music (the name later adopted by Playland), and began playing hymns, organ pieces and church chimes on Sunday mornings. Almost immediately the citizens who had been muttering came running to get a closer look. The park telephone rang constantly with requests to play that hymn again. The wicked hurried to church services, perhaps fearing the next number would be a solo by the Angel Gabriel, and churches and collection plates were full. The New York newspapers printed human interest stories about the quaint and lovely idea of having Sunday church music from an amusement park. Rockaway Beach became a better place and its citizens better men, women and children. Receipts jumped.

A modern amusement park can scarcely be said to be living up to the best modern traditions if it does not have plenty of Kiddies' Days. Usually the park gets a newspaper to help sponsor the happy event, which will be named the *Times*-Pflug's Park Day, or the like. This takes care of the ballyhoo at no cost to the park. Frequently the newspaper will even put up handsome prizes. In most cases the park insists on splitting the credit with the paper, but Judge Wilson, who runs a park in Louisville, has advanced the science farther than that. He lets the paper take all the credit, and thus succeeds in getting the local journals to sponsor seven or eight big days a season. "They get the credit," says the Judge; "we get the mazuma."

The point about Kiddies' Day is that it not only fulfills one of the highest tenets of the amusement park creed, namely, "To fill the hearts of children with joy while spending their hours of play in the sunshine and fresh air," but also brings out their fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts and grandparents, who have to buy full-price tickets.

Students of Child Psychology may or may not know of the application of this science to the amusement park business, but it is now being applied. Some of its principles are interesting. For example, while you can run a game of chance that may take money from an adult without giving him anything (though the Higher Attitude is killing this old racket), you cannot do this with a child. I quote Dr. Harold S. Kahm, student of and writer on the science of the concession:

> It is essential that every game for children should be of the "you win something every time" variety. You cannot take money from children, not giving them something in return for it, without incurring hatred on the part of both the child and its parents . . . [But] to give a kid a tin stickpin for each nickel or dime he spends on your concession is as bad as giving nothing. There are plenty of cheap slum items which are attractive to children and which cost little or no more than ordinary junk.

Other fundamental principles of Kiddies' Day psychology are,

> A child will spend three nickels in rapid succession, where a dime might make him hesitate.
>
> Hit for their hearts! You were a kid yourself and you know what you would have liked to win at an amusement park.
>
> Children are the best possible advertisers of any business. A little girl who has won a doll at your park won't rest until she shows it.
>
> Wherever possible, have separate concessions for boys and girls; for the girls a string game, a jewelry spindle, etc., for the boys, games requiring a certain skill—pitch-till-you-win, a dart game, a cork shooting gallery.

There are many other such principles. A kewpie doll prize or a box of candy will tickle an adult to death. A child will jeer at it. Many park men forget that children are not so tall as their parents and cannot reach so far. They are being taught to build children's games low enough so that the kids can actually play them. Kiddyland is springing up—a park within a park with everything on a little scale—little merry-go-rounds, little tents, little toboggans. Judge Wilson of Louisville has a Kiddy Zoo. Mr. Harry Kratz, the astute publicity manager of a park at Syracuse, has evolved a way of linking up a Mutt Show with Kiddies' Day, without insulting the parents of either the mutts or the kiddies. He also hooks up the local merchants, who donate merchandise for prizes, and he hangs over the Mutt Show arena a large sign listing Bultmann the Florist, Henry the Jeweler, Kurtz the Dry Cleaner, Kelley's Holsum-Bread, Peters' Clothes, and the names of other coöperative Syracuse gentlemen of business. He shrewdly lists no sausage manufacturer, and presumably keeps the Mutt Show well away from the hot-dog cathedral.

I have spoken of games of chance and hinted that the Higher Attitude is killing them. This is true. The fact has a good deal to do with that throbbing in the temples that keeps bothering the amusement park kings. A park's greatest source of revenue today is the picnic. More picnics are given by Sunday-schools than by any other institutions. Sunday-schools have a way of sending out scouts beforehand to test the moral atmosphere of the nearby parks and pick the one with the lowest wickedness factor. A game of chance will kill a park's opportunity of getting a Sunday-school picnic as quickly as a bottle of cough syrup in the proprietor's hip pocket.

The Hon. Nelson Ames, manager of a park at Trenton, N. J., learned this bitter lesson and it has been incorporated in the amusement park lexicon. A few years ago he had broken the ice with the biggest Sunday-school in those parts—had booked it for a huge picnic after much time and selling effort. One evening, shortly before the picnic, the superintendent of the Sunday-school strolled casually into the park. The unsuspecting Mr. Ames guided him about with all the hospitable enthusiasm of a delicatessen millionaire's wife showing Mrs. Vanderbilt around "our little shack," and never noticed the tightening of the superintendent's lips as he took in the kewpie doll wheels, never saw the righteous rage in his eyes as he spotted the wicked candy games. Next day Mr. Ames received in the mails a cancellation of his beautiful picnic. When he learned that this was the reward of evil, he stripped his park of games and wheels and Heaven promptly smiled on him by increasing his picnic business 100%.

Mr. Ames has thus become a voice in the industry, crying, "Remember what happened to the old-time saloon!" His point is that the old-time saloon might have been saved if the saloon men had listened to the Better Element, and had cleaned house. He doesn't go so far as to say the saloon might thus have got some of this lucrative Sunday-school picnic business, but the analogy is clear enough. The amusement park business must clean house or quit.

However, what bothers the amusement park men is that wheels and games of chance are the biggest and most attractive feature of the street-carnival, the amusement park's greatest competitor. While wheels kill parks for Sunday-school picnics, they seem to make carnivals. Unless the park man has been able to turn his park into a sort of Pool of Siloam where just a gulp of air makes a wife-beater ashamed of himself, he is likely to have to depend for patronage upon general run-of-mine folks, and (one blushes to say it), many of them like these candy, kewpie doll and Indian blanket wheels of chance. If the park hasn't got them and a nearby carnival has, the carnival gets the customers and the park doesn't.

The answer to this problem is furnished by Mr. Ames, who became not only a voice but a flaming sword after his game wheels had cost him that picnic. Having the wheels lost him the Sunday-school, but not having them was losing him the sports who were patronizing the carnivals. Mr. Ames simply lined himself up on the side of Clean Amusement. Taking his cue from the Sunday-school superintendent who had nearly wrecked him, he headed a body of witnesses and went visiting around these carnivals. Then over the radio he exposed what he had found. He unmasked a community scandal and the community, of course, ate it up. He explained the meanings of such mysterious and fascinating terms of the come-on-industry as gimmick, capper, and shill; he let the carnival customers know what "taking a man for a ride" meant. He didn't say the carnival games were fixed. He merely said they *could* be fixed. That was enough. The ministers jumped in, soon the air was hot with sermons and battle hymns, and in a little while the carnivals were headed for the tall timber. Then sports and Sunday-school classes alike had nowhere to go but Mr. Ames' park, where the wicked games of chance had given place to clean, healthy games of skill, like throwing baseballs at cats, rag babies and milk bottles.

IV

Thus the Uplift goes on relentlessly and if, incidentally, it brings in what Judge Wilson of Kentucky calls the mazuma, the park man fervently thanks an all-wise Providence, not forgetting the Men of Vision who set his feet on the path to dough and glory. The search for the Truth about the park game takes them against problems even knottier than those already recited. There is, for example, the weather. Park men are constantly trying to think up magic schemes for forecasting the weather, or even changing it. The reason is that bad weather is a park's worst enemy, and the unpleasant Summers of the last three or four years have produced one of the worst periods of depression in out-door amusement history. Park men bought more weather recording and detecting instruments in that period than were ever sold before. Many now carry goose bones or rabbits' feet around in their pockets. They even invited Professor H. J. Cox, a government meteorologist, to their 1928 convention, in the hope that he would tell them what the weather was going to be during all the following Summer. The professor sent his regrets, stating that he could neither be present nor forecast the weather for a whole season ahead.

This gargantuan effort to change or control the weather ties in with the effort to smash the Labor Day tradition. Labor Day, coming on the first Monday in September, marks the end of the Summer holiday season and sees the closing of most amusement parks. But the amusement park man inquires, "Why should my business be closed up because people happen to be following a silly custom? Why not change the custom?" So the industry has been fighting to have Labor Day moved up to the first Monday in October. This ambitious plan has been given rather a devastating kick in the pants by the Hon. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, who says that the working man is satisfied to keep Labor Day right where it is, and he will see it changed only over his dead body.

The rise of Innocent Amusement irks salty old park men who have liked making their fun rugged and hearty. Luna Park, Coney Island, has a White Mouse Hotel—a big doll's house full of furniture, entirely inhabited by white mice. A knockout! Children who go to Riverside Park, at Strongsville, Ohio, may invest fifty cents in tiny chickens in June or July, and watch them grow until Christmas, when they can be lugged home to the pot. Professor Heckler, an entomological *savant*, who has made a life study of the habits and temperament of the flea, is elevating the flea circus to conform to the rising state of

civilization. The fleas may have to wear tights at public performances. The comeback of bicycle riding is heralded by some park men, roller-skating by others, old-time dance nights by more.

Park philologists, especially the publicity men, demand sweeping reforms in terminology. Concessions should be called stores; swimming pools, natatoriums; advertising billboards, lithographed panels, or painted bulletins. Publicity is a dreadful problem. The city rooms of newspapers grow harder and harder to crack. Park men are going on the air, reproducing the enticing rattle of roller-coaster cars by rattling chestnuts in a cigar box. A park with a big fishing lake amazes radio audiences by having fish flop about in front of the microphone. The fish are hot water bottles. The old escaped elephant hoax and ocean monster stunt don't get past the copy desk any more. Space grabbing calls for the slickest kind of staging of beauty contests, baby shows, dog shows, men's beauty shows, leg contests, athletic meets.

They hear with gloom that Coney Island, "the world's greatest playground," is on the skids. Its bathing beach concessions, like the bathing beach concessions in hundreds of other parks, suffer from the plague of the automobile. People won't undress in a bathhouse any more unless they can't help themselves. They insist that a motor-car with the shades down is not only a man's castle, but his boudoir, too. Common decency, says Mr. Sam Gumpertz, a powerful baron of Coney Island, demands the suppression of this use of a car in place of a bathhouse at the reasonable price of fifty or seventy-five cents. . . . Anon comes word that the Lord's Day Alliance and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals are advancing on the Capitol and the White House, the advance guard headed by Bishop Cannon, to demand nation-wide Sunday closing laws. At this the park men spit on their weary hands for a new battle. . . . This is carrying the Finer and Higher Attitude business too far.

AROUND THE WORLD

BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

America decided to see the world all of a sudden in 1922. It was inevitable. A pretty good war had just been fought and won, there had been a period of relaxation while the roots of Republican prosperity were taking hold. Prohibition was not yet much of an issue, and time was hanging heavily on many hands. Travel seemed an outlet and the tourist agencies suddenly noticed a heavy swing to the right. During the following Winter, that of 1923, four passenger liners put out from New York in globe circling tours with veteran Atlantic skippers in their chartrooms, chewing cigars over brand-new harbor charts of Yokohama, Hongkong, Manila, and the Red Sea ports.

Actually the first long-distance strictly pleasure cruise—if we forget that of the *Quaker City* in 1867, with Mark Twain aboard—was arranged in 1890 by the Hamburg-America line, when the *Augusta Victoria* took a boatload of European sightseers around the Mediterranean to the Orient and return. But the line tried nothing so ambitious as a globe cruise until 1909, when the *Cleveland* bravely rounded the Horn. Such a lengthy trip, of course, could not pay. The opening of the Panama Canal in 1915 simplified matters, but inasmuch as it came in the early part of the World War, globe girdling for pleasure was postponed until America had stepped in, righted things in Europe, and diverted the world's gold to these shores.

Since then the travel agencies and steamship companies have striven most conscientiously to make such world cruises the last word in vacation offerings. The steamers are palatial vessels, either especially constructed for the purpose or picked from the better class of transatlantic ships. Every demand of the travelling American is carefully and profitably studied. The cuisine, the wines, the cabins, and the facilities for social enjoyment aboard ship live up to the most gorgeous adjectives of the booklet writers.

It is noteworthy that, from the outset, all the round-the-world cruises starting from New York, though 95% of the passengers are commonly Americans, have been made on ships of foreign registry. The round-the-world passenger and freight service established in 1921 by Robert Dollar of California must be excepted, but the Dollar line boats operate on a fourteen-day schedule and have never offered ordinary round-the-world cruises. The Canadian Pacific, the Hamburg-American line and Thos. Cook & Son, all European companies, naturally use European ships, and the American agencies—the American Express, Raymond & Whitcomb, and Clark Tours—do likewise.

Does the foreign flag disturb the patriot? Not in the least, for no sooner is Ambrose light cleared then he may look about him and perceive Little America, with the Rotarians organizing in one corner, the Masons on the boatdeck, a sea-going golf club on the promenade deck—yes, and even a hardy nautical chapter of the W. C. T. U. in the Winter Garden aft. Officers and stewards may converse in a strange Bristol idiom or a thick North German accent, but the American, seeing so many familiar faces, manners and motifs, squeezes his roll of new greenbacks with assurance, dons his plus fours, and knows that all is well.

In truth, no other mode of foreign travel is so ideally planned for the American as a 1930 model round-the-world cruise—the Voyage of Your Dreams, as the illustrated folders proclaim it. To the finest detail everything is organized to relieve the traveller of all effort or thought. Obliging assistant cruise directors and guides will even write his diary for him in a pleasant, familiar style, jotting down the dimensions of the Taj Mahal, the date of the Great Wall of China, the name of the King of Siam and other little facts he ought to remember. (Don't think that has never been done!)

There is of course a Travel Club aboard, a Camera Club, an Open Forum, and illustrated lectures in the dining-saloon on the order of movie pre-views. Be-spectacled directors stand at the side of the screen and indicate with rubber-tipped pointers such matters as are to be weighed gravely during excursions ashore. It is also the custom to offer short but animated lectures on the history of the country about to be visited on the day before the vessel comes into port. The lecturers strive hard to be chatty and informal, but their vocabularies often smack of the lithographed travel literature: they invariably refer to Korea as the Hermit Kingdom, to Siam as the Land of the White Elephant and to Egypt as the Mystic Land of the Pharaohs.

The Camera Club meets to plot organized descents upon points of interest—excellent photographs of which, by the way, may be purchased for nominal sums at local gifte shoppes. The business is taken very seriously—with much talk of light, exposure times and lenses. Prizes are offered for the best pictures made in each port. Occasionally, more adventurous males of the club daringly snap half-naked native girls and pass the prints about with winks. The ladies of the club try to be very tolerant, always bearing in mind that travel broadens one. When the club goes ashore, there is no mistaking its members for there is a carrying-case strap over every left shoulder. More recently, the miniature movie camera has come into popularity on these trips, its sudden buzzing furnishing a new source of panic to uninitiated natives from Aden to Zamboanga.

Radio clubs are now waning in popularity but all the earlier world cruises boasted and advertised them. For members of this interesting group of art lovers the high point of one trip was the night in Borneo when a high-powered set picked up a San Francisco jazz orchestra. The rest of the trip was in *diminuendo*, for there was no way of picking up a Borneo orchestra from San Francisco.

Round-the-world golf clubs are the pride of at least two popular liners. Matches are played by means of a spinning ball device which precisely measures the yardage of drives, and there are miniature putting greens and other paraphernalia. During the matches the uniform golf costume of the Hutchinson, Kan., Country Club is worn religiously, and there is much talk about the nineteenth hole.

The Rotarians occupy their time sending radiograms on ahead, asking if there is a good, live Rotary club in the town and suggesting that something be arranged. A Rotary luncheon inevitably follows and the visitors are the guests of honor. The Masons get a great deal of fun with their improvised lodge-room down in Cabin 132C. They require a full ritual for admission, but don't know just what to do after all are admitted.

The ship's newspaper furnishes another link with home, albeit a rather puzzling one. The baseball scores are there, and the market reports, but mark the strange emphasis on bombings and massacres in Chicago and of Coast Guard rampages off New York! There are puzzling items, too —often lengthy—say about Mr. Joynson-Hicks announcing that British commerce has reached a new high figure and all is well with the Empire. In case it's a German vessel, there are items about the marvelous strides of German post-war industry.

The W. C. T. U. ladies meet industri-

ously and compare notes on the progress of Prohibition in foreign climes, incubating figure-bristling reports to be made back in Lincoln, Neb., and Anderson, Ind., when the voyage is over. At other moments they draw up petitions addressed to the captain setting forth that inasmuch as 95% of the passengers are Americans they respectfully request that he close the bar out of deference to the Volstead Act.

II

When the world cruises first started, with their heavy American cliéntèle, the tourist agencies foresaw that all records in alcoholic consumption aboard ship were going to be broken and care was taken to have the liquor stores at capacity. How far short they missed their guess is indicated in a report from the *Resolute* on its first trip out: it showed that "2,000 kegs of beer had been used up before the ship reached Yokohama." There were only 375 passengers aboard. Allowing a nominal amount for the crew, that made five kegs of beer a person in about thirty days, or one keg a week. But that was back in 1923, when America had not yet started making its own and the taste of good beer was still enchanting. Fortunately, the supply could be replenished not only in Japan—with its excellent rice beer—but on down the China coast and through India, where British and German export beer was readily obtainable.

Here are some figures showing the liquor consumption during a typical world cruise, as reported by the *Belgenland*, taking an American Express group around the world in 1923–24: There were 60,800 bottles of liquor consumed in the 181 days of the cruise, divided as follows: whiskey, 4,000; champagne, 2,800; wine, 4,000; beer and stout, 36,000; and lager, 14,000. There were 306 American passengers and 47 Britishers and others on this cruise.

It will be seen that whiskey is the favorite strong drink of the touring American. He takes it neat, with a water chaser, scorning the British habit of adding seltzer, which he regards as an affectation. Details of the shore consumption of liquor are not available, but when it is remembered that about 40% of the cruise time is spent ashore, and that drinks are invariably cheaper there than aboard ship, a guess may be made. There is always the temptation to try the native drinks of each country visited—thus adding one new cultural contact to the benefits of travelling, plus a headache.

So Bacchus is aboard. Not unnaturally, too, Eros springs Minerva-like out of the crown of Neptune and the cruise of the globe-girdlers is soon blessed with romance. So large a percentage of these sea-going romances lead to the altar that one young man was heard to say at the end of a world cruise that if he were without funds he could think of no better course than to borrow $5,000, join a cruise, and allow himself to be picked off neatly by one of the scores of wealthy widows aboard.

There was the case of the widow of the rich taxi operator of California on one of the earlier World cruises. She had gone to sea to forget. A few days after leaving lovely Los Angeles, she fell in love with the handsome wine steward. In February they were married secretly in Manila, and bliss reigned until the chief steward transferred the bridegroom to the linen locker on the ground that he was "becoming too familiar in his relations with the passengers." Sultry India crept by without incident, but when the liner dropped her hook in the Bay of Naples one glorious morning, the ex-widow appeared before the captain, told him she had married the wine steward, and insisted that he be released from the linen locker. The good skipper refused, whereupon the bride told him he could take his ship and go where wealthy taxi operators tell people to go. She and her husband forthwith left the ship in Naples, the steward stating that he was through with the sea, and after an extended honeymoon in Europe, they returned to California, prepared to live happily ever after, or, if necessary, to go to sea again.

For flappers, the world cruises surpass even the lavish dreams of the travel booklet authors. Penned on a loose leaf of a diary found one morning in the scuppers of the promenade deck was this brief but inclusive notation in a fine schoolgirl hand: "God! That moon—what a night! Here comes Robert!" On this boat, it was the custom for a neckers' patrol, under a caustic master-at-arms, to make the rounds of the secluded places every midnight to rout the moon-gazers. This developed into a battle of wits, and no doubt the most successful stowaways in the country today are those young men who at one time or another have been fortunate enough to enjoy a world cruise.

Crossing the equator is made a matter of moment among the voyagers. A junior ship's officer dons a crown and nautical whiskers to meet the popular conception of Neptune and mounts a Jacob's ladder from over the side to preside at the services. Landlubbers who have never before crossed the line are put through a condensed Elks Club initiation, varied to suit the temperament of the initiate, and are then presented flowery certificates signed by Neptune, attesting that they have traversed the earth's waistline. The ceremonies usually culminate in a general descent upon the bar, and a great comradeship of the sea springs up.

As in the case of the lyrical Cristofo Colombo who sailed the seas for forty days and forty nights, there is not a dull moment aboard for those who would learn that the world is roundo. Eventually a port is made. If the voyage is westerly, usually the first one is Havana; if easterly, Funchal, Madeira. There are few tingles equal to that of first touching a foreign country, and the round-the-world tourist system manages to drain the experience of its last drop of thrill.

There are, of course, too many aboard to visit all the sights at once. Consequently the passengers are organized into Parties A, B, C, D, etc., comprising fifty to a hundred persons each. Signs are placed about the boat, "Party A Assembles Here," etc., and the voyagers flock to their respective positions. Meantime, cruise directors pace the decks shouting from a list of typewritten admonitions: "Don't forget to have your passports ready." "Be sure you have your landing cards, the green slip and the pink!" "Get your money changed at the purser's office before you go ashore." "Party A will leave the boat first." "Take your umbrellas today."

Everywhere there is confusion. Women get lost from their parties, elderly ladies want attention, retired bankers haggle over money rates, drunks lose their landing cards, and husbands forget to lock their stateroom doors as instructed on the mammoth bulletin board. Then there are the questions put to the weary directors and guides and the ship's officers. Is this the place where the beach boys dive for money? What time does the ship sail? How far is uptown from the boat? Where is a good place to buy this or that? What's that over there, a lighthouse? Where is that ship going? The passengers demand personal service—they've paid down their good money, and have a right to ask their fool questions.

Finally, the gangplank is in place and Party A troops off, headed by a director and an honored passenger who is permitted to carry the huge white cardboard banner on which "Party A" is emblazoned. The director leads him by the arm to a position on the dock and there the group gathers around the standard. When all are assembled, as are the other parties, there begins the sight-seeing invasion. Party A may take motor cars to one point, while Party B takes a special train to another town, Party C takes 'rikishas, and so on. All this is carefully mapped out, with the time calculated to the very minute and the spiel of the barker memorized to the last word. Don't touch the idol, please. It is requested that you do not drop rocks in the well. Don't walk out too far on the ledge, please, it might crumble.

Meanwhile Party D may be so unfortunate as to have to remain aboard that first

day. In which case it will be unofficial if not bad form to go ashore. But Party D gains some consolation in the knowledge that it will be the first ashore at the next port and that old haughty Party A will have to stay on the ship. Usually Party D passes the time by buying lavishly of Spanish shawls, native pottery and hammered "silver" from waterfront hawkers graciously permitted to come aboard.

The ship stays in port from three to seven days. In so far as it is possible the weary sight-seers are got back at sundown for dinner and to spend the night aboard the ship. If this is impractical, Form 3B–45AG cards are issued, good for dinner and lodging in some inland hostelry that usually marks the occasion by putting up banners in the lobby, in quaint local spelling, "Welcom to *Belginland.*"

Shops in the hotel and immediate neighborhood also extend "welcom" in the form of special price lists, at about 100% increase. Then the quiet of the Oriental eventide is broken as the American traveller goes shopping. It is a fearful and noisome thing. There is the inevitable conviction that by raising the voice he makes his English more understandable to the shop-keeper. Hearing perfectly and never speaking above a conversational tone, the native carries on in broken but intelligible English while the American shouts at the top of his voice as the bargaining lasts far into the night.

The quest for hotel baggage stickers is very keen. The initiate knows from his wide examination of the magazine ads that a certain mark of the veteran traveller is highly decorated luggage. He resolves secretly to visit no hotel *en route* without asking for a handful of labels, to be carefully glued to his bags at night in his stateroom. Little does he know how much easier this is made for him by the understanding officials of the cruise, who drop discreet suggestions to hotel managers. Several ships even go so far as to carry full assortments of foreign hotel stickers which may be had for the asking. Even an Igorot hotel porter in Cebu would know better than to wash a sticker off the bag of a round-the-world tourist.

To the resident American in foreign parts, the typical round-the-world tourist is anathema. He sees in the garrulous, strutting, shallow traveltaster all the earmarks of the hinterland native from which he has been slowly and painfully evolving. The resident is one step up the ladder of cosmopolitanism, whereas the tourist—try as he will—never leaves America for a single instant in his trip around the world. And that is why the tourist who sings out, "Hello there, Stranger!" to every cigar-chewing white man from Foochow to Funchal is frequently greeted with a black look.

A newspaper man and an ex-consular attaché who had been in Japan for three years, desiring to get home cheaply, once landed jobs as assistant cruise directors on one of the round-the-world boats. They spent the two weeks before the ship arrived in making their first trip to various listed "points of interest" to gain some idea of what was before them. By following the travel booklet directions, they found several places where cherry blossoms bloom and beheld with interest the Great Buddha at Kamakura. They memorized several of the descriptive leaflets sent on ahead, and on one or two subsequent evenings were the centre of a fascinated group in the American Club bar as they told of Japan's points of interest.

By diligent searching, they were also able to find a couple of dozen 'rikishas in the suburbs of Tokyo to transport the tourists about the city as promised, in the native manner. Actually 'rikishas have almost disappeared from the Tokyo streets, but the round-the-world tourist would never suspect it, such are the demands for atmosphere and so obliging are the Japanese. Those stares from the natives as the queue of 'rikishas lumber awkwardly about the capital, it may be revealed, are not in amazement at so many broad-shouldered, handsome men and charming western

women, but at the surprising number of 'rikishas.

Travel on the big round-the-world ships is something of a costly pleasure. Every time a dream voyage comes true, it means that more than $3,000,000 are spent. The *Belgenland* in 1924, with 500 passengers, reported $1,500,000 paid in fares alone. The minimum rate is about $1,000 for an inside single room in a poor location. An outside single room with bath may run to $7,000, cabins *de luxe* are from $9,000 to $10,000 per person, and suites range from $12,500 upward. These prices do not include fees, tips, wine bills and optional trips ashore, which range in cost from a few dollars to several hundred.

Before the well of Wall Street went dry, such sums were drops in the bucket, but last Winter one whole cruise was cancelled and all the agencies reported declines in reservations. Of course, there are repeaters —several of the lines boast passengers who are making their fifth and sixth trips with them—but missing are the amiable spenders who used to engage whole suites and pay the bill for parties of six or seven, including servants. One gentleman who had the royal suite on a cruise ship several years ago went so far as to have furniture removed from his town house and installed in the suite and the whole interior done over by a decorator.

III

The English language papers in foreign ports join the racket by getting out "special editions" which welcome the tourists in a stick or two of standing type with only the name of the ship altered. Inside are double truck ads from the shops lying in wait for the travellers. Press agentry reaches new heights with the papers, native and otherwise, swallowing the ship newsgiver's lists of the notables aboard. A Negro dentist from Chicago was once photographed and written up by the vernacular papers of Tokyo as the Crown Prince of Abyssinia. Politicians become jurists and bootleggers' daughters become débutantes.

One gentleman from a large Southern city went around the world billed everywhere somewhat ambiguously as "the largest owner of property within the incorporated limits of any city in the world." Clasped to his passport by a rubber band was an affadavit from the mayor of his city attesting to the truth of his claim. Naturally, he became the cruise authority on real estate and was frequently prevailed upon to address the ship's Open Forum on the dark secrets of his craft. In every port of call, he cornered every resident who spoke English and inquired lengthily about real estate values.

Another passenger handed out cards on which were engraved his name and "ex-Governor of ——," a western State. He became an authority on the Japanese Question. In Tokyo he gave out some new and interesting figures on Japan and singularly enough found that his first visit to the country—a stay of five or six days—confirmed every theory he had about the Japanese Question. He did not find it necessary to alter a single line in the typewritten interviews he handed out to reporters at every subsequent landing.

The interview handout is a favorite device of the publicity seeker along the way. Sound American opinion is advanced on a great variety of topics, ranging from women's dress to the United States' participation in the World Court. An inaccurate Shanghai reporter once shuffled the handouts of an eminent attorney noted for his liberal views on Prohibition and that of a scientist who some years before had observed the sun's eclipse in Sumatra and had chosen to give a few facts and figures about the phenomenon. The effect was a merry one. Recapitulating the next day, the paper published the interviews again, meticulously ascribing each to its right parent, and honor was satisfied.

The ship publicity men are wont to make much of the respective dimensions of the various liners. For several years the

Belgenland had the edge, but this year a newcomer, the *Columbus*, entered the field. "Her length," said the attractive folder setting forth the pleasures of travelling on this liner, "is 774 feet, 75 feet greater than that of her nearest competitor."

Native shop-keepers keep careful records of the trade from each ship and after the boat has departed the guilds issue reports on the spending of the foreign visitors. These tabulations are watched with interest, for they shed a guiding light on the methods to be used when the ship returns the following year. Crowds from the *Resolute* and the *Belgenland* have always been known as good spenders. It is axiomatic among American residents in foreign countries not to go shopping on days when a cruise ship is in town unless they are well-known at the stores or are able to make their residence known by addressing the shop-keeper in his native language.

A by-product of the round-the-world craze is the so-called floating university, which was launched in 1926 on the *Ryndam* and went on the shoals of co-education two years later. The cruises were five months long, with full credit extended by the leading American universities and a more substantial credit by the none-too-assured fathers of the 500 pampered campus ornaments aboard. There was much ballyhoo to convince these parents that it was no more than a cruise of assorted bookworms and college grinds. "Unofficial ambassadors," they were termed. In the language of the students themselves, that first cruise was a "wow."

The mild-mannered, blue-eyed Dutch captain of the *Ryndam* awoke one morning in the Pacific to find a huge black flag with the skull and cross-bones flapping from his foremast head. Unfortunately his English failed him or there might have been another classic description of that cruise. There was another day when a celebrating "ambassador" heaved a deck chair into the sea. A cry of "Chair overboard!" rang throughout the ship. The students rushed to the rail and threw all the life preservers in sight after the chair—to help rescue it, as they explained—and for months afterward tramp ships were picking up preservers and inquiring by radio whether the *Ryndam* had gone down.

Another deck game invented by the frolicsome youths was tossing rubber quoits into the ship's funnel from the boat deck. Inter-fraternity organizations sprang up with several new ideas in initiations. One neophyte was saved just before he was about to be lowered over the side to paint some Greek letters and a ribald motto just above the waterline.

Eventually the ship reached Japan and a half dozen young men had a breakfast of champagne and ham sandwiches in the bar of Tokyo's Imperial Hotel. To passers-by who looked in, they explained that they were cramming for exams. That afternoon several eye-filling co-eds joined the growing group at the bar and when the resident newspaper correspondents drifted in at the cocktail hour they found the bar so crowded and noisy they couldn't drink in peace, whereupon they went out and cabled home about it. A great outcry went up in America, papers editorialized, parents wept, one dean resigned, seven students were "expelled" and sent home on the next ship, one official issued a solemn statement that the cruise was bone dry—and when the excitement quieted there was room again at the bar for the news men.

The presence of one good-looking co-ed —70 were hand-picked out of 4,000 applications, and the applications must have been accompanied by photographs—to every three boys provoked fast and furious wooing, and fists flew so often that eventually every sailor found himself a monitor appointed to keep the campus peace and mediate in *affaires du coeur*.

The official ballyhooer of the *Ryndam* experiment was the Kansas foe of rum, Henry J. Allen, who in 1928 was the publicity chief on the Hoover bandwagon, and afterward succeeded to Vice-President Charlie Curtis's seat in the Senate. Allen

was aboard the *Ryndam* as teacher of "journalism, news writing, reporting and magazine writing." He also led the daily prayers. By the time the cruise reached Rome, he came to the following conclusion, which was duly cabled home by the Associated Press:

> The presence of girls inevitably produced many courtships, which diverted the attentions of the students from their studies and gave what was meant to be a dignified studious voyage much of the appearance of a sight-seeing joyride. Originally, the cruise was intended for men only, but when this was found impracticable because of insufficiency of male applications, it was decided to try co-education, and we took along less than 100 girls selected from the 4,000 who had applied. After five months of this experience, we are forced to the opinion that it would have been more effectual if the cruise had been confined to men.

The following year this thought was foremost, but again there was an "insufficiency of male applications," for a rival cruise offering to take co-eds seemed to be getting all the patronage from the boys. So sea-going co-education finally triumphed, but shortly afterward the whole idea of a chartered cruise ship was abandoned and last Winter we did not have any unofficial ambassadors going out from these shores to establish international contacts.

Returning from Europe some two weeks ahead of the cruise ship, Dr. Allen delivered himself of this observation:

> The present cruise has convinced me that a college afloat may be made a significant addition to our educational system. The floating university has demonstrated clearly that it is sound and wise. American youth benefits greatly because he learns that the earth is round and not restricted to America alone. Also, a student applies himself better to study on a ship than on dry land. He hasn't a chance to cut classes or go dancing at the college inn.

The advantages of education by travel are also illustrated by this message from Dean Edwin B. Lough of the floating university, who sent back lengthy articles to the newspapers on that first trip:

> To avoid as much as possible the heat of the tropics, classrooms were rigged up on the promenade deck by means of canvas partitions. There in the open air, overlooking the sea, the voice of the professor mingles with the swish of the ocean. One day while sailing through the light green, transparent waters of the Gulf Stream off the coast of Florida, a professor illustrated his lecture on sharks by a live specimen which sported not twenty yards from the rail.

IV

With the American home and school gone cruising, there was no great surprise early this year when it became known that plans for a great church crusade were being laid by the hallowed Aimée Semple McPherson.

"Come with me to the Holy Land," was the message engraved on a beautifully colored card containing a favorite likeness of the Los Angeles evangelist, left hand aloft and right hand balancing a Bible. The cost per devotee was set at $650 "and up," including shore excursions. The cruise, as first planned, embraced a Mediterranean itinerary including, strangely enough, a call at Monte Carlo, where the modern crusaders might conceivably risk a little on the red.

At the beginning, Sister McPherson encountered some difficulties, due to numerous withdrawals among the 1,400 pilgrims originally scheduled to make the trip. At the time a tabloid detailed her alleged adversities under the streamer, "Aimée's Holy Land Crusade a Flop," prefacing the story with these lines accredited to Sir Walter Scott:

> Or has that dame, so fair and sage,
> Gone on some pious pilgrimage?

But Aimée won out, and as this is written she is on the way to spread the Four Square Gospel in the Holy Land. Thus is the peculiarly American art of group cruising lifted to a new and higher plane.

THE ENIGMA

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

YEARS ago I ran a second-hand bookstore in Los Angeles. One evening, just before closing time, a taxi drove up and a man came in. There were no other customers in the place; only a few chronic browsers, whose attention, like my assistant's and my own, turned immediately to the newcomer. He stopped in the center of the shop, looked around a while, then walked to the shelves marked "Technical" as though he knew exactly what he wanted and where to get it.

He had a striking appearance: he was well over six feet tall, straight as a column, and weighed about a hundred and ninety pounds. He was solidly built, deep-chested and broad-shouldered, with powerful arms and legs. He moved with a springy ease and looked to be in his late thirties, though, as I learned later, he really was on the shady side of forty. Sartorially, he seemed to have just stepped out of a men's-fashion advertisement—stick, gloves, spats and all.

In less than half a minute, he picked out two books: one on the manufacture of calico, the other on dentistry in ancient times. Then, stepping to the magazine-stand, he selected an adventure story magazine, gave me a bill and, tapping the floor with his stick, waited till I wrapped up the package and made the change; whereupon he walked out to the cab and drove off.

To my "Thank you; come again," he had said, "Don't mention it; I will" in a rich, resonant voice that rang in my ears long after he left. It occurred to me that, if he would, he could outshout anyone else I had ever heard.

I had noticed his face, which was anything but handsome, but neither was it ugly—a large, longish face, clean-shaven and very masculine, rather amorphous on first impression, if compared with a movie sheik's, but on closer scrutiny revealing a definite harmony of its own—a strong character.

He had an emphatic hooked nose, a slightly upturned, broad chin, and a large mouth with firm lips of moderate thickness. His blue-green eyes had a remote, impersonal gaze, enlivened momentarily as he spoke with an awry, unnatural humor. His wide forehead rose high over the slow curve of his dark eyebrows. His big, somewhat misshapen ear-lobes, which stood away from his head under the rim of his hat like two damaged fans, did most to endow his looks with a suggestion of gargoylish grotesqueness, especially if one noticed, as I did later, that when he spoke the left one wiggled up and down at nearly every syllable. His hair was beginning to gray on the sides.

He looked to be a somebody, certainly above pulp-paper literature, and it was hard to imagine why anyone in his apparent circumstances should be interested in the history of dentistry and the manufacture of calico. Perhaps, I thought, he bought the books to present them to someone as a joke.

The next morning, soon after we opened, a taxi stopped in front of the store and out of it came our customer of the previous evening with the books and magazines he had bought under his arm. He asked if I would consider buying them back for, say, one-third of what he had paid for them. I said yes and handed him the money. "Thanks!"—and he walked out.

For five months he came in every day twice, morning and evening, except Sundays and holidays, when the shop was closed. He bought only practical manuals, text-books and technical treatises, of which we had over a thousand titles on the shelves and more in the basement: books on dentistry, calico, engines, forestry, refrigeration, marsh reclamation, irrigation, rocks and minerals, pearl-fishing, the flora and fauna of the Sierras, alfalfa-growing, and snakes in Mojave. Once he bought a couple of old correspondence-school courses on I forget what subjects; and when we ran out of detective story magazines he usually took a cowboy or mystery novel and a travel-book, all of which he kept overnight and returned in the morning.

He had us all guessing. We would stick together the corners of a few pages in the books and magazines that he took out and in the morning he returned them separated, indicating that apparently he read, or at least went through, them. He seemed wealthy; he always had a roll of large bills and wore a complete new get-up every few days.

There was but one clue to the mystery—that he bought and evidently read only trashy magazines and dry technical books—but, while surmising that it was significant, none of us succeeded in building up a reasonable theory upon him. One of my clerks considered him a nut, pure but not so simple; the other referred to him as the Enigma. We dared one another to try to start a conversation with him, but we were all too shy, perhaps I should say awed by him, to venture a remark or question that was not strictly business. Then, too, I felt that, should we try to get personal with him, he might cease to patronize the store. Also, with the taxi waiting for him outside, he seemed always to be in a great hurry. Occasionally, in the evening, there was a woman in the cab, palpably the better type of fancy female—a different one every time.

By-and-by, our customers began to take part in our speculations about the man. Some of them came in regularly every night just to see him. Often the store would be crowded like an auction-room. In time it became almost embarrassing. They looked at him inquisitively and, though he paid no attention to them, I knew that he was not oblivious of their interest in him. Now and then he lingered a moment or two after making his purchase, gazing about, tapping the floor with his cane as if trying to remember something, grimacing, noticing no one, keeping everybody in a state of expectancy, until, just before stalking out in his elegant way, he suddenly bowed a little to me or whoever happened to be at the counter.

II

One of our customers was a squat little Jew with a funny egg-shaped head, a gravely good-natured face, large soft eyes, an undulating paunch and large flat feet, which in walking he pitched out sidewise like an aged cow. His name was Mr. Blumberg. He owned a trunk and leather-goods business a few blocks away. Like so many Jews in all walks of life, he had a mind whose avidity for ideas was insatiable, and he came in every few days and bought books we recommended. Sometimes he stopped to talk with me or one of the clerks.

A month after the extraordinary stranger had first appeared, I noticed that Blumberg was dropping in every evening about eight-thirty. Posting himself in a corner where he could not be seen but was able to observe everyone who came in, he would wait until a quarter to nine, when the unique customer usually arrived. Soon his interest in the Enigma was greater than anyone's else.

One night he waited till we began to close up and asked me if I had had my dinner yet, and when I said no, invited me to come with him. "I want to talk with you about that fellow," he added in a whisper. The Enigma had been in, bought his books and left a few minutes before.

"He's my customer, too," began Blumberg, as we sat down in a nearby café. "He

came into my store for the first time about a month ago, bought a fine wardrobe trunk and, handing me his card—his name is Chauncey Gordon—told me to deliver it at his rooms in the Marco Polo, that swell new apartment-house on Wilshire they opened last year. Between his coming-in and going-out there elapsed three minutes at the most—the shortest time it ever took me to make a sale.

"The fellow struck me kind o'queer, but Los Angeles is full of funny people. Besides, when a party buys a fine big trunk, the chances are he's going to travel. So in a few days I stopped wondering about him.

"But one morning, about the same time as on the first occasion, he showed up again and said that the trunk he'd bought was just a little too small. Would I mind taking it back for, say, one-third of the retail price? His sudden reappearance and the wiggling of his left ear, which I just noticed, kind o' confused me and before I thought about it, I agreed to the proposition. He said he would be back tomorrow at quarter past ten and select a larger trunk.

"The trunk which my delivery-man fetched back was as good as new. I would've been willing to take it back practically at wholesale, and I started to deliberate with myself if I shouldn't offer him more than one-third, but at the end decided to let him have it his own way.

"Sharp at ten-fifteen the next morning he turned up again. In two minutes he picked out another trunk, paid the difference, gave me directions for delivery and left.

"I never had a customer like him before. My wife says there's something wrong with him, and I guess she's right. To make a long story short, so far he's exchanged the trunks six times. The one he's just bought is always either too small or too large, too wide or too narrow, or the locks aren't just right. I take it back for one-third and next day he buys a new one.

"Don't imagine, though, that he's displeased with my service; no, he's quite matter-of-fact about it, except sometimes he seems amused by his difficulties in finding a suitable trunk. Maybe you noticed that look in his eyes—queer-like, aglow with a twisted kind of humor.

"Lately, he and I have been getting acquainted. Somehow, he interests me more than anyone else. After the third exchange of trunks, I worked up enough nerve to start a conversation with him. We talked about trunks. He knows more about the business than I do. Then I induced him to come into my little den in back of the store, where I keep some books. When business is slow, I sit back there reading, sometimes talking with some friend or salesman if one happens to drop in.

"Anyway, I thought I'd interest Gordon in my books and maybe find out something about him and his ideas, but—no chance. Never looks at my books. And it's impossible to get him to discuss anything personal, or any abstract or general idea, or anything related to the future of society, or the great moral and economic problems. He's willing, in fact eager, to talk to me, but avoids everything that is, or may lead to, something that is intimate, intangible, mystical, unusual or controversial. He talks about solid things, indisputable facts.

"Yesterday I mentioned something I read about the social trends in Soviet Russia, and right away, in an off-hand way, he referred to the little model of an old sailing-ship on the top of my bookcase and then talked sailing-ships for three hours steady, while I let my wife wait on the customers in front.

"In the evening, I picked up in your shop a book on sailing-ships and saw that Gordon knew what he was talking about. He knows hulls and sails of boats dating back to the Phoenicians and uses the right seagoing terms for their various parts. He explained to me how climatic, commercial and other influences caused the Norse shipbuilders to build different ships than the Mediterranean shipbuilders. I guess he goes around picking up such knowledge, reading up on it in books that he buys from you.

"Or last week, when I also asked him something he didn't want to discuss, he suddenly noticed my chow-dog and started a two-hour lecture on dogs. He seems to know the peculiarities of every breed, and how to treat distemper or rid a hound of fleas, lice or ticks.

"The last few days I've been following him around whenever I managed to get away from business, spending a fortune for taxis, but can't find anything that would explain his queer actions. He has a whole string of other stores that he patronizes. There's a tailor-shop in West Seventh, a barber-shop in Hope, a haberdashery in Wilshire near where he lives, several automobile agencies in Figueroa, and others that he visits almost daily, just like your bookshop and my store. He goes from place to place all day long, spending money, killing time."

III

A few days later, Blumberg came into my shop all excited. "He's just returned trunk number seven!" he announced, "and he brought me an elaborate sketch of a wardrobe trunk that he wants me to have made for him to order. He's got down exact specifications for the minutest detail of construction, including the size of the rivets, the thickness of the asbestos lining, the locks and snaps, the clothes-hangers, the drawers—everything—and how much it must weigh when finished. The cost is no object. I sent the drawing to the factory in Seattle this morning. And then—then he asked me to lunch!"

Blumberg told me this last bit of news as if on hearing it my mouth ought to have popped open with surprise.

"He took me to Hubert's," he went on. "He ordered an outlandish concoction called mulligatawny, an East Indian curry soup, which neither the waiter nor the chef had ever heard of; but Gordon told them how to make it and where to get the stuff to do it with. Then we had a few ordinary dishes and finally—tea. It was raining outside and Gordon asked the manager to have some rain-water caught in a pan and then boil it for the tea. It seems that tea is best when made in rain-water.

"Throughout the meal he talked of food and cooking as practiced in various corners of the world, of everything from gumbo soup to rotten eggs, which are a Chinese delicacy. He must've travelled all over the world or else remembers every word he reads.

"After lunch, he had me walk around till my feet hurt me so I was ready to drop. And he talked and talked. Seeing the pigeons in Pershing Park, he got started on birds and discussed the intimate secrets of a dozen kinds of pigeons, gulls and terns, ducks and geese, owls and cuckoos for two hours, till my head reeled.

"Why should he drag me around like that? Maybe he enjoys the contrast in our appearances. He's tall, vigorous and fine-looking; I'm a knock-kneed, flat-footed, flabby little Yid with a big stomach. Everybody looked at us, which seemed to please Gordon very much. He talked loud enough to attract everybody's attention."

Thereafter Gordon and Blumberg lunched together once or twice a week, after which they usually walked around the rest of the afternoon or went to a movie. One day I came up behind them in the street and, watching them, felt sure that Blumberg's idea of Gordon's motive in dragging him about was correct. The contrast excelled Mutt and Jeff. Gordon stalked with great elegance, discussing, perhaps, the silk industry in Korea or the Chinese Wall, his voice vibrating for half a block, occasionally pausing in the middle of the sidewalk to emphasize a point, while his companion, in a shabby, shiny suit, waddled pathetically, self-consciously by his side, listening, perspiring, tossing out his big archless walkers like a long-suffering, patient mother of a herd of calves.

Then one day at lunch-time, about three months after Gordon had first become my customer, during which time we hadn't exchanged, perhaps, two remarks that did not pertain to his purchases, I happened to

run into him on a corner in downtown Los Angeles. He saw me first. I suppose he was just coming from his tailor's or his hatter's. I nodded or bowed to him in recognition, whereupon he hailed me with a cheery "How do you do?" as though he had known me all his life and had missed seeing me for a decade (although scarcely three hours before he had been in the shop, returning the books he had bought the previous night).

"Oh, will you have lunch with me?" he said.

He took me to a sea-food place and said we would have some trepang, which, he proceeded to explain, was a marvellous Chinese chowder if properly done. Some kind of sea cucumber, dried in the sun or smoked, was its basic ingredient. The dish was practically unknown outside of China, but Gordon had found a merchant in Chinatown who carried the cucumbers in stock, had bought some, and then persuaded the chef to prepare it according to the recipe that he gave him.

The trepang was excellent. Gordon told me all about it, and on exhausting this subject received an inspiration from a nearby table, where someone was smacking his lips over a chunk of Limburger, to talk about various cheeses—Neufchâtel, Schweitzer, Emmenthaler, Gjedser, Edam, Brie, and others: how, why and where they were made, and their peculiarities of smell and taste. Half the time I was unable to follow him, though no doubt his discourse was coherent and authentic from start to finish.

Walking around after lunch, he told me how a certain tribe of African Negroes disposed of their dead, why Iowa raised such fine corn and Idaho such wonderful potatoes, and how certain ants in the Philippine jungles often attacked human beings and animals and devoured them till there was nothing left of them but their skeletons.

I tried to make him tell me his ideas of Los Angeles, but then he reached into his pocket for a handful of junk—burned matches, bits of paper, peach stones, a pebble and the stub of a pencil—and, fishing out three diamonds as large as grapes, proceeded to discuss precious stones, pointing out the virtues and defects of those in his hand, and incidentally complaining how difficult it was to get really first-water diamonds.

Finally, he stepped into a tobacco store, ordered a box of Havanas, which he then proceeded to light one after the other, throwing them away on taking but one puff of each. Doing this, he smiled, the gleam in his eyes leaping crazily; and when, eventually, he came upon a cigar that he decided pleased him, he smoked it triumphantly, exultantly, congratulating himself on his exquisite fortune, insisting that it was sheer luck if he found one good cigar in a box.

IV

Following Gordon around, Blumberg approached several tradespeople whose stores the man patronized and who were also curious about him. In time, my bookshop became a sort of exchange of opinion about the Enigma; and, indeed, after we all got acquainted with one another, Blumberg called a meeting in his residence one Sunday afternoon, in an attempt to solve it. But the result was just the opposite: the more we learned of Gordon's eccentricities, the less probable appeared the eventual solution of the puzzle.

Twice a week Blumberg saw him enter the safe-deposit vault of a certain bank. He apparently had no account in the city and made all his purchases for cash, spending, we figured, at least ten thousand dollars a month.

The jeweler whom Gordon patronized said that he bought two or three watches every fortnight; now one for a dollar, then one that cost several hundred. He kept it a few days, showed it to Blumberg, me or one of his other acquaintances, so that he could start talking about watches; then decided, as likely as not, to have a new case put on it or another movement in the case,

after which he sold it to one of us or turned it in to the jeweler for one-third of what it had cost him originally. On two occasions he had the jeweler cable for watches to Switzerland.

In five months he bought, so far as Blumberg was able to discover, half-a-dozen cars, everything from a second-hand Ford to an Hispano-Suiza; kept each machine in a garage for a few weeks, paying rent, while he drove around in cabs, and finally sold it second-hand, usually for one-third. Needless to say, he was a veritable walking encyclopedia of automotive mechanics.

He ordered two suits of clothes a week. He had the tailor cabling for materials to England. He seemed to know every wool, worsted and tweed firm in America and abroad. Once, offering Blumberg one of his suits for one-third, he explained at length why he wished to get rid of it. He pointed out what he called a flaw in the weave, imperceptible to Blumberg, which he explained was due to the fact that the sheep had not been properly fed for two weeks before shearing and to one or two equally obscure reasons, which only one man in a million would be expected to know.

An employé of the Marco Polo apartments told us that on leasing his rooms Gordon had required the management to take out all the furnishings, including the chandeliers, hangings and pictures, and then bought a complete outfit of his own, which, of course, he exchanged time and again, keeping an interior decorator busy five to ten days every month. The same man confided to me personally that prior to moving in, Gordon, evidently a stranger in town, had interviewed the bootlegger who was supplying most of the occupants with liquor and had been recommended to him by the management, in order to convince himself of his honesty and reliability.

Unfortunately, Blumberg was unable to locate the bootlegger, but we learned that two cases of Bourbon were delivered to Gordon every Saturday.

As to his occasional female companions, Blumberg got in touch with only two of them, and the information that he obtained from them is merely suggestive of the method Gordon employed in getting next to them. One said he had picked her up in front of a movie house as they stood in line at the ticket-office. Standing behind her, he started to talk to her, bought her ticket and after the show took her with him in the cab. The other one he had met in a public dance-hall, where, as she half admitted, she had herself gone fishing for a companion.

Most interesting was the two women's description of Gordon's doings in the privacy of his rooms. In the intervals between love-making, he read books and magazines and drank great quantities of whiskey, which so far as either of them could see, affected him but little. One woman said that he turned the pages of his books so fast that she did not believe he actually read anything; the other, perhaps the more intelligent one, thought that he actually read every word. Both confessed to having been afraid of him, but on the whole had nothing to complain of. For their poor favors Gordon had rewarded them generously.

He took in two or three cheap movie and burlesque shows a week. The trashier the picture, the sooner he went to see it. On Sundays and holidays he never emerged from his rooms, but, judging by the empty bottles that the servants (furnished by the management of the apartments) had to take out the next morning, he kept himself at least gently pickled all day. Heavy drinking appeared to have no ill effect upon his health.

One day, taking Blumberg to lunch, Gordon suddenly hailed a taxi and they drove to a café near a movie theatre. Ordering the lunch, Gordon gave the waiter an advance tip of several dollars and implored him to make haste. They ate in a hurry, after which they hurried to the ticket-office across the street and, to Gordon's supreme satisfaction, got there at two minutes to one. The price of admission before one was twenty-two cents, after one, forty-four.

Of course, all who came in contact with him wondered who he was and what his game was. Was Chauncey Gordon his right name? Was he an American? Occasionally, he used terms and phrases we did not understand. (I learned later that they were New Zealand colloquialisms.) Where was he getting his money from? He appeared to be no mere nut. Some guessed wildly that he might be the king of an international dope-ring or booze-running outfit; and there were other equally absurd suppositions.

He puzzled us for five months and I suspected, in his way, enjoyed himself playing the Enigma. I believe he was aware of Blumberg's sleuthing.

Then, as suddenly as he had appeared, he vanished. The doorman at the Marco Polo saw him leave one morning with a bag; everything else—furniture, clothes, trunks—he left behind. No one in Los Angeles known to our group ever saw him again.

Discussions about him continued and within a few weeks we had him well on the way to becoming a legend. People who had never seen him refused to believe a word we told of his strange doings.

A month after he disappeared I received a card—

Greetings!

C. Gordon

—postmarked Miami, Fla. On the reverse side was the picture of a great apartment-house, whose name was printed beneath it. Calling on Blumberg, I found him all excited; he, too, had a card with the same message and the same picture. Within the next few days we learned that several other people in town had similar cards from Gordon.

I took a chance and sent him a note at the Miami apartment-house. Thanking him for the card, I added: "It was a pleasure to know you," or something to that effect. On the envelope I put my return address.

It never came back; nor did any of us receive another word from him.

V

Less than a month had passed when one day a messenger brought me a note on the stationery of a Los Angeles hotel—

> I have in my possession a letter you wrote to my friend, the late Mr. Chauncey Gordon, from which I gather that you knew him personally. I should like to see you in connection with him as soon as convenient. Purely a personal matter. If possible, please come to suite 714 this hotel, or give me word where I might see you.
>
> *Sincerely,*
> E. B. R——.

The writer, whom I met an hour later, was a nationally known physician and psychiatrist; a man in his prime, a pleasing personality. We spent an afternoon and evening talking. Dr. R—— showed me clippings of Miami papers reporting Gordon's death a little over a fortnight before; also several letters dated years previously in which Gordon addressed him "My dear Friend."

I saw no reason why I should not tell him all I knew about the man. Later the doctor, in his turn, gave me a number of glimpses into Gordon's early life, along with ideas of his own about his recent behavior, which I think partly explain the character that used to baffle us in Los Angeles.

"Chauncey Gordon and I," Dr. R—— was saying, "were born and raised in the same town, in the Blue Grass country of Kentucky. His people were fine men and women in the conventional Southern sense of the word, prominent in the political, religious and economic life of Kentucky and Tennessee and, to an extent, even in national politics; actually, however, in no way remarkable.

"Chauncey was a wild, fully-grown youth at sixteen. At twenty he was expelled from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Then his people sent him to Harvard, and two years later I followed him there to study medicine. I was four years his junior, but joined him in many escapades; however, because of his seniority and greater

vitality he was always the intenser participator. Reckless, unrestrained. Looking back, I still think that he was rather splendid in his breathless devotion to Bacchus. Wine, women and song! was no mere phrase with him. And nothing seemed to hurt him. He was a popular football star and at the same time showed unusual mental acumen. He was proud, somewhat of an exhibitionist, but seldom violated good taste.

"He had a tremendous appetite, eating like three men, drinking like Gargantua, and loving 'em all, white and black, as long as they were what he called real—had dash and some beauty. His avid mind literally inhaled philosophies and sciences, facts and notions from all sources, and, working them over, he often hit upon conclusions that were as startling—twenty-five years ago—as they were sound.

"Sometimes he appeared to belong to a different species than other men. Weariness, either mental or physical, he never experienced. Marvellous digestion. All his senses extremely acute. He hated sleep, feeling that it was wasting time that could be devoted to living. An hour's sleep after daybreak was frequently all he required.

"Once two professors discussed him. One said that he was a chaotic genius who some day might find himself and accomplish big things; the other, who I think knew him better, replied that, while he unquestionably was a superior individual, that very fact—his overgreat natural endowments—probably would prevent him from making anything big of himself. He was too masculine—violent, scoffing, arrogant. Too intense and impetuous. Life was concentrated in him in too strong a dose. . . .

"A few years after college, when he was about thirty, his people, eager to tie him down to something, used their influence in Washington to get him into the diplomatic service. He was sent to a secretarial position in London. Soon after that I went to Europe myself, to do postgraduate work. I spent a year in London and saw much of Chauncey.

"His duties at the Embassy were light; he had just come into a considerable legacy, and he was trying, with partial success, to gratify his various passions, urges, compulsions and appetites. He was interesting himself in all sorts of things. Though in general he disdained poetry, for a time he was doing research on Thomas Chatterton, whom he considered the most wonderful figure in literary history, his only fault having been that he had committed suicide at eighteen. Chauncey believed in life—intense, ecstatic, reckless, and as long-lasting as possible. He meant to write a book about Chatterton. We spent several days in Bristol, digging up material; but when he got to it, he wrote only a few chapters and laid it by.

"As I see him in retrospect, he had no special talent for any particular art or calling, but a genius, a wild gusto for life. He read a great deal, finishing one or two books a night. Just then Nietzsche was being discovered in England, and Gordon, impatient with the translators, learned German to read him in the original. He was a passionate Yea-sayer.

"After a while, however, he began having heavy moods and would brood about everything in general and his own place in life in particular. He complained to me that at the Embassy he was hardly more than a clerk. The Ambassador was an old fogy, and so on. An intense egotist, he was perpetually at variance with his superiors and could not keep his ideas to himself.

"But I think that the important factor in his unhappiness was physiological—sexual. He had a splendid body, but his face was unattractive. A woman once called it animalistic. When in a Dyonisian ecstasy, he looked weird, wildly sensual, his thick hair standing up, almost crackling with electricity, his eyes blazing with an elemental ardor, that was part and parcel of every cell in his body.

"This intensity of his frightened the more refined, perhaps I should say overcivilized, women when he got close to them and, of course, wanted to get still

closer immediately: with the result that he was almost shunned by them, and he had to seek his pleasures among the lower orders. This was unsatisfactory; he really was a superior male, a life-crazy sensualist, with definite mental, perhaps I should say, spiritual refinements of his own, and as such required the favors of exceptional women.

"He'd get very bitter at times and curse them all for the lot of half-women that he said they were. He was right about most of them; some of them, however, were real women, too; but, as I said, his intensity and strenuousness alarmed them.

"He raged against civilization—senilization he called it. 'Life here is only silly, tame pretending,' he burst out. 'These so-called civilized people are merely going through a lot of empty motions. Nothing vital! Their intellectuality is dry as dung that's lain on a dusty road for weeks. Bleached out, faded, flat! Afraid to live, afraid to die. They talk—words—words—verbal excrement of intellectual hypochondriacs. Pap! Emotionless, meaningless drawing-room excitements and enthusiasms! Eunuchs! Barren females! Prigs! Musty and unclean—their whole civilization is filthy because indirect and evasive.

" 'They can't laugh. Worry about what they should eat and shouldn't eat. If they get children, it's because they want heirs. Half of them haven't any. Caught in their biological insufficiencies. If they came anywhere near achieving a real exquisite moment, they'd pass out. Look at their faces—screwed up into something that's neither a smile nor a grimace. They wriggle in a maze of complexities and long for utopias. I'm sick of women who whine: "Oh, I wish I were a man!" It sounds like the noise that issues from worn-out gramophones. Sometimes I think I'm listening to the death-rattle of the white race.'

"It's hard to reproduce Gordon's violence of feeling," remarked Dr. R—— parenthetically. "He was at variance with most things. 'And back home,' he would say, 'things are no better. Our South, Kentucky included, is not a land of magnolias, fried chicken and honeysuckle. When I left it, gray snow lay on the ground. It's populated by pompous husks, half-living creatures, pore white trash, practicing false refinements, flirting with gossip, but impersonal and superficial in conversation and in relations that might be intimate, stirring and real. Inborn hospitality dictates that they be "nice" to everyone. But there are no special affinities between people. Practicing this sickening social graciousness has eaten into their mental and emotional processes and devitalized them. More senilization!'

"He thought of chucking up the post in the Embassy, but didn't know what he might do afterward. Besides, I think that he still had a little regard for the wishes of his people. Subsequently, after reading 'The Education of Henry Adams,' I often thought of Gordon and Adams together. Adams also served as a diplomatist in London; of course, my friend was intenser, utterly uninhibited, too vital for his own good, whereas Adams was in many respects a typical New England gentleman.

"Gordon thought of suicide. 'After all,' he said to me one day, 'Chatterton was wise in swallowing rat poison at eighteen.' But his love of life was too deep in him to follow any such example.

VI

"Then," Dr. R——continued, "at a house-party in London, he met a very unusual young woman. Her name was Shannon. She was one-fourth Maori, three-fourths white. Her grandfather had been the chief of a Maori tribe, which the English colonists, when they came to New Zealand, were unable to conquer, and so the Queen gave him a crown grant to his domain—a great piece of country on the North Island. The chief married a German woman and their eldest son, who fell heir to the grant, took unto himself an Irish wife, who became Shannon's mother. Shannon, an only child, now twenty-two, educated in Ger-

many and England, an orphan, was the present owner of the grant, with an income of several thousand pounds a month.

"But for the time being, Chauncey Gordon had no idea of her wealth; she kept him ignorant of it till after they were married. There was a crowd of men in London and another one in Auckland who were eager to marry her, but, being Maori, German and Irish, her ideas about Englishmen corresponded to Gordon's about Englishwomen.

"He came to tell me about her the next day. His entire personality blazed once more. 'She has a magnificent body,' he said. 'Her hair flames. It's the color of a certain dago wine I once drank. She wears it dressed on the back of her head in plaits and divided down the middle on her forehead, which is very smooth and white, with the shining hair coming down in wide curves on the sides—very beautiful and exciting. It's like finding a live coal in an ash-heap. . . . She looks completely white except for a suggestion of the Polynesian in her features, which makes her the more fascinating. She insists she's Maori, not white—proud of it. A nigger, mind you, and me—a son of Old Kentuck'—crazy about her! I looked up the Maoris in the encyclopedia this morning and found they were formerly a cannibalistic nation, which I think is great.

"'Her arms are long and firm,' he raved, 'smooth like marble. She wore a dark dress that clung to her figure. I think she wears such clothes to scandalize society. Tall, well-proportioned body and high breasts. A half-an-hour after we were introduced I said to her that I knew her legs were like her arms, I mean smooth and firm: and instead of being properly insulted, she laughed with delight. . . . Tonight we're going to the theatre.'

"They disappeared for a week or ten days. Nobody knew where they were. It was a minor scandal. When they turned up he handed in his resignation. Diplomacy could go hang!

"I met Shannon. There was no doubt that she was his woman. We had a long talk. Chauncey's whole being was keyed up to a tension I never saw in a man before or since. When I accused him of being in love, he objected to the phrase. He was *not* in love. The very sound of the word gave him a distinct pain in an unmentionable part of his anatomy because of the perverse, silly, romantic meanings, or lack of them, to which poets and neurotics had degraded it. Shannon and he talked things over. Neither of them believed in poetic nonsense, but they were strong for what they chose to call coöperation between the sexes.

"After the simple, matter-of-form ceremony, in which I acted as Gordon's best man, they sailed for New Zealand. The whole affair was characteristic of him, and I think of her. It happened one, two, three! And while it lasted, it unquestionably was the finest match that ever came to my notice.

"It lasted ten years, during which time Gordon and I exchanged letters at intervals of about six months. He broke with his family in Kentucky. He had married a nigger—worse, a cannibal! But that bothered him not at all. He was leading a great life on that Maori grant. They were leasing part of it and using about fifty square miles as grazing ground for several tens of thousands of sheep of their own. Also, they raised prize cattle and other animals. He sent me pictures of his bulls and champion milch cows. They led a free outdoor life. He wrote me of long tours he made into his sheep country every few months, and what a fine people the Maoris were. Having grown bitter about American and European senilization, he naturally fell in love with the great open spaces of New Zealand and the primitive natives.

"As a male, he had nothing to complain of. Once he wrote me (I wish I hadn't lost the letter) that at last he was getting the full value of sexual experience, of which he spoke as a matter of passion rhythmically adjusted between man and woman and flavored with Rabelaisian humor. Shan-

non evidently agreed with him. They had three children. 'And Shannon says,' he wrote me, 'that she doesn't care if she gets ten more. We have plenty for a thousand and she's sorry she can't bear a whole nation of Gordons.' He would not let her have more than one every three years. Chauncey, I said to myself, had at last found his place in life; after all, he was a typical Kentuckian in that he could be happy only as a family man, true to one woman.

"He declined to volunteer for service during the War. He and Shannon had little use for the English senilization, and she, besides, had an active admiration for the Germans (having lived and studied in Munich) and the Irish. Soon after the British executed Sir Roger Casement, Chauncey told me in a letter that Shannon had subscribed a huge sum of money for the Irish Republican cause.

"He never wrote me without mentioning Shannon and the children, of whom he was very fond. They must have been a great family. From his letters I gathered, among other things, that Shannon was a veritable speed-maniac, full of hell, always doing something, even while carrying a child. They owned a number of powerful cars, which they drove themselves, and two or three motor-boats. Once he enclosed a snapshot of Shannon and two children—they had only two then—in a speed-boat in Waitemata harbor.

VII

"A year or so after the Armistice," Dr. R—— continued, "it suddenly occurred to me one day that I hadn't heard from Gordon for I didn't know how long. I wrote him, but in a couple of months the letter came back. I wondered what could be the matter. I wrote again; the same result.

"After a while I decided to write to the American consul-general in New Zealand and in two months I learned from him that a terrible thing had happened. The consul enclosed a clipping. It seems that one day about a year before, while Chauncey was attending to the sheep business in another corner of their domain, the irrepressible Shannon, spending the season in the villa near Auckland, gathered up her entire brood, drove to the harbor, and there went speed-boating. A month before she had won a race with the same boat.

"But several miles off-shore something happened, and Shannon and the three children—nine, six and three years of age—were drowned. No details are known. No one saw it happen. The theory is that there was an explosion—that the gasoline splashed over them and that, blazing, they jumped in the water. The bodies, when recovered, showed signs of having been burned.

"The consul further informed me that after the tragedy Chauncey Gordon disappeared.

"Not a word from him for four years. I thought he had gone off somewhere and finished himself.

"Then, suddenly, this card from Miami—

> Greetings!
> Die at the right time!

(which I think is a quotation from Nietzsche)—signed, C. Gordon. There was no address, except the picture of the apartment-house on the other side. I wired the chief of police in Miami. But before the answer came I took a train to Florida; if he hadn't killed himself yet, I wanted to see him anyway.

"When I got there, he had been dead four days. Poison, *à la* Chatterton.

"There was your note, unopened. On an impulse, I opened it. I guess I was so anxious to know all there was to know. I put it in my pocket, intending to get in touch with you.

"I wired his brother in Kentucky; he came and took care of the rest. Chauncey hadn't sent them any cards. They hadn't even known of the tragedy in Auckland."

Dr. R—— and I discussed further some of Gordon's eccentricities.

"His behavior in Los Angeles," Dr. R—— was thinking aloud, "perhaps was typical of his existence since the tragedy.

As a Kentuckian and family man, I know that the loss of his family at one ghastly swoop was a terrible blow to him. He was a Kentuckian.

"Having known him so well in his youth and young manhood, I think I can imagine —imperfectly, of course—how and what he must have thought, say, the first few days or weeks after the occurrence while alone in the big villa near Auckland, of which he had written me so enthusiastically three or four years before. He thought of suicide, I'm sure. But then his old love—life—kept him from it.

"What could he do now? He was only forty-two, still a young man, all his powers at their height. Even dead, five years later, he looked magnificent.

"He decided to go on living for a while; but to do that, he realized, lest he go crazy, he must stop thinking about everything that had happened. So he left New Zealand; and I suppose that ever since he'd been going over the globe, avoiding the places where he had lived before, staying a few months here, a few there, spending his money, letting time pass.

"To keep from thinking, he had to keep busy his powerful, active brain; and so, avoiding all intellectual books and contacts, he read volumes about calico and ancient dentistry and all the other impossible subjects you mentioned, and he drank and lectured to you and your Mr. Blumberg, and did all those other seemingly crazy stunts that you described—which were but parts of the system for his madness. You see: paradoxically, to keep from going insane inwardly, he had to act crazy outwardly. A strange case.

"The New Zealand property he left just as it was on the day his family drowned. I don't know who is the present owner of the grant; I think Shannon had some relatives.

"Chauncey had a fortune of his own in bonds and cash; and I suppose that, unable to overcome his love of life, he decided to live till he had squandered it. Perhaps his crazy buying of things and then selling them for one-third or less was an outward manifestation of the struggle that went on inside of him between the will-to-live and the will-to-die. With the dwindling of his funds, the latter was winning steadily and perhaps he made up his mind to die when the last cent was gone.

"Or one might say that all that you observed him do in Los Angeles was an incident in the great sardonic gesture that took him four years to execute.

"When he was found dead in Miami, there was not a cent of cash among his belongings, which were few; nor any record of a bank account anywhere. Those whom I asked told me that during the six weeks that he lived there he had behaved normally; no one saw anything unusual about him except that, unquestionably, he looked a man of consequence and appeared extremely withdrawn. He walked along the shore a great deal.

"I believe that in Los Angeles he spent all the money he had left after his four years' travelling over the world, except what he needed to get to Florida and live there for a month and a half. Unwilling to finish himself in Los Angeles, where so many of you knew him, he went to Miami to die."

POESY IN THE JUNGLES

BY GEORGE MILBURN

TRAMPS and hoboes are the last of the ballad makers. Not in the Tennessee hills, or among the Sea Island Negroes, or in any other such arrested community is there a more vigorous balladry than that which has been flourishing for the past fifty years in America's peripatetic underworld.

A number of sociologists and anthropologists have made extended studies of homeless men as social phenomena, and some attention has been given incidentally to their songs, but not many investigators in the field have attained to enough familiarity with the road to differentiate between genuine hobo ballads and the pseudo-ballads offered by co-ed ukulele virtuosi and catarrhal phonograph yodelers.

Here the term hobo is used to define the songs and poems originated by American vagrants and current among them. To be strictly accurate, a distinction should be drawn between tramp and hobo ballads. Hoboes are migratory workers, while tramps have sources of livelihood other than toil. The tramp ballad is seldom familiar to any but initiates. Except for his preshun, or apprentice, whom he trains, the tramp does not seek society or put out any information about himself. For this reason his songs seldom pass into general circulation. The hobo song, on the contrary, is often composed in the hope that it will have wide dissemination, especially when it is designed as a protest against the existing social order.

Denied the usual diversions of the modern world, both tramps and hoboes have turned to devices that flourished centuries ago. To relieve the tedium of dreary waits in jungle camps and long spells of incarceration in country jails, they have revived games that once flourished around the wassail bowl. Perhaps the most popular of these, distinctly medieval in character, is the kangaroo court. Before this mock tribunal one unfortunate after another is brought and baited. For some such trivial offence as an indiscreet smile or wise crack the culprit may be beaten into insensibility. Ballad singing and recitation constitute a more humane but quite as archaic a hobo amusement. A gallon of white mule can turn a jungle camp into a very convivial assembly, and, on occasion, many extemporaneous epics, as well as the hobo classics, are sung or recited.

Extemporaneous rhyming, as everyone knows, was a favorite form of parlor entertainment in Georgian England. Theodore Hook and his coevals achieved fame as experts who could make rhymes as well as puns on any proper name. Nowadays such doings may seem tame to the home-guards, but in the jungles an aptitude for impromptu jingles makes up for many deficiencies. The lowest greasetail, if he has dithyrambic talents, may count on an enthusiastic welcome at the mulligan pot. This extempore composition is not the difficult business it may appear at first blush. The lamentable paucity of rhymes in English is circumvented by the large fund of monikas, or nicknames, from which the singer may select. When he needs a rhyme he only has to work one of these into his song. He tries to mention at least, if not to celebrate, the monikas of all those present. If he fails, the slighted members of his audience are likely to take offence

and the entertainment may end in a battle royal.

As aids to the landloping Homer there are several skeleton ballads that come handy. On such a framework he ingeniously arranges the monikas of all the tramps he has ever known or heard about. An old favorite for this purpose is a song entitled "Monikas Seen on the Water Tank":

Oh, we left the Coast a month ago,
Eastbound for Chicago,
The head shack[1] ditched us in a burg
The other side of Fargo.
Says he, "And if you are a tramp,
And not a bum or chronika,
Mooch on down to the water tank
And there chalk up your monika."

I went down to the water tank.
It was all marked up with chalk.
There was stiffs from every State
From 'Frisco to New Yawk.
Your attention for a while
One and all I'll thank
And I'll mention some monikas
Seen on that water tank.

Here the troubador begins his recital of names. The song may run to any number of stanzas. The following is representative:

There was Hypo Gann and Lefty Moran,
Cincy Dutch and Old Pa Crutch,
Little Punk Klein and Pat O'Ryan
And a kid called Looieville Hutch.
There was K. C. Jack and Mobile Mac,
Spokane Slim and Biff 'n' Bim,
Wingey Ed and young Chi Red,
And also Porkey Tim.

Such an enumeration will keep an audience of tramps interested for hours at a stretch. The lines that finish the ballad are:

And I guess there are a few
That flopped down
This little old town
While waiting to chu-chu.

A similar ballad has a hobo convention theme. This allows for the unreeling of many monikas, and the entertainer who wishes to dish out plenty of that age-old pap to vanity, personal mention, finds it easily adaptable. One epic tells of the 'boes who attended a mighty conclave in Montreal:

If you'll give me your attention,
Some facts to you I'll mention
About the bums' convention
That they had at Montreal.

Oh, each gunsel got directions
To go yell a swag of sections
For the jockers in convention
In the hall at Montreal.

They were hikin' through the tunnels,
Holding on to funnels,
Riding on the gunnels,
On the way to Montreal.

At this point the hobo bard begins introducing the various monikas. Hobo conventions have been held, not only in every large American city, but at every mainline crossroads as well. One song describes the gargantuan bibbing of an assembly at Green Castle, Iowa. This was in the old days, and the song says:

There was some 'boes I never seen
They come from far and near;
On that day they tanked up seventeen
Big wagonloads of beer.

Here is part of another ballad that has gained currency in the jungles within the last few years:

At Portland, Oregon, last year
They came from near and far,
On top and blind where cinders whined
And clinging to the draw-bar.

At this point the roster of delegates starts. The following are specimen lines:

St. Looie Jim and Pittsburg Paul
Fixed up a jungle stew,
While Slip'ry Slim and Boocoo Tim
Croaked gumps for our menu.

After innumerable stanzas given over to monikas, the narrative is taken up once more:

We gathered round the jungle fire
The night was passing fast;
We'd all done time for every crime,
And talk was of the past.

All night we flopped around the fire
Until the morning sun,
Then from the town the bulls came down
We beat it on the run.

[1] Brakeman.

We scattered to the railroad yards
And left the bulls behind,
Some glommed freights for other States
And many rode the blind.

Well, here I am in Denver,
A hungry, tired-out bo;
The flier's due, when she pulls through
I'll grab her and I'll blow.

That's her—she's whistling for the block—
I'll take her on the fly;
It's Number Nine, Santa Fé line,
I'm off again—Goodbye!

The tramp mode of ballad presentation differs somewhat from that of the hobo. At the tramp gathering the entertaining is often left to the preshuns or apprentice tramps. The jocker trains a young boy in the arts and sciences of trampdom, and in payment for his tuition the kid must serve as bread-winner (by thieving and begging), and aide-de-camp. Singing and reciting are extra accomplishments. Every well-trained road kid has a wide repertory of ballads.

The jocker disciplines his apprentice by putting the bug on him, which, in the lingo, means blistering him with cantharides or burning him with acid. These burns are utilized in begging. The relationship between the jocker and his kid is not dissimilar to that which once existed between the knight and his squire. In return for the guaranteed protection of the older and stronger, the novice gives absolute fealty. In the jungle camp he is not permitted to speak until spoken to, but when the jocker signs him to do so, he begins his song. A typical road kid's song starts:

Oh, when I was a little boy
I started for the West—
I hadn't got no farther than Cheyenne
When I met a husky burly
Taking of his rest,
And he flagged me with a big lump and a can.

When I saw that can of coffee,
How it made me think of home!
"Won't you let me have some,"
Said I, "Good Mr. Bum?
Remember you was once a kid yourself."

He asked me how old I was,
I told him just fourteen,
That Muncie was where I come from.
In his eyes appeared a stare,
"I think you I will snare,
For you ought to have the makings of a bum."

He asked me could I steal,
And when I told him no
I could see that it was doozy by his looks,
He said the kids he had before
Were all in stir for thinking they were hooks.

The tramp song that makes the closest approach to epic proportions is one that the jocker sings to justify himself before his fellows and the other tramp kids for his exploitation of his own preshun. The song sometimes tells of the hardships the jocker has to undergo in protecting and training his kid. At other times a mythical jocker, whose kid has been taken from him by the dicks, is the hero of the song. It tells of the Odyssean exploits of the jocker in following the detectives back across the continent and his ultimate reunion with his faithful kid.

II

Hobo poesy is never concerned with love, and the sentimental tramp ballad, known to the barroom and the vaudeville stage, is not heard in the jungles.

The songs, for the most part, narrate the feats and adventures common to the vagrant life. Hoboes do not have much truck with beauty, but in spite of that sad fact there are occasional fine strains of imagery running through their songs. The loveliness is all the more poignant for its crude setting. For example, in such a piece as "The Gila Monster Route," a recitation frequently heard in the jungles, there are two or three lines, appearing unexpectedly as they do among the doggerel, that always strike me as having a strange beauty.

There is not much to the story of "The Gila Monster Route." It relates an incident in the life of a dingbat—in the tramp world, the lowest of the low:

The lingering sunset across the plain
Kissed the rear-end of an east-bound train,

And shone on a passing track close by
Where a dingbat sat on a rotten tie.

He was ditched by the shack and cruel fate.
The con-highballed, and the manifest freight
Pulled out on the stem behind the mail,
And she hit the ball on a sanded rail.

As she pulled away in the fading light
He could see the gleam of her red tail-light
The moon come up and the stars come out—
He was ditched on the Gila Monster Route.

Nothing in sight but sand and space;
No chance for a bo to feed his face;
Not even a private[2] to beg a lump,
Or a hen-house there to frisk for a gump.

The poem cuts back to tell about the bum and his sidepen throwing their feet in a burg on the Nickle Plate. They speared four-bits with which they bought dago red. They tanked up and got run in. The bum had a bindle, or blanket roll, with which he convinced the judge that he was a migratory worker, but his partner was held on a vagrancy charge. Night finds him hundreds of miles away:

. . . he was in the ditch
With two switch lamps and a rusty switch,
A poor old, seedy, half-starved bo
On a horstile pike without a show.

Presently,

Off in the west through the moonlit night
He saw the gleam of a big head-light—
An east-bound stock run hummed the rail;
It was due at the switch to clear the mail.

As she pulled up close, the head-end shack
Threw the switch to the passenger track.
The stock rolled in and off the main,
The line was clear for the west-bound train.

As she hove in sight far up the track
She was workin' steam with her brake shoes
slack . . .

I have heard hobo elocutionists recite "The Gila Monster Route" dozens of times, but iteration has not spoiled the following lines. They still appeal to me as beautiful:

She hollered once at the whistle post,
Then she flittered by like a frightened ghost.

With splendid terseness the poem concludes:

He could hear the roar of the big six-wheel
As the drivers pounded on polished steel,
And the screech of the flanges on the rail
As she beat it west o'er the desert trail.

The john got busy and took the risk,
He climbed aboard and began to frisk.
He reached up high and began to feel
For an end-door pin—then he cracked the
seal.

'Twas a double-deck stock car loaded with
sheep.
Old John crawled in and went to sleep.
The con-highballed and she whistled out—
They were off, down the Gila Monster Route.

"The Big Rock Candy Mountains," a tramp song, provides some excellent samples of tramp fantasy. In many small cities and villages the children of poor whites use the railroad yards as their playgrounds. From these urchins the jockers sometimes recruit their preshuns, and to entice them they tell them roseate tales of tramp life. These fabrications are known as ghost stories. To the homeguards, "The Big Rock Candy Mountains" may appear a nonsense song, but to all pied pipers in on the know it is an amusing exaggeration of the ghost stories used in recruiting kids. The following is a common version:

One sunny day in the month of May,
A jocker he come hiking;
He come to a tree, and "Ah!" says he,
"This is just to my liking."
In the very same month on the very same day
A hoosier's son came hiking;
Said the bum to the son, "Oh, will you come
To the Big Rock Candy Mountains?"

Chorus: I'll show you the bees
And the cigarette trees,
And the soda-water fountains;
And the lemonade springs
Where the bluebird sings
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains.

So they started away on that very same day,
The bum and the kid together,
To romp and to rove in the cigarette grove
In the land of sunny weather.
They dreamed and hiked for many days,
The mile posts they were countin',
But they never arrived at the lemonade tide
And the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

The punk rolled up his big blue eyes,
And he said to the jocker, "Sandy,

[2] A dwelling-house.

I've hiked and hiked and counted ties,
But I ain't seen no candy.
I've hiked and hiked till my feet 're sore.
I'll be God-damned if I hike any more
To be a homeguard with a lemonade card
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains."

The Wabash Cannonball is for the hobo what the spectral Flying Dutchman is for the sailor. It is a mythical train that runs everywhere and in the ballad about it there are scores of stanzas enumerating its stops. The song has a haunting melody, and the beauty of this transforms the endless repetition of its theme:

From the rock-bound Atlantic
To the wild Pacific shore;
From the coast of Maryland
To ice-bound Labrador
There's a train of doozy layout
That's well-known to all—
It's the modern accommodation
Called the Wabash Cannonball.

This train she runs to Quincy,
Chicago and Mexico.
She runs to Kansas City
And she's never running slow;
She runs right into Denver
And she makes an awful squall;
They all know by that whistle
It's the Wabash Cannonball.

There are other cities, pardner,
That you can go to see;
St. Paul and Minneapolis,
Rock Island, Kankakee;
The lakes of Minnehaha,
Where the laughing waters fall,
We reach them by no other
But the Wabash Cannonball.

Now listen to her rumble,
Now listen to her roar,
As she whistles down the valley
And tears along the shore.
Now hear the engine's whistle
And old John Hobo's call
As he rides the rods and brakebeams
On the Wabash Cannonball.

Now here's to Long Slim Perkins,
May his name forever stand;
He'll be honored and respected
By the 'boes throughout the land.
And when his days are over
And the curtains round him fall
We'll ship him off to Hell and gone
On the Wabash Cannonball.

Who Long Slim Perkins was I have no way of knowing, but it may be that he was the 'bo who composed the original song. A ballad sometimes carries the name of its author in its final stanza, as in "Jesse James":

. . . This song was made
By Billy Gashade
As soon as the news did arrive.
He said there was no man
With the law in his hand
Who could take Jesse James alive.

Hobo songs are not lacking in humor. The difficulty is that the humorous songs, more than any others, are likely to pass over into popular circulation and become perverted. Many so-called bum songs, written for phonograph recording and the vaudeville stage, have precisely the same relation to hobo balladry that "Ole Man River" has to genuine Negro folk songs.

"The Dying Hobo" is an example of a ballad that has been transformed for popular purposes. This parody is of indubitable hobo origin, but it has been memorized by high-school boys so long, and it has been set to such a catchy collegiate tune, that its flavor has been impaired. It is impossible to say where the original version leaves off and the spurious cleverness sets in.

Beside a Western watertank, one cold December day,
Inside an empty boxcar, a dying hobo lay.
His pardner stood beside him with low and droopy head,
Listening to the last words the dying hobo said. . . .

The bum's last words take up seven stanzas, but they describe only a two-line joke writer's conception of the hobo Heaven. The ironical turn at the end seems authentic:

"Hark! I hear her whistle! I must catch her on the fly!
"Goodbye, old pal," he murmured, "I'm not afraid to die."
His head fell back, his eyes grew dim; he had sung his last refrain.
His pardner swiped his coat and sox and glommed an eastbound train.

"Down in the Lehigh Valley," a pornographic parody on a sentimental tramp song of the same title, is a bum classic. It contains, among other things, one of the most precious triple rhymes in all English versification and liberal appropriations from "Our Lil," one of Eugene Field's several contributions to America's hip-pocket literature. An old tramp tells the story. He begins with

> Don't move over, stranger——

and, having insinuated himself into favor, continues,

> Down in the Lehigh Valley,
> Me and my pal Bill
> Was pimping for a call-house
> And the work was all up-hill. . . .

As in the lachrymose recitation that it takes off, a city slicker appears to spoil a particularly happy arrangement, and the man-hunt is on.

> Now, God be with you, stranger,
> And I'll be on my way;
> I'll hunt the runt that stole my girl
> If it takes till Judgment Day.

Just as Robert Burns, untrained in verse forms, modelled his poems on Scotch folk ballads, so the hobo song writers have set their lyrics to well-known airs. Many of these songs have been written by Wobblies to "fan the flames of discontent" and a familiar tune serves the dual purpose of providing a form for the untrained writer and making the song easily sung.

The most ingenious of these hobo parodists was an I.W.W. named Hillstrom. He signed himself Joe Hill. He was a Swedish immigrant who had learned English as a sailor. Like John Masefield, he polished spittoons in a New York saloon for a while. He bummed his way westward, worked in a Chicago machine shop, made the wheat harvest, and ended up on the Pacific Coast. There, as a Wobbly agitator, he began to write songs. In 1915, while he was organizing for the I.W.W., he was arrested in Salt Lake City on what the Wobs say was a trumped-up murder charge. He was executed by a firing squad in the Utah State Penitentiary.

There is something ironic in the fact that the best of Hill's parodies have become so widely popular that their original incendiary purpose has been forgotten. Today the chorus of "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" (after the Salvation Army hymn "Hallelujah, Thine the Glory"):

> Hallelujah, I'm a bum,
> Hallelujah, bum again,
> Hallelujah, give us a handout,
> Revive us again.

and of "Pie in the Sky" (after "In the Sweet Bye-and-Bye"):

> The Starvation Army they play,
> And they sing and they clap and pray,
> Till they get all your coin on the drum
> Then they'll tell you that you're on the bum:
>
> You will eat bye and bye,
> In that glorious land above the sky
> Work and pray—live on hay,
> You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

are heard at high-school "hobo-day" masquerades and the luncheon club of Mr. Babbitt quite as often as they are at Wob meetings.

A number of hobo songs, including all of Joe Hill's parodies, are printed annually in the I.W.W. pocket-size song book, now in its twenty-fourth edition. All Wob poesy, of course, is distilled for revolutionary purposes. Unfortunately, few of Hill's successors have his saving sense of satire. For this reason, many of the selections printed in the song book seem unfortunate. Quite apart from a large number of them being the worst doggerel imaginable, it is inconceivable that any group of hoboes could be induced to sing them. There are several prominent exceptions, however. T-Bone Slim, the Wobbly columnist who is credited with having coined the term *brisbanality*, is well represented, and there are songs set to such honorable hobo tunes as "The Wabash Cannonball" and "Portland County Jail," that take on a reflected worth.

Meanwhile, the folk-lorists, busied with

the mountaineers, Negroes, and cowboys, have made but scant attempt to catch and embalm specimens of the American vagrant's balladry. No investigator to date has succeeded in corralling any appreciable number of hobo songs for his collection. Dr. Louise Pound, of the University of Nebraska, took no notice of them in her pioneering study of American balladry, and John A. Lomax found only one. Carl Sandburg's "American Songbag," perhaps the most comprehensive collection of American folk songs yet published, includes a slim section of four. Nels Anderson, who made a sociological investigation of the hobo, points out the importance of tramp songs, and devotes a chapter of his book to some of the less obscure ones. The ballads used in the present article come from oral sources. They were acquired from hoboes around Chicago's Washington (Bughouse) Square, from the New Orleans beach, and during a year spent bumming in the Middle West.

III

Several things contribute to the elusiveness of hobo ballads. For one, the impromptu nature of many of them does not allow for any permanent versions. The songs are as variable as the audiences that hear them. A second discouraging feature is that a complete ballad is seldom in the memory of one man. It is necessary to follow long trails before fragments can be pieced together. Singers who have wide repertories of barrel-house recitations and bull-pen ballads have also, at times, an amazing lack of recollection. Dictation does not move them in the way that entertaining does, and away from the jungle fire their versions are likely to be confused and incomplete. Again, in any published version, there must always remain wide gaps. A large number of the songs are so gloriously skatological that they defy reduction to type.

Some amanuensis is needed with sufficient patience and vigor to worry out and bring together this unprinted store of balladry for a definitive collection. It must be done before many years pass, because both tramps and hoboes are anachronisms bound for extinction. It does not take a particularly astute observer to see the imminent doom of the hoboes, the migratory workers. A presage of it is found in the Middle Western wheat harvest, for years the Summer stomping ground of hobo hordes. As the harvest has become more mechanized the employment of hoboes has decreased, and for two years now, like the buffalo herds before them, the hoboes have failed to come through.

At the same time automobiles have made it possible for any college sophomore to bum the breadth of the continent. No especial determination or fortitude is required to qualify as a tramp nowadays, and presently the tramping fraternity, with all its lore, must break up before the influx of gay cats who have neither any respect for trampdom's traditions nor any desire to make tramping a life-time vocation.

The surest evidence of this decay lies in the fact that few tramps make any distinction between the rods and the gunnels anymore. The gunnels are the heavy iron truss rods that run lengthwise beneath a freight or passenger car, and, on freights, are comparatively easy to ride. The rods, or, more correctly, *the* rod, is found only on four-wheel passenger trucks, and riding it is an achievement denied all but those who have thoroughly mastered tramping. Between the cross-section and the axle of the oblong four-wheel truck is a slender rod, little more than a yard long, parallel to the partition and the axle. On this the tramp once fitted the groove of his "ticket," a board as broad as a man's hand and six inches long. Crowded in this small space on the forward truck (on the rear truck he must "punch the wind") the passenger stiff rode, a feat requiring skill and courage. Few tramps nowadays know how to locate the rods, much less dare ride them.

BANK DAY

BY CHESTER T. CROWELL

On the morning of November 6, 1929, I read the following headline on page 24 of the New York *Herald-Tribune:* "Jersey Children Have $3,000,000 Thrift Deposits." My heart should have expanded with pride, if it had been the sort of heart that is in tune with this interesting age, for I am now well on the way toward being an old resident of New Jersey, having made my home in Pompton Lakes for six years. Moreover, a reasonable proportion of that three million belonged to me, for it had been deposited in the local school bank to the credit of my five children. But knowing how it got there, I failed to experience the orthodox thrill.

Tuesday is bank day in our local school and every pupil is expected to bring a coin for deposit with his teacher. The size of the coin makes little difference, but great stress is laid upon keeping each class record perfect. Perfect means that every child has made a deposit every Tuesday. If anyone fails he is pointedly made to understand that he has injured his entire class, and not only his class, but also the whole school. There is, it appears, an alluring hope at the beginning of each school year that nine months of this perfection may bring the town fame: somebody's annual report on the noble experiment will mention the name of the place whose public schools accomplished the inspiring achievement. New Jersey, I am told, now leads all of the other States in school banking, and the manner of the telling quite clearly indicates that every other State is writhing in envy.

As a matter of fact, we Jerseyites have gone so far beyond the other States in thus teaching thrift to our children that we are now contemplating still loftier achievements. At the last annual convention of the New Jersey Congress of Parents and Teachers, the chairman of the organization's thrift committee, a worthy matron of Westfield, urged that the youthful investors should also be guided as to the *spending* of their money! "Too frequently," she said (as quoted in the aforementioned *Herald-Tribune*), "the saving of money is made paramount to all other matters involved in financial education. Some of the time should be devoted to educating the child to a proper and balanced way of spending." To all of which I say: Amen! Provided, of course, that we can find anyone who knows what a proper and balanced way of spending is. I have met school-teachers who needed such a course, and also State superintendents of public instruction, economists, bankers, Governors and other learned and eminent gentry. Considering that the total amount held by the pupils of the entire State is only $3,000,000, it may be difficult to carry out this part of the programme; still the idea is excellent, and in the absence of other experts of known genius I nominate for the position the Great Jehovah.

But we have not yet undertaken that part of the programme. Thus far we are still concerned with deposits. I remember when this great work was inaugurated, some four or five years ago. It caused quite a stir in our household. About five or six minutes before school time each Tuesday morning one of the children would suddenly shout "Bank day!" in a tone that implied "Oh, my God!" Immediately

afterward I would hear, upstairs in my bedroom, what a poet once referred to as the patter of little feet. (But he was mistaken on that point: Mrs. Crowell and I refer to such occasions as a stampede by the thundering herd.) Purses and vest pockets would be hunted down and rifled, and if their contents failed to meet the demand the maid would be held up. Often it was necessary for one member of the family to do a Paul Revere to the drug-store with a dollar bill and then hasten on to school and distribute the change to his panting brothers and sisters who waited in the doorway, caught between the Scylla of tardiness and the Charybdis of a mortal sin against the school banking record.

I regarded all this as silly but not serious and dismissed it from my mind until one day I listened to the complaint of a woman neighbor whose little boy had been stood in the corner for failing to bring his bank money. She told me that she had no money that day, not even a penny, and that her son was too proud to make public acknowledgment of this fact. He had therefore pleaded guilty, eager to take the blame upon his own shoulders and save the family pride. But the teacher had been obsessed with the great importance of the class record and, anxious to save it, had sent him home to get a coin. Naturally, financial conditions had not changed there in half an hour, so he had to return and again take the blame on himself. That was just a little too much, so the teacher stood him in the corner. She felt that she had gone as far as she could with this youngster; it was bad enough for him to have forgotten bank day in the first place but to fail her even after she allowed him to return home placed him beyond mercy. He took his medicine, but the class record, even so, was ruined.

Still later I was informed by another resentful mother that her little boy had been sent home for money on a day when the sidewalks were covered with a glass-like sheet of ice. He hadn't forgotten bank day, either, but there was so little money in the house that after conference with his mother he had decided to bear his penalties rather than strip his home. Having been sent back, however, he could think of nothing more to do, and so carried off one of the family's tiny store of small coins.

Still later I heard of another youngster caught in the same situation who, when he was sent home, didn't go there, but trudged on to a place where he could get work for the day. He fared no better than the other victim, for we have compulsory education in New Jersey, and truant officers. Beyond question he was guilty of truancy, so he took his medicine, glad to do so in order to be able to keep his mouth shut about the sad state of the family finances.

II

Time after time events of this sort came to my attention. I didn't want to hear about them. I wasn't investigating the school. My relations with everyone connected with it were most cordial. My children were doing well there and were fond of their teachers. But finally it occurred to me that, since the pupils who were kept in after school or stood in corners or publicly lectured for failing to bring money for the bank didn't state their real excuses, I might perform a useful service by imparting my information, and I did so. The response was one of the most interesting I have ever encountered. The school authorities seemed to be amazed and baffled. They couldn't understand my point of view at all: and they still don't. They told me of children whose Winter clothing was purchased with the coins deposited in the school bank and of other families that used the money for Christmas funds. They told me of the excellent record in banking that was the pride of our borough and of the State's equally proud record.

I admitted all that but came back to my original point: that every possible advantage of the system would still remain if banking were optional instead of compulsory. I tried to explain that it was out-

rageously unjust to punish a child, no matter how mildly, for any remissness beyond his control. And I also explained that the children, out of a most commendable pride, would never inform the teachers when the failure actually was beyond their control. In short, I argued that banking had no proper place in the public schools if it were made a device for whooping up "school spirit" and school pride. I maintained that it ought to be absolutely optional, and preferably even casual.

These were quite friendly discussions and the school authorities tried honestly to understand what I was talking about, but it was all quite foreign to their customary way of thinking. Most of these people, I found, were and are just about old enough to have been permanently impressed by certain activities and points of view current during the War to End War. The idea that the individual has any inalienable rights is not part of their thinking. They can see no reason why a child shouldn't rise in the classroom and say that there was no money in the house on Tuesday morning, or not enough to spare a coin for banking. The idea of privacy seems to be strange to them. A new conception of compulsion comes into their minds, for even after all the facts were stated they did not see that the situation involved it.

It all reminded me of a painful personal experience back in 1918, when, filled with patriotism, I induced hundreds of persons to invest every cent they could spare in thrift stamps. I assured them that if they should need the money they could turn in the stamps at any postoffice. That was the government's promise. Later some of these people complained to me that when they went to the postoffice to cash in their thrift stamps or part of them, because of dire need to pay unforeseen bills, the postmaster required them to make statements in writing of their reasons for doing so.

I couldn't believe them. I had thought the government's promise would be sacred. So I went to the postoffice and offered some of my stamps and promptly found myself confronting the same demand. I refused to make a statement and reminded the clerk in charge of the government's pledged word. Finally, my stamps were cashed, but the whole affair was reported to my employers, obviously in the expectation that I would be discharged as a dangerous character. Still later the Secret Service investigated me. And those people were absolutely sincere. They failed to see that their course was quite likely to check the sale of thrift stamps. They were out to Do Good—with a teeth-gritting determination that made it impossible for them to remember the rights of others.

When I saw that something of the same state of mind overshadowed the proponents of school banking I ordered the children not to go to so much trouble to get coins every Tuesday morning, but just casually and politely to report that they were not going to bank that day if it happened not to be convenient. I wanted to break down the compulsion, and to stiffen the morale of the many others who seemed to be under the impression that a failure to bank had something more than a shadowy relation to crime. But the experiment did not work. The teachers either sent my youngsters home for money or deposited their own money to their credit.

This device of depositing money out of their own purses without having been requested to do so presented a new form of forced loan. What could the children do but repay such loans? There seemed to be no escape, but still the school authorities insisted that there was no compulsion. I judge, in all honesty, and with no ill-will, that they must define compulsion as nothing short of tearing off an ear or boiling in oil. They were not even annoyed by my protests, but tolerantly and good-naturedly took it for granted that I just didn't understand. Several of the teachers informed me that each banking day cost them individually from five to twenty-five cents in loans that were never repaid. Here again, it appeared, we were seeing things

from totally different angles. That they should be taxed in this manner seemed to me outrageous, yet they offered the testimony about their losses as an argument for a better spirit and performance on my part. We couldn't come within miles of an understanding. In view of the fact that the competition between various schools in the same district for the highest mark in banking is so keen that banners are awarded and scores announced amid cheers and groans, I put forth the idea that for a teacher to deposit her money to the credit of the children in her class room really was cheating, but that idea didn't register either. I have found no one who agrees with me.

One day my youngest, Cathleen, actually did forget to take a coin for banking day and when she came home for lunch reported, quite casually, that she would be kept in after school as a punishment. She was not in the least resentful. It was part of the system and that was that. I wrote a note to her teacher stating in no uncertain terms that Cathleen was not to be kept in and demanding a show-down. It was my firm determination, if I could not get it, to go after her, and precipitate it. We could then take the matter before the school board and, if necessary, before the courts. But again the good-natured blindness to such issues that is now characteristic, I think, of our whole citizenship, foiled me. Miss Cathleen was dismissed on time—but all the other children in her class who had failed to bring coins for banking that day were kept in.

Now, what can you do in such a situation? Certainly I would not be within my legal rights if I waded in to rescue other people's children. There was nothing I could do. So nothing is what I did.

Such obstinate persistence, and such loyalty on the part of the school authorities to this nuisance of enforced banking may reasonably raise a question as to whether there is any profit in it for the teachers. I hasten to say that there is none; only a fearfully burdensome mass of bookkeeping. Even the local banks which hold these tiny deposits suffer a loss by carrying them because the bookkeeping costs far outweigh the profit. The only cash return goes to the organization which sells the plan and supplies the little bank-books for the children. That organization collects a percentage of the deposits from the banks holding them. The local banks pay this percentage and take a loss on their deposits because they are persuaded that the system is good advertising and excellent propaganda for savings accounts. But even the bankers are sold primarily on the point that they are performing a public service. They, too, are out to Do Good. They are Teaching Thrift.

On that point I have been much amused by the reactions of the children. Ours receive weekly allowances, but they do not think it would be fair to deposit part of that money. As they see it, the school banking system levies a tax, which is part of the cost of their education and therefore properly chargeable to *paterfamilias*. Their own money is for their own use. Some time ago I remarked to Cathleen that she had thirty dollars in the bank. She thought I was joking. Money, to her, is something in hand; if not in hand, it doesn't count. And that is typical of the results of this great educational effort.

III

I don't know why the evils and oppressions of school banking should have impressed more parents last October than during any other month, but such seems to have been the case: at any rate, I heard complaints with increasing frequency. Finally, I wrote a letter to the *Bulletin*, one of our local weekly newspapers, characterizing the whole scheme as a burdensome, unprofitable nuisance that had taught only one important lesson with regard to thrift: namely, that you can't teach anyone thrift with money that he doesn't earn. I called upon such parents as might agree with me that school banking

should be abolished to write me letters so that I could place them along with my own protest before the School Board.

Immediately letters began to come in, but nearly all of them were signed A Mother or A Friend. They were written on plain sheets of paper and the envelopes disclosed nothing as to name or address. For each letter I received at least ten telephone calls and these were even more anonymous than the letters. The voices were tense, muffled, frightened. To hear them you would have thought that we were plotting against the government. "God bless you," they said, as though parting with a martyr overdue at Calvary. It was the most amazing experience I have ever had in my life. I am inclined to think that if I had asked those people to accompany me to the next meeting of the School Board they would have fainted from sheer terror. I have no idea what they feared, nor, as I suspect, have they. I hesitate to express an opinion as to the meaning of the phenomenon. Can it be that we have drifted so far from the spirit of the Founding Fathers that there is neither courage nor hope left in us? How can one avoid the thought when those whose function it is to teach the children about our government do not know what compulsion means? Children are molded by what we do far more than by what we say.

Among the letters I received was one from the supervising principal of the school, Mr. C. E. A. Walton, in which he said: "I personally regret that you should have thought there was no way by which your children could be excused from banking. A note to the principal stating you do not want them to bank is all that should have been necessary. If the children do bank, then they should bank every week, just as many of us have to meet our building and loan dues every month."

This was an astounding development, for now I learned for the first time that there was a way out of the banking scheme. I had been protesting against it both by word and deed for several years, even to the extent of actually damaging that precious 100% record, yet I was not informed that the children could be excused until I went into the public print with a protest under double-column thirty-six point headlines. I appealed to Mr. Walton to have this saving fact proclaimed to all of the children in school assembly. The suggestion has not been acted upon.

But there is another statement in his letter which I found equally interesting: "If children do bank, then they should bank every week." But what if they can't? Nothing on that subject. The whole point of my argument is that Johnny and Mary shouldn't be stood in the corner because papa is out of work. They are accountable for their lessons, but surely, if papa will not supply the funds for banking, papa and not the children should be spoken to. So the question of compulsion, which is the only vitally important issue involved, was not touched.

When finally I did go before the School Board, bringing my letters and making my statement, Mr. Walton astounded me still more by replying that there was not and never had been any compulsion; that children had not been stood in the corner nor kept in after school; that their names have not been written on the blackboard; and that the principal of a school does not go into a class room and say, "Two children in this room did not bank today. Who are they?" He also said that in the course of several years he has been in numerous school rooms on banking day and that he has never seen any of the acts of compulsion which I reported. He agreed with me that no such acts should be tolerated. I have the testimony of about twenty children, including my own, that these forms of compulsion have been practised in Pompton Lakes and I gave numerous names of witnesses.

I also offered to the Board letters from numerous other towns in New Jersey all reporting precisely the same forms of compulsion. The School Board informed me that they were not interested in letters

from other cities. My thought was that they were pertinent to the issue because all of the testimony was in agreement. Even the letters from distant States reported these same forms of compulsion. I cannot believe that a large group of people residing in many different towns and cities could suddenly hatch the same lies all within forty-eight hours and without even knowing of one another's existence.

Incidentally, the Board voted to retain school banking. In my address I asked them, first, to abolish school banking; and second, if they decided not to abolish it to pass a resolution prohibiting compulsion and also defining it. We were all in agreement that the acts of which I complained would constitute compulsion. This latter suggestion was not voted upon.

IV

Much to my embarrassment, the little debate that I had been carrying on politely and locally attracted the attention of the New York newspapers and the national press services, with the result that my statements to the local press were soon appearing all over the country. Again I was deluged with letters from sympathetic parents, and again I noted, this time with increased astonishment, that the writers signed themselves A Mother, A Friend, etc. Among the scores of newspapers that published the United Press story of my protest was the Paterson, N. J., *Call*, and the enterprising city editor of that palladium forthwith interviewed the Paterson school officials about school banking as practised there. The *Call's* headline satisfactorily summarized what they said: "School Thrift Here Voluntary." And yet, as I read that headline, I had before me letters from Paterson saying quite the opposite!

Here are a few lines from one letter typical of the whole budget: "I think it is a shame. I have a little boy nine years old going to school and today was banking day and I haven't always got the money to give, and that little boy came home sick noon time from the scolding the teacher had given him because he had no banking money. I have two other children going to the same school and the smallest one will almost beg so as not to get punished. I think if they would give the children the learning instead of . . . ," etc. So compulsion in Paterson doesn't mean making a little boy sick by scolding him! Banking there is voluntary!

But the choicest example is furnished by a recent occurrence in our local school. The subject of compulsion having just been discussed rather vigorously, word was passed around to the teachers that they should be careful not to use it in making the regular annual Thanksgiving collection for a neighboring hospital. I don't know why that collection should be asked of the school children, but it is, and for quite a number of years has been, so the sanction of custom prevails. Also the usual striving for a perfect record prevailed. To the chagrin of one of the teachers five members of her class came empty-handed. This after eloquent exhortation! And having just been warned against compulsion she was helpless. So, carefully avoiding any act that in her opinion could subject her to the slightest criticism, she pilloried on the blackboard, for the scornful consideration of the whole school, the names of the five miscreants who had wrecked the class record. That, in her opinion, could not by logic, sophistry nor magic be construed as using strong-arm methods. I presented this information to the School Board and asked if they would like to have the names of the five children in question. No answer.

In the face of such facts I am forced to the conclusion that when public school officials declare they do not use compulsion they must mean that the victims show no lacerations, bruises, burns, or evidences of mayhem.

Terrific pressure is constantly exerted upon them to undertake and discharge the most amazing good works, only remotely

related to education. For example, Miss Cathleen comes home from school carrying a little card on which her mother is expected to write a report stating that she has been fed a hot cereal for breakfast. And just to keep the record straight her mother is also required to state the name of that cereal. I have heard dietitians discuss the feeding of the young and I gathered from their remarks that there is a great deal more to it than just a hot cereal for breakfast. Why, I wondered, do they center upon this one item, to the woeful neglect of so many other phases of the science?

While wondering I picked up the card and examined it to see what else might be mentioned. At the top I found a delightful and appetite-provoking picture, in full colors, of a dish of cereal. Nor was I left in doubt as to what cereal that beautifully tinted art work represented. It was Cream of Wheat. Now, I may be utterly wrong, and cynical, but from that moment I ceased to wonder about the heavy emphasis on just one item of the child's diet. I reached the conclusion that someone had harnessed up the public school system to help him sell breakfast food. But I was sure, of course, that the fundamental purpose was Service. These people are out to Do Good. I don't know what would happen to Cathleen if she reported "No cereal." I haven't tried to find out. Mrs. Crowell wrote on the card the names of all the other patent breakfast foods we could think of. At least we can do that and stay out of the hoosegow.

I can't help wondering where all this tom-foolery will finally lead the public schools. Beyond doubt they are rapidly becoming a sort of adjunct to the police department, and in their loftier, academic services a delousing plant for the offspring of immigrants. Undertaking so many extra services that are impossible without the invasion of privacy and the violation of the once inalienable rights of the individual, they assume the rôle of tyrant rather than servant. The very best they can attempt is a benevolent but irrational tyranny.

Let me cite an amusing example. We number among our friends in Ridgewood, N. J., a woman who is interested in art and frequently visits the Metropolitan Museum to study. One day she took her little boy with her, and the next day wrote a note to his teacher telling her what she had done and that that was why the boy had been absent. Back came a note saying: "All right this time. Don't let it happen again." So you see, the teachers don't wish to be tyrannical.

That note was really quite tolerant and generous, from the writer's point of view. She could have taken more spirited action. There is a compulsory school attendance law and she is partly accountable for its enforcement. Moreover, there are a lot of foreigners in New Jersey who have to be told what's what. Suppose they got out of hand? Isn't the public school charged with responsibility for making Americans of them? And how can you do it without using—well, vigor? People have got to be *handled!* Make something of them! Teach 'em to brush their teeth and eat cereals and put money in the bank! Don't leave 'em forever in the sorry state where you find 'em; either putting up with or actually cheering a guy like Mussolini. You've got to whip them into shape for citizenship in a free country. That's the job.

FRANK LESLIE

BY FULTON OURSLER

Frank Leslie was the grandfather of all the sensational picture newspapers of today. Before the Civil War, his once famous *Weekly* printed drawings showing the spots where the bodies of the murdered had been found. In the current and luscious phrase, he was tabloid-minded.

I speak of the original Frank Leslie; there were three who took the name, although none of them was so baptized.

When the first began to draw sketches for a London magazine, he invented the alias to spare the feelings of an outraged family of glove manufacturers who regarded all art as immoral and all artists as felons. A quarter of a century later, his eldest son started a rival sheet, edited by "Frank Leslie, Jr.," although the young man had been piously and definitely christened Henry. The third and final Frank Leslie was a pretty and voluptuous creature of many amours who, according to her detractors, began life without any honest name at all, and who died, full of years, riches and strange notions, as the Baroness de Bazus.

The first Frank Leslie was an energetic little man, singularly innocent of glitter. His real name was Henry Carter. For years his people had prospered in the production of gloves, bricks and artificial manures. The Carters were impeccable citizens of Ipswich, England, where Henry was born in 1821, a few months before the death of Napoleon.

Early in his boyhood, Frank was lamed on the school playground and during convalescence he discovered that he liked to draw. He told his father that he wanted to become an artist. The old gentleman delivered to his invalid an oration on the ways and habits of artists, and what an impure, unchaste, godless lot they were. With vivid details, he warned his heir from any such lustful and wanton career. But Frank was fascinated.

Secretly, the glove-maker's son began to study in a Sixteenth Century Tudor mansion in the local Christchurch Park, where there were art and technical classes and a gallery. Wood-engraving particularly attracted him; it was to lead him to a fortune and remain the passion of his life. Before he was seventeen, he was adroit in the use of the graver and the other tools of this curious and delicate craft.

Of course, the elder Carter eventually learned of his son's secret study. No good could come of it, he was certain. In the family history there were dark chapters of insane virgin aunts and lunatic uncles; he decided that his boy needed a firm, strong hand. So father and son travelled seventy miles to London, where young Henry Carter was installed as a clerk in a wholesale house, and commanded by his father to learn the dry goods business.

Like a docile son, Frank promised, but he was soon bored and fell again into furtive rebellion. As one who practises a hidden vice, he drew pen and ink sketches of London life, and engraved them on wood. One day, he left a package of samples on the desk of the editor of the *Illustrated London News*. Soon afterward, he went to work in the engraving room of the *News*, he and his father quarreled and parted, and Henry Carter was metamorphosed into Frank Leslie.

Filled with romantic ambitions, Frank felt that he had forever cast sordid business from his shoulders. But he was still the son of the Ipswich Carters, a frugal and prosperous folk. Within a few years, he was chief of the *News'* engraving department but privately discontented. Only in his wife did he confide; to the mouse-like Sarah Ann, a middle-class London girl. Gazing upon their three sons, Henry, Alfred and Scipio, he declared that his family would soon need more money than "an artistic career could provide."

"In America there are very few wood-engravers," he expounded to Sarah Ann. "Money is plentiful there. With capital, I could start my own illustrated weekly newspaper in the United States."

But after he emigrated, the best Frank could do for several years was to engrave sketches for *Gleason's Pictorial*, published in Boston. Sarah Ann continued to save and Frank to dream until finally he met his good genie in the magniloquent presence of Phineas T. Barnum.

II

What really happened between Frank Leslie and the old circus man is conjectural. It seems likely that Leslie's enthusiasm induced Barnum to return to the publishing business, in which his fingers had already been scorched. Many years before, Barnum had issued a newspaper, the *Herald of Freedom*, in Danbury, Conn., and had been sued for libel, fined for lampooning a Yankee butcher, and finally jailed for accusing a church-member of "taking usury of an orphan boy." All this had failed to quench the old charlatan's thirst for printer's ink. He entered into a partnership with Moses Y. Beach, a New York editor; each invested twenty thousand dollars and Frank Leslie was employed as chief engraver.

On January 1, 1853, appeared the first copy of the *Illustrated News*. Just what followed is veiled in perhaps merciful mystery. There is a tale, however, that halfway through the first year of the paper, Barnum had a confidential chat with Leslie. What did the engraver think of the prospects? Frank shook his head glumly. Things were none too promising. Mr. Barnum's finances were already a fanciful jumble of debts and obligations, and gossips say that for the savings of Frank and Sarah Ann, the showman parted with his half-share in the *News*.

Actually, with the second number, the circulation had reached seventy thousand, and when, at the end of the year, the paper was sold to and merged with *Gleason's Pictorial* the price paid fully covered the original investment.

Thus the little wood-engraver from Ipswich found himself with half the purchase money in his bank-account and felt ready at last to go into the publishing business independently.

Within a year, he was issuing two papers in New York City. One, which he described as "the most useful ladies' magazine ever published," was *Frank Leslie's Gazette of Fashion*. It was crammed with wood-cuts of "clothes for the promenade, clothes for the opera, girl's dresses and boy's dresses." Among its leading articles were "Marriage in High Life" and "Cleanliness of the Teeth." Its companion was *Frank Leslie's New York Journal of Love, Romances, General Literature and Art*, full of stories of genteel passion and dealing with everything from the Versailles fountains to wild-hog hunts in Texas.

"Good old Sarah Ann," as Frank called her, and their three boys were working in the shop—a combination of publishing business and general engraving plant—at 12 and 14 Spruce street. Sarah Ann watched out for the little economies; every penny was still being saved, for Frank was preparing to launch a picture newspaper to which his fashion- and story-books had been only polite preludes.

The idea of an illustrated weekly newspaper was by no means new in America, but no one had ever before published a journal such as *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, the first number of which ap-

peared on December 15, 1855. It was impetuous, sensational and full of violence. In it were wood-cuts of brawls and crimes, train collisions, mine disasters, burning steamers and gory battles. If a man bit a dog, Frank would be sure to have a picture of it in his paper.

The first issue was filled with excitement. Dominating several pages were large engravings of episodes from the arctic expedition of Dr. Elisha K. Kane. From a sketch made on the scene—and richly elaborated in Frank's art department—there appeared a thrilling illustration of the explorer and his officers abandoning the *Advance*—an early form of what the New York *Evening Graphic* now calls a composograph. On another page was a realistic drawing of a courtroom, with prisoner and counsel, prosecutor, jury and judge, and the morbid crowd of spectators at the trial of Louis Baker for the atrocious murder of William Poole. Beside it an indignant editorial denounced false sympathy in murder trials.

Frank had tried to make every inch of his paper bright with interest. In his book-review column he accused Mr. Longfellow of bare-faced plagiarism in turning the Finnish epic, "Kalewala," into an unimportant piece called "Hiawatha." There was a melodramatic account of the mysterious séances conducted by one Professor Hare, a spirit medium. In that first issue were also a Washington letter (a Representative Hoover, of New York, was angling to be Speaker of the House); news dispatches from all over the world; sporting gossip; chess problems; reviews of the shows, with an engraving of the principal scene from a new play; a complaint corner, in which the traffic jams and torn-up streets of Manhattan were criticized, and a music column in which it was noted that this man Wagner did not improve upon acquaintance. During the Overture to "Tannhäuser," just played for a second time in New York, the audience had listened with impatience and some persons had walked out; the new paper reproved such rudeness as unpardonable in civilized America, no matter how great the provocation.

In making his bow, Frank was determined to give his customers their money's worth, so he added a supplement, "The History of the War in the Crimea," with a map of the field of operations and eight pages of battle reports and sketches.

Forty thousand copies were sold of the first number. The public liked the paper, and week after week Frank did his best to keep up the exciting keynote he had sounded at the start. Much in those early issues seems curiously like the present. One article maintained that Prohibition was only a sorry jest, and told how enforcement officers had been burned in effigy by the free-hearted sons of Maine. Another lamented that the New York public would not support grand opera; a third cried out that the farce of neutrality in Nicaragua must be ended. The subscribers read that the Police Department of New York must be turned inside out because the city was a prey to highly organized and desperate criminals. There were pictures of strong men with dumb-bells and "art pictures" on such a subject as "The Saviour and the Adulteress—Go and Sin No More." The advertisers were telling the disadvantages of bad breath and offering scented remedies; they were eager to improve the complexions of the subscribers and polish up their English.

As the paper succeeded, Frank's appetite for news pictures grew and in obtaining his sketches he displayed much ingenuity and a shrewd gift for organization. From all over the world he collected his material until the files and folios of his office were bursting with sketches of persons, places and things that might some day become important in the news. As quickly as possible, he accumulated a great store of views of cities, portraits of government officers and literary and musical celebrities; he purchased miscellaneous drawings by the thousands.

In New York he employed what he

called his flying corps of illustrators. When no great news was abroad, these men roamed the city streets, sketching familiar scenes. But as soon as a good story broke, Frank, playing the city editor, dispatched his men by train, ship, coach or horseback to the scene of excitement. This home staff he supplemented with correspondents all over the United States; he made an especial appeal to enlisted men in the Army and Navy. He paid them for rushing to him rough sketches of fires, executions, or what they had, their sketches then being elaborated and finished in the office.

III

This capacity for news organization came to a popular climax in the heavy-weight championship fight between John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy and Tommy Sayers, the English favorite. Well in advance, the publisher planned a great coup. The fight was held in Farnborough, England, where the two mighty brutes fought for two hours with bare fists. Frank engaged a special train to rush his reporters, wood-engravers and illustrators—Thomas Nast among them—from the ringside to the docks, where the steamer was held for four hours, Frank paying the overtime.

On shipboard, the illustrators completed their drawings and the engravers adopted a new plan, which he had originated, for speedily making large wood-cuts. This was to cut a picture into small square sections, so that many engravers could work simultaneously, each on his own segment of the whole. By dividing a drawing thus into ten squares, he could have an engraving finished in one-tenth of the usual time. Simple and obvious as this sounds now, in those days it was revolutionary. When the ship docked in New York, carriages were waiting, the reporters' copy was rushed to the composing room, along with the wood-cuts, and in less than twenty-four hours, the *Illustrated Weekly Newspaper* was on the streets, selling by the hundreds of thousands.

By establishing a friendly contact with Ephraim G. Squiers, the American Minister-at-large in Central America, Frank was able to print realistic and exciting pictures and narratives of the strife in that disturbed strip of country, with vivid drawings of the Battle of Rivas and the Massacre of Panama. He took sides boldly with the filibusterer William Walker and make him a wood-cut hero. In this experience, he had his first taste of war correspondence: it was to serve him in golden stead during the Civil War.

Gradually, as his circulation increased, he toned down the paper; his journalism became more disciplined and restrained. Travellers' tales, wonders of science, and charming sketches of American cities took the place of brawls and murders. Thus the circulation in Baltimore was improved by pictures of the Battle Monument and the Gilmore House; in New Hampshire, by heroic snow-plough scenes. Views of churches and their pastors, with detailed historical accounts, became a feature.

But Frank expressed some unpopular ideas with vigorous courage. He defended vaccination at a time when it was in bitter disrepute, and he ran in the face of sentimental and conventional opinion when the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco startled the country with its executions. He argued that "lynch law is the pioneer of good order, of civil and judicial authority." In the strike of the skirt-weavers, he sided with the workers, who were tired of fourteen hours a day and six dollars a week. Again, in the teeth of a hysterical revival in the Manhattan churches, he had the audacity to point out that crime had never been greater in the city than during the uproar. Perhaps these were not his, but the notions of his editors; nevertheless, he permitted them to be published. And when the bankrupt Barnum was in disrepute, Frank Leslie anticipated the verdict of posterity, by writing in an editorial: "Yes—he has cheated the public. But how has he cheated them? By seeking to amuse. . . ."

Within a short time, he strengthened his editorial forces by engaging Park Benjamin to be his chief editor, and bringing on W. S. A. Fuller, from the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, as an associate. The *Weekly* now became a "popular family companion," and among its new contributors appeared Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, and Richard Henry Stoddard.

But this placid, well-bred tone was not long undisturbed. Frank was suddenly on fire with the crusader's zeal; he entered into the most aggressive reform fight of his career in attacking "the swill-milk trade of New York and Brooklyn." He had discovered thousands of diseased cows in the city, kept in dark stalls, fed with refuse and milked for the citizenry and their babies. Wood-cuts of the most hideous and sickening character appeared week after week; the climax came in an immense drawing in which Frank, for the first time, was depicted to his public—note-book in hand, he stood, his black beard bristling and aggressive, his black, broad-brimmed Quartier Latin hat on the back of his head, his spectacles glistening. Surrounding him were city officials in top hats, officially horrified by the conditions he had exposed.

Mayor Tiemann coöperated; the swill milkmen were arrested, while a rehearsed chorus shouted "Hurrah for Frank Leslie!" and laws were introduced "to end forever such abuses." Many editors since then have praised Frank by imitating him; only a short while ago, Victor Watson paraded a tubercular cow on a truck through the streets of Baltimore in order to gain circulation for Mr. Hearst's *American*.

Then came Frank's golden opportunity—the Civil War. His *Weekly* and its great rival *Harper's* made of war correspondence a new and thrilling game. With his firm belief in news pictures, he dispatched artists and correspondents to all the Union armies. Twelve of them were unceasingly at work in the field. Rough sketches of battles in actual progress were hurried to New York, amplified, quickly engraved by the sectional process, and rushed to the streets, where the public bought them eagerly. The files of *Leslie's* present a magnificent pictorial history of the Rebellion. It may be biased, hysterical and over-drawn, but it is full of interest and often of high value.

Now Frank was truly prosperous. He employed several hundred persons in a brick-front plant in Pearl street, from which he issued no less than twelve illustrated publications. As yet success had not changed him. He was in his prime, a dynamo of ambitious energy. He was strong and muscular; an abstemious and hard-working little man, bespectacled and brisk.

He found a curious relaxation in his art department. There he gloried in associating with men who he felt must lead wicked and joyous lives. He encouraged them to tell him ribald yarns; he chided them with an admiring and miscreant smile for living as revellers, adventurers and rogues, attributing libidinous and devilish habits to under-paid family men, pursued by gas-bills and afflicted with infants.

Frank's favorite was Sam McKeever, who was both editor and critic. Frank found the spice of his life in the frivolities of Sam McKeever. Bold ladies of Sam's affections sometimes haunted the art room, and often drove him away in their carriages for prolonged absences.

Frank always forgave Sam. With a lenient smile, he would say: "It is only Sam's artistic temperament—and what use would Sam be to my publications without his artistic temperament?"

Secretly, although everybody knew about it, he and Sam were up to a deviltry all their own. They published a magazine without the respectable Leslie imprint—the *Day's Doings* it was called—a combination of gossip and humor, not intended to be "a bit out-of-the-way," as Frank expressed it, and yet with just a tinge of naughtiness. One day Frank stalked into McKeever's office, brandishing an advance copy of the *Day's Doings*.

"Now, Sam!" expostulated the publisher, pointing dramatically to a woodcut of a shapely leg, exposed well above the knee, "this is going too far. I want to lay it down as a rule in this office—never go above the garter under any circumstances."

Sam solemnly promised. The following week he printed another feminine leg, bared, far, far up the enticing thigh. Near the waist was drawn the promised, frontier garter.

IV

Perhaps Frank forgave because he was nearing the one bravura passage of his own unglittering career. He had suddenly fallen head over heels in love and he showed it. Amid the badinage in the art department he was heard to say that, he, too, had a Bohemian nature. There was a new zest in his friendly raillery with his men; a new jocosity to his wink; now he was truly a gallant fellow, full of worldly and good-natured mirth.

The way of this new fancy was simple enough. Frank had invited to his editorial staff the same Ephraim G. Squiers who had served him as correspondent in Central America. Squiers was an interesting man—a writer on archeology, an authority on Incan antiquities, and recently president of a railroad. In his checkered past, he had made many mistakes, but now he committed the supreme folly of introducing Leslie to his wife—a lovely red-haired lady of pliant grace, loquacious but charming.

A few months later Sam McKeever spoke a word of warning.

"Keep clear of Miriam Squiers, boss," said Sam. "She is full of hell and hot water."

"What is the matter with Mrs. Squiers?" returned Frank, with warning dignity.

Not intimidated, Sam repeated some of the scurrilous stories told of Mrs. Squiers. It was said that she was the daughter of an octoroon slave; she had already been twice a wife and something more beside. Her name had first been Miriam Follin, and she had been indiscreet with a frantic young clerk in a Maiden Lane jewelry shop. His name was Peacock. Without warning, Miriam suddenly had Peacock arrested at sundown when he could not get bail and forced him to marry her on threat of instant incarceration. This marriage was indignantly annulled by the New York courts a few months afterward.

"But that is not the worst of it," continued Sam McKeever. "Her brother eloped with Lola Montez, and then jumped to his death in the harbor of San Francisco. Lola and this same Miriam then became partners—stage sisters dancing together, but they couldn't get along. Miriam left the stage and became the friend of a Congressman from Tennessee. He gave her a house in Seventh street—and then she married Mr. Squiers. Be sensible, boss!"

"Ah!" ejaculated Frank with deep understanding. "But you see, Sam, she must have been born with an artistic temperament."

Within another month, a great change had come over Frank. He began to confide how miserable had been his life all these years with Sarah Ann. To the astonishment of his intimates, he spoke of her as a vixenish old woman who had hectored and badgered him; a beldam and a hag.

"She has made my life one un-shirted hell," he told his companions.

Soon Frank and Sarah Ann quarrelled. He left and went to board with the Squiers family. Mrs. Squiers was given a position as editor of Frank's *Ladies' Magazine* and began to wear diamonds.

Indeed this flame-haired Miriam seemed to practice magical arts upon Frank Leslie. The publisher showed strange juvenescent tendencies. He began to attire himself in the popinjay raiment of the boulevards; he walked with a new and imposing strut, he trimmed his beard, mustaches and thick hair in a new fashion.

"They tell me," he said to Sam McKeever, "that I bear a strong physical resemblance to Napoleon the Third."

Frank bought a brougham and hired a

coachman, and he and Miriam drove to the office together about ten-thirty every morning. Mr. Squiers arrived much earlier. Let it be said for Miriam that she was an efficient editor. Her education was sound and she had a native journalistic cunning. During office hours she dressed severely, and the only boudoiresque touches to her office—which directly adjoined Frank's—were drapes at the windows and flowers on the desk. She was that creature, no longer rare among Americans, an *intrigante* with a love for hard work.

"You know," Frank would remark with a serious air, "Miriam is descended from Huguenot *émigrés* and by rights she is entitled to be called the Baroness de Bazus; the title has been in her family since the Twelfth Century."

He was a man enthralled. Of course, the entire office and a large part of New York was laughing and scandalized. The publisher and his lady editor were the subjects, indeed, of incessant gossip, and it reached its height in 1867, when they made a strange journey to Europe.

The party on this illicit pilgrimage consisted of three—Frank and Mr. and Mrs. Squiers. No sooner were they safely at sea than Frank began to treat the Incan authority like a lackey. The only protection Squiers had from this humiliating tyranny was to keep out of the sight of his wife and his employer. This he did throughout the voyage, while Frank and Miriam paraded the decks, and the lady editor taught the publisher to sing canzonets and madrigals.

All this was but a mild prelude to an hilarious episode in Liverpool. In that city they were entertained by Frank's sister, a God-fearing and reproachful woman by the name of Mrs. Mary A. Jubbers. Her testimony, taken under oath in the will fight years afterward, was full of juice and succulence. She watched Frank and Miriam with an acuminate eye. She swore that Mr. Squiers was treated as "a servile courier" performing menial errands, and that when her brother and Mrs. Squiers walked together, the husband was ordered to go a full block before them, while the behavior of Frank and Miriam she described as that of the newly-married.

Finally, Squiers protested. On the next day, he was seized by the police and cast into prison.

"The charge?" he gasped.

"You are an absconding debtor from America," they told him.

Squiers wrote letters to Frank, to Miriam, to the American consul, to the London *Times*—but no bail was forthcoming. In jail he remained for seventeen days, while Frank and Miriam toured England. But to show his kindly regret for the situation, Frank sent a rasher of fine sausages to the prisoner every day.

Then came an imperial summons from Paris. Squiers was promptly bailed, the charge against him mysteriously dismissed, and the three Americans hastened to the Exposition, where Frank was given a gold medal.

On their return to the United States, Frank made a settlement on good old Sarah Ann, who was lost in bewilderment at the swift success of the female demon who had bespelled her husband. After the two divorces, there was a fashionable wedding in St. Thomas' Church, and from that moment forward Frank became only an acquiescent shadow of the second Mrs. Leslie.

V

She transformed him into a gentleman of leisure. Bride and groom moved into a house in Fifth avenue formerly occupied by the notorious Tweed. Mrs. Leslie founded what she called her *salon* and Frank said he liked to think of his drawing-room as an athenæum. In the same month she became the patroness of Joaquin Miller and the hostess of Jack Harkaway. Frank's old energy was now turned into a busy round of social activities; he was a galliard, memorizing bon mots in advance of parties and receptions, and playing the affable host under his branching

chandeliers. He and Miriam entertained visiting Brazilian royalty, and went to receptions at the White House. At a dinner to Governor Tilden the newspapers reported that Mrs. Leslie wore seventy thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, disclosed in armlets and anklets, rings and bracelets, necklace and tiara.

The publishing business was expanding, and Miriam was proving a clever editorial adviser. The magazines were making money, but not as fast as she was spending it. At the office, Frank was often choleric with his bookkeepers and full of irascible criticism of his treasurer. He was a bit more pompous in walk and speech, rounder in the middle, thicker under the chin, and preened himself on his sensitiveness to fine wines. Miriam kept him happy with adulation and supervision; she persuaded him, not by domineering, but by sweet reason melting into tears.

Finally, in 1877, the Leslies entered upon their most flamboyant adventure—a spectacular trip from the East Coast to the West. It was represented as a good-will tour; they travelled by special Pullman, taking with them a staff of artists and writers to record the incidents of the journey. Day by day, Miriam was writing a book, "From Gotham to the Golden Gate." This was soon to cause them the profoundest humiliation of their lives. In it she made the mistake of criticizing the ladies of Virginia City in Nevada.

When the book appeared, the editor of the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise* promised vengeance. On July 14, 1878, he published a booklet of defamatory abuse containing "a full account of 'Frank Leslie' and wife," in which he told all.

On the heels of this mortifying scandal, during which Frank grew much grayer, came a truly serious disaster. In the gayly-colored Autumn of his life, Frank Leslie was called to account by his creditors, and forced to make an assignment for their benefit. Isaac W. England, of the New York *Sun*, was put in charge of the business. To England's astonishment, he discovered that, for more than a decade, the Leslie publications had been earning above a hundred thousand dollars net profit every year. Yet since Frank's second marriage, the debts had reached more than half a million.

Frank watched it all in bewilderment. He said he couldn't understand it. He was a chap-fallen and dejected fellow, given to moody silences; bitter and pale and grum. He saw his three sons dismissed from the business, and learned that his brother had committed suicide. He was required to accept the beggarly sum of twenty thousand dollars a year for his editorial services. He fell ill, while his son was starting a rival paper employing his invented name.

On his deathbed he grumbled incoherently for many delirious hours. But he was lucid in his last moments, and called his beautiful Miriam to his side. He made her promise to change her name to Frank Leslie as he had done, and to carry on the business. Exacting this promise, he died.

She kept it. Her name was changed by an order of court issued by Judge Van Brunt in June, 1881. With great vigor and competence, she paid off the last debts of the publications, and took complete editorial and business command. She was a successful publisher until 1902, when she disposed of her holdings. Meanwhile, she had married William C. Kingsbury Wilde, brother of Oscar Wilde, only to divorce him two years later, at the same time dropping all the old names of Follin, Squiers, Leslie and Wilde, and becoming the Baroness de Bazus. She restored a castle in Normandy, but contracted rheumatism in its dining-hall and returned to New York, where she died in the Sherman Square Hotel in 1912.

She left all the Leslie money to the cause of woman suffrage, and today the name of Leslie is quite gone from the news-stands.

SOUTHERN CREDO

BY SARA HAARDT

Slavery and Secession

I HAD grown up with the notion firmly implanted in my head—like any other Southern child—but on this day I received it afresh, with the irretrievable emphasis that only a romantic old maid can bring to a discussion of the causes of the Civil War in the first bloom of an Alabama April.

MissIninee, my history teacher, tripped into the big high-ceilinged classroom, wearing a new stiff-bosomed shirtwaist and an air that was at once tenderly reverential and fiercely combative. It was the first period after recess, and already that strange misty quality of late April sunlight hung between my droopy eyelids and the stencilled borders of wistaria along the tops of the blackboards. Outside the windows, from the hackberry tree on the corner, a bird called with a haunting illusion of distance. I was aware only of the heavy perfume that floated down from the bunch of carnation pinks that stood amid the vases of bridal wreath and jonquils and kiss-me-at-the-gate on Miss Ininee's desk.

Then, almost as if she were calling a military company to order, Miss Ininee clicked her heels together and rocked forward on the balls of her feet, a steely light darting from her little black chinquapin eyes.

"Class, attention please! Sit *for*ward in your chairs and check off your names promptly on the roll slip. At*ten*tion please! This afternoon we will take up the causes that led to the outbreak of the Civil War, or more correctly speaking—the *cause* of the Civil War!"

It was as if lightning had transformed the air. The drugging perfume of the carnation pinks lifted, as the dark lifts before the flash of a rocket's beam. With a brief rustle of leaves, the bird in the hackberry flew away, and there followed the harsh squeakings of iron-riveted chairs against the floor, as slumping bodies all along the lines jerked forward. I braced my elbows against my desk and strained up, so that I had a clear view of Miss Ininee as she walked to the edge of the platform and stood there, tense and trembling. When she spoke at last her voice rang with a grim metallic note, and I noticed for the first time that she had forgotten to open her history text-book.

"Lincoln was elected in the Fall of 1860. . . . The Southern people were now thoroughly aroused to the alarming state of affairs: the party in power had persistently and flagrantly declared unremitting and exterminating war against them. In the language telegraphed to his constituents by the Honorable J. L. M. Curry, then a member of Congress from Alabama, 'the last argument for peace had been exhausted,' and it was to save themselves from such a ruinous and hateful war that the Southern States resolved to withdraw quietly and peaceably from the Union."

She paused for a long breath, and I shivered ecstatically.

"Their right to do so," she resumed with a bitter sarcasm—"their right to do so had never been questioned or denied. They had all joined the Union without compulsion and by their own free will, and the best and ablest of men, both North and South, had always held and proclaimed

that the States, having only delegated certain powers to the Federal government, could withdraw those powers whenever their interests and welfare demanded it. The right of secession! It was for the right of secession that the South entered the war, fought, bled and endured the supreme sacrifice.

"As to the monstrous charge that the South went to war to perpetuate slavery, General Lee said on one occasion, 'If I owned all the millions of slaves in the South I would free them all with a stroke of the pen to avert the war!'

"Stonewall Jackson never owned a slave, except two, a man and a woman that he bought at their own request, and he immediately gave them their freedom in exchange for the wages they received for their services.

"Joseph E. Johnston never owned a slave and furthermore was opposed to slavery.

"A. P. Hill never owned a slave.

"Fitzhugh Lee never owned a slave.

"J. E. B. Stuart inherited one slave from his father, and when he was with the United States Army in the Far West, he purchased another, but he disposed of both of these long before the war.

"Commodore Matthew F. Maury, our great Pathfinder of the Sea, never owned but one slave and she, a domestic, begged to be allowed to remain with his family until her death long after the war.

"So much for our glorious Southern leaders! As to the rank and file of that immortal army which 'fought as never men fought, unfed, unclothed, unpaid,' it is a well-authenticated fact that perhaps nine-tenths and certainly eight-ninths of them never owned a slave!"

A red mist obscured my vision, and crept into my brain. If the question as to just *who* owned the slaves rose dimly to my consciousness, it flickered, as briefly, away.

Her face pale and quivering, Miss Ininee hung precipitously over the edge of the platform and drove her final shot straight home.

"In the language of President Jefferson Davis, 'We are not fighting for slavery. We are fighting for independence. Say to Mr. Lincoln for me that I shall, at any time, be pleased to receive proposals for peace on the basis of our independence. It will be useless to approach me on any other'...."

Miss Ininee's voice trailed off in a sibilant whisper; with a little broken gesture she dropped her hands, and yet she continued to stand there looking down at us —at me—with her smouldering black chinquapin eyes, and though I was thirteen then and it was years ago, I remember there was in her look that strangely hypnotic quality that glances from the eyes of old portraits: I could only raise my own eyes and meet her gaze and nod my acquiescence.

Past the windows the sun had dropped until the lower branches of the hackberry were in shadow. As I gathered up my books I knew that she was not only wrong but slightly ridiculous, as intensely dramatic figures, I suppose, are always somewhat ridiculous.

If any fact relating to the Civil War was obvious, even to a mind of thirteen, it was the fact that the South took up the conflict over the issue of slavery. Every Southerner knows it instinctively, but with his peculiar talent for escaping the unpleasant realities, he denies it as passionately. That denial, with him, is not a matter of principle but of etiquette and like all matters of etiquette, a defense mechanism, pure and simple.

I like to think of myself, in exalted moments, as an enlightened Southerner. At such moments I adhere strictly to my certainty that the South entered upon the Civil War over the question of slavery, but all the while I find myself behaving as if I believed it went in over the principle of independence.

With a romanticism as gaudy as that of Miss Ininee I find myself recalling her and that far-off Alabama April, the drifting perfume of carnation pinks and a running flame in my blood.

II

Gettysburg

The hotter the afternoon, the louder Old Captain Faulkner yelled. The heat always reminded him of that third of July, in 1862, when he fought at Gettysburg with Pickett's division. "Infernal!" he would roar. "Infernal—" and the golden air was suddenly choked with smoke and fury and destruction. From where I sat with him on the portico of the old Confederate Capitol I could see the star on the steps, the very spot on which Jefferson Davis stood when he took the oath of office. Old Captain Faulkner gestured toward it with his gnarled stick, and his hands that were like gnarled roots, and though I knew it was as sparkling as the day the Sophie Bibb Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy placed it there, it shone now with a fatal crimson tinge, as crimson as the pods of the Madeira vine that trailed overhead, and the beds of red cannas that splotched the lawn.

"When morning dawned on that fatal third," shouted Old Captain Faulkner in a voice that was like the rumble of distant cannon, "the ground was a mangled bloody maze, with the dead and dying, horses and men, piled on top of one another like kindling wood. By God, that was the sight that greeted Pickett's men, daughter—blood trickled everywhere: on the trampled grass, from the gaping bayonet wounds of the dying, from the spattered leaves of the overhanging trees. . ."

I glanced up at the pods of the Madeira vine with a cold shiver. "Where was General Pickett?" I demanded. "Tell me about General Pickett."

Something outside myself, almost a strange voice, always asked that question. As Captain Faulkner rumbled on, I had a vision of General Pickett, sitting Old Black gracefully, with his Virginia fire-gilt buttons, his jaunty cap raked well over his right ear, and his long auburn curls, meticulously dressed, floating in a cloud to his shoulders. Yet, for all his brilliance, his immaculacy, he remained a figure of sinister mystery. A complete silence descended upon us. I waited tensely for Old Captain Faulkner's words, his answer about General Pickett, that always seemed on the tip of his tongue. But he continued:

"I was closest to General Dick Garnett. He was just out of a sick ambulance, and buttoned up to the chin in an old blue overcoat. As he rode out of the woods *at the head of his brigade*, General Alexander dashed up to him, they saluted and swept through the guns. . ." He paused, and seemed to wipe a mist from his eyes. I leaned forward to catch his words. "They had fought on the plains together," he explained. "It was the last time they met in this life."

I turned away and clenched my hands tightly under my pinafore. The afternoon was at its height, heat waves wriggled up from the flaming cannas, the dazzling marble; a crackling radiance blazed overhead. Yet my hands were like ice.

"Then came Kemper and Old Armistead," he resumed, ". . . and then the full length of our gray ranks and shining bayonets, joined on the left by Pettigrew and stretching further than eye could see. On we came in our old slouch hats and our hats of plaited straw, with our guns at a right-shoulder and with a steady measured tread as if on parade, down . . . down the slope of Seminary Ridge. . . .

"Every infernal gun in the Yankee lines was going now, the expanse between the ridges was a hellish pandemonium of yelling soldiers, popping muskets, howling shells, flaming houses and haystacks—the most damnable uproar! You turn a hundred cannon and thirty thousand muskets loose, daughter, and, by God, it's a murderous and bloody sight. Everywhere"—and my nerves quivered with an intolerable thrill—"death and destruction, death . . . death!"

He paused for breath. My heart was beating so I felt it must be fluttering my pinafore. "But, by God, we made it," he

gasped, "we reached the foot of the ridge —a hundred yards only to Hancock's waiting lines of infantry. The damned scoundrels! Armistead's brigade, in the second line, closed up and merged with us; we raised a yell, and rushed to the charge. . . . Then hell broke loose: fire spat at us from all angles. General Garnett fell. General Kemper fell, desperately wounded. The skulking hounds along the wall broke and fled, and rallied in their second line among the guns.

"For one blessed moment our battle-flags crowned the crest. But the whole infernal Yankee army flung at us. Bayonets crossed, rifles discharged point-blank. Old Armistead, his cap on the point of his sword, leapt the outer wall, shouting, 'Give them the cold steel, boys!'—and laid his hand upon a gun. A hundred of us followed, and planted out flags among the captured cannon. Then Armistead fell——"

Old Captain Faulkner broke off, and put his gnarled hands to his ears as if to still the deafening tumult within him. "I saw him go down like a giant tree in the forest, and inside here——" he beat his breast, "I knew it was all over. All of our officers, except Colonel Cabell, were gone." He sat limply, humped over his gnarled stick like a cripple.

"I was beside old Captain Spessard, of the 28th Virginia. Coming out, his son had fallen mortally wounded at his side, and he had stopped but a moment to leave him his canteen of water. Now we climbed over the wall together and fought the damned scoundrels in their own trenches. Two of them grabbed his sword, and he called to me to turn back. 'They've got us licked, Sergeant. Make for that clump of willows, and stand your ground!'

"A shell struck in front of us, and threw up a whole side of earth. A stinking sulphurous smoke rolled over us——" He flung his arms out in a groping gesture.

"But where was General Pickett?" I insisted. "Was that the battle when he was separated from his men?"

Old Captain Faulkner's arms dropped to his sides like dead weights and his eyes set in the enigmatic glaze I knew so well. "Shells were whistling past our ears like Old Rip, the musketry was cracking on all four sides of us . . .," he went on insufferably, without end.

I closed my eyes, and searched my feelings curiously. The smoke of battle dissolved, Old Captain Faulkner's voice was like the droning of a bee in the honeysuckle, yet underneath was an irresistible current that swept me into a mystery darker and more deeply personal than the tragedy at Gettysburg.

Years afterward, I was to discover through my own delvings that General Pickett actually had not led his men—that, with his entire staff, he had halted at a barn three hundred yards from the position of the Union troops and remained there until his division was repulsed.

No word, in truth, could describe his cowardice. There was no answer to his utter ignominy. Yet a matter of etiquette bound Old Captain Faulkner to silence in those long golden afternoons when the guns of Gettysburg awoke to shatter us. It was a matter of pride and not of principle that held him to an irrevocable and bitter fiction.

How like the South that is—how irreconcilable! The real heroes on that third day of July at Gettysburg were Lewis A. Armistead, Richard B. Garnett, and James L. Kemper—yet, despite the reiterated denials of the historians, despite the recriminations in the hearts of all enlightened Southerners, Pickett will continue to receive the glory.

I know the facts, I have heard them sworn to more than once with eloquent profanity—and yet, I have only to close my eyes to hear Old Captain Faulkner's voice booming like a distant cannon, to see the crimson pods of the Madeira vine glistening like spattered blood—and General Pickett riding forth at the head of his division, riding, charging, with drawn sword and fiery eye, across that valley of red death.

III

Sherman's March to the Sea

The sun had dropped behind the tulip tree when Old Mammy Easter came over to sit with the nurses in the park. The nurses always sat in a semi-circle, with their white aprons spread out like wings, their hands plucking at the wiry nut grass and little patches of clover, while they talked in rich, secretive tones of their white folks, the Lilies of Sharon and the Knights of Tables—the two rival burial societies—and the preaching at Old Ship Church. I was too old to sit with them; I should have been playing drop-the-handkerchief with the little girls under the magnolias, but I pretended to be looking for four-leaf clovers in a patch nearby, so I could hear Mammy Easter when she started on her tirade.

Mammy Easter belonged to the Arthers, who lived in the ramshackle old white house, overgrown with wistaria and honeysuckle, across from the park. She was born in slavery-time, and she could remember the day Major John Arther marched away to the war, and the day they brought him home on a bloody stretcher after the Battle of Atlanta, and the long dark days after that when the Yankee devils ran wild from Montgomery to Savannah. The Arthers were poor now, and the nurses whispered that Mammy Easter pounded her dish rag on her marble kneading board every morning so the neighbors would think she was pounding beefsteak—when actually she was frying bulk meat—but Mammy Easter had the finest fluted cap and apron, and put on more airs than any of the nurses. Her memory wasn't as clear as it used to be, but it never failed her on the doings of Sherman's Yankee devils.

"Dey killt mah puhty Miss Lucy," she hissed between her sunken gums, "ain't nobody else done hit but dem Yankee debbils."

"Which debbils you speak of, Mammy Easter?" asked Magnolia Street in her soft, sly voice. Magnolia had been a free nigger. She and her mammy before her hadn't belonged to quality white folks, but had hired out to any and everybody, the same as poor white trash. Mammy Easter sniffed at Magnolia's up-bringings but not even Mammy Easter could silence Magnolia's spiteful tongue. "You ain't referrin' tuh de Nawthern gent'muns dat marched plumb tuh de sea?" she nagged.

"You knows who Ah means," snorted Mammy Easter. "De Gawd's pity is dey didn't keep right on a-marchin' wid all de free niggers right in behinst 'em! Don't cross me, free gal! Ah ain't lookin' fur no sass from sech es you."

"Whut dem so'jers done tuh you an' yourn, Mammy Easter?" soothed Freddie May Bradford, the Harrels' new yellow-skinned nurse.

"Dey's done a-plenty," Mammy Easter muttered. "You bettah ax whut dey ain't done. But don't git me started on dem Yankee debbils——"

I crouched down on one elbow, and edged slowly past the clover patch, until I could hear the funny sounds Mammy Easter made with her empty gums when words failed her. Dusk was gathering under the tulip tree and the magnolias, but nothing short of death would stop her now.

"Don't talk tuh me 'bout no Nawthern gent'muns. *Do* Jedus! Ain't Ah seen 'em stealin' mah white folks' hams same ez eny black thief? Ain't Ah seen 'em plowin' up our yahd same ez a cotton field? Dey ain't eben stopped when dey come tuh de graveyahd but strewn de bones roun' lak a passel o' buzzards!"

"Do Fahder, dug up de graveyahd!"

"Lawdy, Lawd, betteh not 'sturb no dead folks' res'!"

"Ain't hit so!"

"Do Jedus—whut dey call deyse'ves doin'?"

"Dey call deyse'ves lookin' fur de fambly silver," declared Mammy Easter, and reared up so her big white apron rattled; "but dey ain't foun' hit, an' dey neber will. Mah lil' miss an' me 'sposed o' dat silver

'fore eny Yankee debbil come prowlin' roun' lak a black chicken thief. Mah lil' miss an' me wropped dat silver fast so hit couldn't shake loose an' dropped hit fuhder dan eny Yankee debbil could reach his long black arm. Mah lil' missie an' me crep' out in de dahk o' de moon an' dropped dat silver down de well!"

I pressed my face in the cool sweet clover, and closed my eyes. I could see them clearly then, as they stole out of the big house, past the camphor trees and the japonicas—a girl in pale, billowing skirts, her face hidden in her shawl, and Easter, in her red head-handkerchief, purple in the dark, her strong shoulders bent over her mysterious burden. How many times I had tried to glimpse the girl's face, as she hurried past me on her twinkling little feet, but I had merely a sensation of floating on air, of moon roses. I could see the curves of her shoulders and arms, gleaming white under her frail bodice. I could even see the rise and fall of her bosom, but always her face was masked in darkness, a darkness of a strange incandescence and yet more impenetrable than the surrounding night.

"Mah lil' miss looked lak de angel she wuz dat night, wid her lily-white skin an' her hair de same silvery gold ez cawn silk," Mammy Easter continued hoarsely. "She stood up 'side me an' helt up de ends o' de crocus sack whilst Ah sewed 'em across wid de silver inside. Hit wuz ez black ez de bottom o' de well but Ah could see her plain ez day. Seemed lak she wus a light all tuh herse'f, de same as one o' dem death angels dat flewed straight frum de pearly gates——"

"Do Jedus, a light de same ez a death angel!"

"Blessed Lawd, an' her so young an' puhty too!"

"Hit wuz a sign fur shore. Dar she stood in her lily purity a-hoverin' on de brink o' de grave——"

"De berry nex' day dem blue debbils come tearin' up to de do'," cut in Mammy Easter, "an' whut dey ain't burned dey's plundered an' carried away. Dey kep' atter us 'bout de silver, an' when we ain't give hit tuh 'em, dey pestered her ev'y way dey knows how. Dere wuz one in partickler wid whiskers matted roun' his sarpent face dat kep' atter her till hit wuz plumb pitiful. 'Whose pictur is dat, Sis?' he ax, pintin' his sword at de likeness o' Marse John ovah de mantel. 'Mah fahder, suh,' she say, peerin' him straight in de eye, 'a so'jer an' a gent'mun!' 'A darned rebel, huh?' he ax, an' wid dat ram his sword clean tuh de hilt thu Marse John's bres'——"

"Do Jedus, done ruint de pictur!"

"Bress Gawd, whut ail him carryin' on eny sech a way?"

Mammy Easter hugged her arms to her breast, and rocked gently to and fro . . . to and fro, as if the Yankee's sword had pierced her through.

"Mah Miss Lucy stood dere," she choked, "an' all de blood dreened outa her face till she wuz ez white ez a windin' sheet. He kep' on 'busin' her an' shoutin' fitten tuh deefen her till two mo' debbils jined him. 'She say they ain't no silver, men,' he 'low tuh 'em, 'but Ah figger if we tek her 'long wid us an' let her holp wid de diggin' she'll change her tune! Whar's dat extry spade?' An' wid dat he grabs at her lil' white wris'——"

"Bressed Lawd, done laid a han' on her!"

"*Do* Fahder! Whut kin' o' white mens is dat?"

"Ah th'owed mahse'f on de flo' an' tried tuh stay 'em ev'y way Ah knowed how—but 'twan't no use. Dey march her out wid 'em, an' Ah laid dere wid one o' dem blue debbils standin' ovah me, an' de teahs turned tuh stones in mah bres'. When Ah tried tuh riz up again mah knees give way lak dus'. Ah knowed, de same ez dey tol' me, dat dey gwine kill her."

"Do Jedus, done made off wid her!"

"Lawdy, Lawd!"

"Bress Gawd, how dey killt her, Mammy Easter?"

Mammy Easter glanced 'round the circle sharply. The nurses weaved their hands in

the grass silently, and looked away. Overhead, the first swallow circled and circled in the deepening sky.

"Dey done made her dig fur dat silver till she drop' down dead," she answered shortly. She stared up at the sky with its dawning stars and fell to swaying back and forth again. "Ah ain't see her no mo' till they brung her in de pahlor an' laid her out, wid her hair streamin' all silvery gold an' her lil' white han's folded on her bres'. Ah ain't seen her neber no mo'. . . ."

"Bressed Lawd!"

"Don't tek on so, Mammy Easter. Dem days is now gone. She *bin* out o' her misery." It was Magnolia Street's voice, cool, remote, with its note of dark irony.

Mammy Easter swayed to her feet, and stood over her with snapping eyes. "Don't talk tuh me 'bout no Nawthern gent'muns, free gal. Ah'll mourn mah dead ez long ez dey's bref in dis body. Don't talk tuh me 'bout no Nawthern gent'muns!"

Suddenly she whisked about, with an angry slashing of her starched apron, and hobbled toward the big house with its dimly lighted windows. Past the camphor trees, a great silence seemed to swallow her up. Then Magnolia Street laughed softly, bitterly. "Dem so'jers ain't killt her, an' *she* know hit. She done th'owed herse'f down de well 'long wid de silver, an' killt her own se'f. Dem so'jers nevah laid no han' on her, de wah grief done crazed her an' she killt herse'f—dat's whut ailed her!"

The nurses stirred uneasily, but in the end they laughed their strong dark laughter.

"How you know 'bout sech lak, Magnolia chile? You bettah keep shet-mouf 'roun' Mammy Easter or she'll slap dem words down yore th'oat!"

"Do Jedus, heah dat gal talk!"

"Lawdy, Lawd. . . ."

Their laughter echoed about me long after they had disappeared under the magnolias. I lay, staring wide-eyed into the dark, trying to achieve a calm in which I could judge Miss Lucy's mystery for myself. But a fierce repression held me. That is the South for you: I had only to act disinterested and ask anyone who knew the Arthers to be sure—I had only to ask myself—but I never would! I wanted to believe what I had always believed, and to dream about lovely Miss Lucy as I had always dreamed, and though Magnolia's laughter had gone treacherously through me, though deep in my heart I *knew*, I lay there until my tears had turned to stones in my throat, and I could hate Sherman and his Yankee devils as I had always hated them.

IV

Memorial Day

The April sunshine drifted in a golden haze above Callie Scott's garden, and seemed to separate her little white house, with its bright green blinds, from everything and everybody. All of her roses were out in time this year, I noticed, as I swung on the gate of her picket fence, waiting for the others to come up. There were the red ramblers trailing the back wall where the humming birds had built their nest last Summer, and the cloth-of-golds and damasks and old sweet hundred-leafs in the bed by the flower pit; there was even a Giant of Battles on its stout stem that I secretly chose for my soldier's wreath. Its flaming petals quivered ecstatically, as Callie had once told me all flowers quivered when they drank in the dew and sunshine.

Where was Callie now, I wondered—where did she keep herself during the hours the other Negro women in Mulberry street were working, or rocking on their porches? Callie didn't work out and she never kept company with her neighbors. She shut herself away in a great loneliness, deliberately shunning everybody, except her flowers and the strange white man who visited her house occasionally after dark. That loneliness came over me now, as I swung gently to and fro on her gate, recalling her rich voice and the magical way flowers grew for her and the nurses' dark mutterings about

her sinful career. She was connected in my mind with all the mysterious measures of life—birth and death; the sudden uprush of Spring from the soil into foaming roses and wistaria; the trailing of those same petals through the ruined roads in the cemetery to the little mounds where the Confederate soldiers lay sleeping in their pitiful defencelessness

"Whut yuh chil'len atter?" her deep voice sounded suddenly. I glanced up and saw her standing in her doorway in her neat white dress with its fluted collar and cuffs. She was pulling an old pair of gloves over her smooth brown hands; her old garden shears dangled from her belt.

"Can I have a rose for my soldier's wreath, Callie?"

"Can I pull some of your box to tie on to my soldier's cross?"

"Can I have just one of your blue hyacinths?"

"He'p yo'se'ves, chil'len," she answered, "he'p yo'se'ves! Ah ain't nevah refused de so'jers."

Her most cherished blossoms would be stripped before we were gone, even the succession of Spring suns that followed upon our trail never repaired her loss, but she bestowed them with a commanding generosity, as if to shame the quality white folks who refused us the run of their gardens.

"I choose all the white York roses!"

"I choose the Maréchal Neils!"

"I choose the Jacqueminots——"

"Tek dem all," she crooned, "tek dem all. Give de dead all dat's comin' to 'em on dis earth—all de flowers an' all de music."

Swiftly, an inexplicable chill came over us. We stood there, with the April sunshine sifting in a dusty gold about us, and the wild sweet scent of box filling all the air, but it was as if a ghostly mist had crept into our blood.

"Don't you believe the soldiers have gone to Heaven, Callie? Don't you believe in Heaven?" we cried out in vague protest.

"Shore Ah b'lieves in Hebben fur dem dat craves hit," she answered, "but hit's jes' ez well tuh sweeten dem so'jers' graves wid flowers while yuh kin. Give 'em dey due on dis earth!"

The next day she followed the Memorial Day parade to the cemetery, and smiled at us as from a great distance as we marched past her with our wreaths. The air was sweet with flowers, the April sunshine imparted even a glow of warmth to the frosty marble, yet palpable shadows hung under the magnolias where the soldiers lay buried. In the gloom their little crumbling headstones shone with a mystical whiteness, as cold and as lifeless as snow.

I laid my wreath of roses on one of the mounds, and took my place in the long line of children that marched toward the speaker's platform on the crest of the hill. I was so near the front I could distinguish the pattern of lace in the lady elocutionist's twitching skirts as she stood above me, intoning,

'Tis the beat of the drum, 'tis the reveille
From the camp and the field of the past;
'Tis an echo that rolls to the warrior years
Of the sound of a bugle blast—

and yet I could still see Callie's face with its eyes of a peculiar, live, black, brilliance looking out of the mingled shadows.

After a while the elocutionist dropped her clasped hands, and sat down. For a moment her thin silvery voice lingered after her, and then a silence, complete and unutterable, surrounded us like a tangible wall. The speaker of the day walked stiffly to the edge of the platform. He was the minister in the oldest down-town church, a distinguished old man with square shoulders and a voice of brass. He had not fought in the Civil War but he had lived through it as a boy—and all its images and its ideals were so graven upon his heart that it was as if he had received the baptismal fire of battle.

"Children of the Confederacy," his booming voice addressed us, "a sacred and cardinal duty rests upon us all today. There is no danger that *we* who *fought* under the Stars and Bars shall forget the memories

of those four gory years or prove false to the generous motives that animated our lives; but there is danger, and imminent danger, that *you* may be taught that the cause for which we fought and bled was treason and we but traitors! In the presence of our illustrious dead, these brave soldiers sleeping beneath the mounds that billow this grassy slope—I proclaim to you: The soldiers of the Southern Confederacy were not rebels, but were Americans who loved constitutional liberty as something dearer than life itself. The War between the States was not a contest for the preservation of slavery, as our enemies would have you believe, but a great struggle for the maintenance of constitutional rights. The men who fought

"Were warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of a nation's trust;
And fell in a cause though lost, still just,
And died for me and you!"

"Above all, sons and daughters of the Confederacy, our cause was *not* lost. 'Truth crushed to earth shall rise again!' Our cause lives and flourishes today in the hearts and minds of all fair and honorable men; it shines, the brightest star in the firmament —the eternally just cause of constitutional liberty——"

I trembled ecstatically at his words, as Callie had said the flowers trembled when they drank in the dew and sunshine; yet, at the core of my being, I felt that tangible, dreadful cold. I saw Callie's face in the deepening shadows and I seemed to hear Callie's voice despairing. Under those shallow mounds and crumbling stones were *dead soldiers in a lost cause!* Stone dead they were, deader than last year's roses—not just sleeping. Their cause was not a guiding star but a muttering in old men's throats; its fury was no more than the thrashing of moths' wings in a dying light.

A fog had crept into the old minister's voice, long lavender shadows were groping up the hillside; already the acrid odor of wilting flowers stole over the graves. Soon it would be time to leave all these dying things—to leave them perhaps forever. I was growing up; this was the last time I would march home with the children of the Confederacy after a Memorial Day parade; if my wreath of roses was dead, then the dawning stars overhead were themselves like dim white flowers. A deep tranquillity had succeeded the minister's words, and I faced about, with a gesture of release—as if to go.

But as I turned away a vast melancholy mounted within me, and all that was individually sentient left me with a dizzying rush. I had lived too close to these dead and fading things ever to break away. The dying roses, the little mounds with their ghostly headstones, the hauntingly sad April evening, had brewed a philosophy of futility in my heart that is the curse of all Southerners, and their inescapable tradition. I might dream rebelliously of forsaking it, but it would never forsake me: my spirit was wholly entombed in loss and loneliness.

It was dark under the magnolias but a moon hung in the immaculate sky. Through the web of light and shadow I saw Callie Scott walking swiftly, mockingly, like some vision that was woven of the mysterious texture of the night, and as I watched her it came to me clearly that if I had not extracted any secret from the past, I could never hope to know any in the future. Pain and pride, and death for my pain—these were my final heritage.

MUSTAPHA SPEAKS ENGLISH

BY DOLORES BENARDETE

MUSTAPHA, a native of Salonica, is a journeyman-barber by trade. He lives and works in Harlem. He appears to be in his early thirties, but he is probably in the middle forties. Thin, dark-complexioned, ascetic-looking, he presents a retiring, pleasing personality. Quiet and self-effacing, he is orientally polite without being degradingly obsequious. He is poor—he told me he makes thirty-five dollars a week at his trade—but he is always fastidiously dressed and clean-shaven. He has a friendly face: small, sharp, restless eyes; thin, narrow, colorless lips; and a small nose which is a little crooked. (Someone must have stepped on it when he was a boy and flattened the end of it just enough to make it look like a flatiron, tip up.) He is almost completely bald; what little hair he has is black. Today in the Babel of New York he is a nonentity, but at one time he was called upon to play a minor rôle in an important historic event, the Turkish Revolution of 1908.

Some of us may recall the stirring newspaper accounts of those days, when the old, superstition-ridden, static régime of the Ottoman Empire was threatened by the best element in it. Under the then ruling Sultan, Abdul Hamid II, Turkey was a spy-infested land; her system of espionage was so widespread that the Nineteenth Century ideas of nationality, equality, popular rights and education could scarcely filter through to all the people—not that bright ideas ever seep into the consciousness of all the people anywhere, but that in Turkey there was every obstacle set in the way of the slightest penetration. The leaders of the Revolution, which has been called bloodless, were young men, most of them not yet thirty, and many of them officers in the Army. Secretly they had succeeded in enlisting a large proportion of the Army in their cause as well as many civil servants of the government. The Society of Young Turks arose out of a united feeling among these idealistic, perhaps misguided, officers against the interference of foreign powers in Turkish affairs. Although their most active centre was Salonica, they had agents, under the exiled Ahmed Riza Bey, stationed in Paris, conducting propaganda and studying revolutionary methods.

The spirit of the French Revolution imbued these men; their objective was to set up a democracy in their land. For almost three years they worked underground, and in March, 1908, the government became acutely aware of a strong, hostile undercurrent and ordered a series of raids and arrests. This led immediately to open revolt. In July of the same year, Turkish placards announced boldly, "Freedom and the Constitution." The Sultan was invited by telegraph to choose between granting the Constitution of 1876 and fighting for his life; he chose to resuscitate the Constitution. This Revolution of 1908, purely political in character, had no social programme and failed to modernize Turkey, not so much because of faulty aims or poor leadership but mainly because the national strength was expended in a series of three calamitous wars: the Italo-Turkish War in 1911, the war with the Balkan states in 1912, and the World War.

The leaders of the Young Turks were an interesting group. I will mention only the

more prominent of them. Enver Bey was appointed Ottoman Minister of War in 1914, and like his colleague Niazi Bey, was personally very popular. Of Marshal Mahmud Shefket Pasha it was said, "C'est un brave homme, mais tellement mou qu'il ne fait pas un bon gouverneur." As Governor at Uskub, he was the first to salute the flag of liberty. Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the fourth of the group, severed relations with Enver Bey in 1910, and was outlawed by the state in 1919. Talaat Pasha, a member of Parliament for Angora, was Minister of the Interior in 1915, and at that time ordered the massacre of all Armenians, "however tragic the measures to be taken." In 1917 he became Grand Vizier. Both he and Enver Bey resigned the following year and fled the country. They were court-martialed in July, 1920, and condemned to death, whenever found. An Armenian assassinated Talaat Bey in Berlin in 1921.

II

This review forms the factual background for the story Mustapha told me. Modestly and unassumingly, he related the tale quoted verbatim below. I took it down in shorthand: it is reproduced without polish or alteration.

"Was about five or six officers, Turkish Army officers, in the artillery. They were a friend of mine. One evening they came in the store and said, 'Give us a shave quick. We got something to do very important.'

"I shaved them. One of them which is very well-known in Turkey, Omar Nagi Bey, a poet in Turkey, he says, 'Shall we take Mustapha with us?' and the other officer says, 'No, leave it go. If we need him, we call him up.'

"Really, I didn't understand a thing about this. I didn't understand what they mean about this. They went away from the store. Three days later comes the second officer's brother-in-law in the barber shop, which he was a customer of mine too. He said, 'Did you hear what that people done?' He says, 'They escaped to Paris.' Which they belonged to the Young Turkey Society.

"Really, I was that mad, I was jealous why they didn't take me there. About fifteen days later he sends a letter to another officer, which is artillery man again. He was reading the paper, I was cutting his hair, and I was reading the paper behind him—that stealing you know. I saw there, 'Maybe Mustapha is a coward,' you know, I mean to say, he is afraid. 'He won't do what we will order to him.'

"I saw this few words there, and I ask him, I says, 'Is this from your mother, this letter?' and he says, 'No. This is from Omar Nagi Bey,' that is, from this officer from Paris.

"And I ask him his address. Wrote him a letter, 'I am not what you think. I am ready to do anything for the country, and I do not like a fool too.'

"They made me account this letter I sent them three states state, what you would call here three estate mail carrier, which they were sending me revolutionary papers, and I was sending them to the other people they were sending me the addresses to. In this time the Ministry, how you say now, the Minister of the Interior, Talaat Bey, which they killed him in Germany. Maybe you read that in the papers. This feller call me, and I took a oath that I will be faithful to the orders and even will cost my life, and I would work for three years.

"Then a friend of mine, which he took a oath with me, some other officer of the city of Salonica gave him fifty Turkish pounds, should say who is bringing this revolutioner papers, you know, to get from the government, to get from the government some higher degree in officer's career.

"And one Sunday, it was I remember February eleventh, three policemen and two gendarmes came to the store of mine, and they said, 'You are under arrest.'

"I asked them, 'Why?' One of them says, 'You are a Jeune Turc,' that means in French Young Turk. They knew, the policemen knew where I had the papers. You know, the revolutionary papers, the

main office. They took me to my house, they searched the house, they searched the barber shop before, they couldn't find anything. But from this friend of mine, which he sold us for fifty Turkish pounds, he gave to the government all the addresses of mine, you know, how comes the revolutionary letters and papers, all the correspondence, letters.

"They took me in the prison for that night. Two months later they made a trial. Certainly I had a very bad time this two months. After the trial they decide to hang me. That is right, no bit of lying. I got the papers yet in my house in Turkey. I had two lawyers, two big lawyers fights, one Jewish feller and one Turkish feller, which was a friend of mine. They couldn't reduce the penalty.

"And few months after, Ahmed Riza Bey in Paris, vingt cinq Rue Bonaparte, which was the headquarters of the Turkish revolutioners in Paris, one night in their meeting, said, that when the Mustapha is arrested that means no hope: or death or they send the revolution. And they started to make a revolution first in Salonica certainly and all over the country certainly they started. They scared the Sultan and the Turkish revolutionists they send their demands which after few hours they came very big crowd with their carriages and music and Turkish flags. They called me out and they bringed me to the City Hall. They make very big speeches, very many high people, journalists and so on.

"And I was out, certainly free. I am speaking English now, maybe mistaken, but I am not killed.

"That is what passed—my eyes—my body, too. Certainly I am not telling you what I had the first month in the prison. In the prison they gave me very many hours of penalty. I didn't tell you that, maybe that is too much. Maybe you will think it an exaggeration, but it is not.

"This is past which is in my eyes and will be forever, sore hours and days too, before they bringed me to before the judge. They ask you, the district attorney and his assistants, they were asking me how I bring these revolutionary papers and to whom I sent. I said I didn't know, but I didn't know. They couldn't find anything from me neither. I was keeping my things so neatly. I said I don't know nothing, I don't know how to read nor write nor nothing.

"They used to boil eggs and they used to put them under my arms, my armpit, I should tell to whom I was delivering those letters. I didn't says anything.

"They used to make like small matches, you know, cut it out from a greasy wood, I don't know how to say it, it's kindling wood. They used to make that kindling wood, what do you call it, like matches, and they used to stick here in my fingers, in my nails, I should say to whom I was delivering those revolutioner papers. I didn't say again. I said I don't know nothing.

"They put me in a wardrobe like, made special, in a place only with one hole maybe five inches square or round rather to breathe, and they kept me there for seven days, eat, drink, and everything there.

"There is no lie. That is all, and I didn't tell them. But afterwards in the courthouse I knew from whom came this stone to me."

III

From a language point of view Mustapha's tale presents several interesting problems. These may be incorporated under the following heads:

Agreement:

. . . this few words . . .
They were a friend of mine.
. . . that people . . .
. . . this revolutioner papers . . .
. . . how comes the revolutionary letters and papers . . .
. . . this two months . . .
. . . I didn't says . . .
. . . a wardrobe like made special . . .

Anachronism:

If we need him, we call him up.

(I have read somewhere that at the time there were few telephones in Turkey because of Abdul Hamid's dread of the invention. It is hardly credible that Mustapha meant to refer to the telephone; it is more likely that the expression "call up" signifies "call upon" for him.)

Connectives:

His most commonly used connectives are *and*, *then*, *really*, *certainly*, *which*,and *maybe*.

Coordination of ideas:

I am ready to do anything for the country, and I do not like a fool too.

Diction:

the for *our* or *my*, as witness:

I am ready to do anything for the country . . .

why for *because:*

I was jealous why they didn't take me . . .

that as adverb:

I was that mad . . .

in for *into:*

. . . they came in the store . . .
. . . comes the . . . brother-in-law in the barber shop . . .

in for *at:*

In this time . . .
. . . one night in their meeting . . .

in for *to:*

They took me in the prison . . .

again for *too* or *also:*

. . . which is artillery man again.

got for *have:*

We got something to do . . .
I got the papers yet . . .

leave for *let:*

. . . leave it go.

too for *either:*

. . . and I do not like a fool too.

paper for *letter:*

He was reading the paper . . . and I was reading the paper . . .

bad for *unpleasant*, *hard:*

. . . I had a very bad time . . .

after for *at:*

After the trial they decide to hang me.

Note Mustapha's use of *like:*

. . . make like small matches . . .
They used to make that kindling wood, what do you call it, like matches . . .
They put me in a wardrobe like . . .

Which often pops up in his speech:

. . . they send their demands which after few hours they came . . .
. . . they made me . . . mail carrier, which they were sending me . . .
Which they belonged to the Young Turkey society.

Which and *which he* are frequently used for *who:*

One of them, which is very well known . . .
. . . brother-in-law . . . which he was a customer of mine too.
. . . another officer which is artillery man . . .
. . . Talaat Bey, which they killed him . . .
. . . one Turkish feller, which was a friend of mine.
. . . this friend of mine which he sold us . . .

Idiom:

I will be faithful . . . and even will cost my life.
. . . to get from the government some higher degree in officer's career.
That is right, no bit of lying.
There is no lie.
. . . the Mustapha . . .
. . . that means no hope: or death or they send the revolution.
. . . they started to make a revolution . . .
. . . they came very big crowd . . .
That is what passed—my eyes—my body too.
This is past which is in my eyes and will be forever . . .
. . . before they bringed me to before the judge . . .
He won't do what we will order to him.

Negation:

Mustapha's use of double and triple negatives is no more violent or unintelligible than that we hear from native Americans all around us.

Omission:

They made me account this letter . . .
Wrote him a letter . . .
. . . that stealing you know.
. . . some . . . officer . . . gave him fifty Turkish pounds, should say . . .
. . . after few hours . . .

Phrases:

you know
I remember
very big (crowd, speeches)
very many (high people)
what do you call it
a friend of mine
this friend of mine
a customer of mine
the store of mine
all the addresses of mine
I mean to say
how you say now

Pronunciation:

I shall not go into this phase of Mustapha's speech further than to point out a few misusages.

The long vowel occurring in *heap* he generally renders by substituting the short vowel as in *hip*. Thus *neatly* becomes *nitly*. This substitution probably accounts for his use of *this* instead of *these*.

Final *s* is always *s*, never *z*. That would also account for *this*.

He makes *was* rhyme with *fuss*.

He never diphthongizes the vowel in *late;* it sounds like *let; later* sounds like *letter* (the medial *t* becomes *d*).

Mustapha's *words* rhymes with *lords*.

Here are a few sentences re-transcribed in order to indicate his pronunciation:

Abot fiftin dess ledder he sens a ledder . . .
He wuss ridding the pepper . . .
No, liv it go. If we nid him, we call him up.
I wuss kipping my thingss so nitly.

Such matters as sequence of tenses and complicated sentence structure are too obvious in the quotation to require comment. Only the outstanding points in Mustapha's speech have been cited. His chronology is somewhat confused. "In this time . . . the Minister of the Interior, Talaat Bey, which they killed him in Germany." Talaat Bey was killed thirteen years after the date of this event.

There is little evidence that he ever read much. I am quite certain that in the last ten years he has found his time so crowded with the urgent business of barbering that he has had no leisure for cultural pursuits. He nevertheless rises, once in a while, above humdrum prosaicness:

. . . high people, journalists and so on . . .
. . . sore hours and days too . . .
. . . but afterward in the courthouse I knew from whom came this stone to me.

IV

The disarming simplicity of Mustapha's narration does not prevent us from observing the dramatic intensity it gains as it progresses. At first the tale seems halting, wandering, lacking point, but it grows vigorous and forceful until at the end we find ourselves thrilled.

More vividly than Mustapha the narrator, however, emerges Mustapha the man. In his gentle way he reveals himself frankly, unostentatiously. You can feel with him his youthful enthusiasm in his offer to "do anything for the country . . ." His ethical sense comes out unexpectedly: "He was reading the paper, I was cutting his hair, and I was reading the paper behind him—that stealing, you know." I think it would not be stretching the point to say that this also shows that Mustapha has a sense of humor. And was he not adroit or tactful when, after ascertaining what the officer was reading, he asked, "Is this from your mother, this letter?" The quiet man has pride, too, for is he not offended when he finds his courage suspected? How vigorous his protest is: ". . . and I do not like a fool too."

You may or may not believe every word Mustapha says: he seems concerned about proving his truthfulness, for he repeatedly urges, "Maybe you will think it an exaggeration but it is not." But I am inclined to take him at his word because he is so modest. Throughout the story one senses the man's simplicity and loyalty. He is hardly ever harsh, even toward his

tormentors. Only once does bitterness creep in. "Afterwards . . . I knew from whom came this stone to me."

Mustapha came to the United States in 1910 and lived for nine years in Cincinnati. In 1919 he returned to Turkey, but after living there a year he found that the few thousand dollars he had industriously accumulated here were rapidly dwindling, and that there was little money in barbering emancipated Turks. He married one of his own people and returned to this country in 1920, this time settling in New York. He now has two children, and he assures me seriously that he hopes not to have more. "That's enough," he says.

He is an altogether praiseworthy husband. When his wife was ill—she lay in bed for five months with rheumatism after the coming of their second child—he washed diapers (sometimes as many as forty or fifty) and cleaned house on his return from work every night.

"Did your wife have any help?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he solemnly replied. "My wife. You see, we are four people: my wife and I, and I and my wife. We help each other out."

Despite his limited income and his family's dependence upon him, Mustapha manages to be cheerful. He is no longer the ardent nationalist of yesteryears; life seems to have made him completely personal in his interests. He cherishes one private dream: he wants to raise chickens. He longs to go back to his homeland and devote his days to poultry farming. Out of his meagre earnings he sets aside a little weekly toward the realization of this, the dream of his maturity. Who can tell but that Allah will at last decide to be good to him, and grant him his wish?

MUSIC

IS IT WORTH WHILE TO STUDY THEORY?

By Isaac Goldberg

We are usually ingenious at inventing reasons for not knowing things. Reason, in fact, seems to exist not so much for ratiocination as for rationalizing. "I'd rather not know too much about the technique of the thing," runs a common statement, "because my technical knowledge might interfere with my pleasure."

That is, at best, an insidious half-truth. It is true that an excess of technical knowledge may obtrude itself between a work of art and its most fruitful appreciation; but this is true, not because such knowledge can really be excessive, but because it can be abused, allowed to destroy one's sense of proportion. It is a little learning that is a dangerous thing; we can hardly know too much about those phenomena that give us pleasure. The gentleman who lacks the time for acquiring a more intimate acquaintance with the essentials of painting or music or drama, let us say, is uncommonly quick to learn the rules that underlie the operation of his automobile; he is, in fact, voluble upon his mechanical understanding. So, too, the lady who girds at the seemingly—and only seemingly—formidable terms that bestrew the analysis of the arts, is quite as uncommonly quick to master the intricate rules of a new card game and as voluble upon her skilful application of them. Genuine interest in a subject makes even its genuine difficulties the more easily conquerable.

Our popularizers—some of the less conscionable of them—have conspired with the public to flout the need of technical knowledge. The unformulated attitude might be summed up somewhat in this manner: "Dear—and, let us hope, profitable—reader. You desire a maximum of enjoyment with a minimum of effort. You desire, too, the appearance of a maximum of knowledge, to be obtained, likewise, with a minimum of effort. You're not interested in processes; you want quick results. Suppose you can't see many pictures, or hear much music, or read much philosophy; go through a book or two of mine and in a few hours you will have all the words, even if none of the music. You will be able to converse with an appearance of understanding. After all, you need know very little in order to enjoy the arts. In fact, if you knew too much, you'd become pedantic and incapacitated for real fun."

One opus on music-simplified, in its effort to take the curse off terminology, addresses the reader in this wise: "By that time we will be in the back of the book and there we will find the notes, the funny little lines, staves, bars, *squiggly-oogly dinguses* [my italics, alas!] called signatures and tempo indications." It is not surprising to find the author labelling "The Rosary" as "great" music; or assuring the student that "of all the arts, music is the one which is universal, which has no period or nationality or limitation of expression." (Let the author try to play one of our Western symphonies to a Chinaman; let him try, unaided, to understand Hindu music; and then let him repeat that hoary misapprehension about music being universal. It is not universal even in the sense that Esperanto or Ido or Novial might be.) Nor is it surprising to find the inventor of the "squiggly oogly dinguses" repeating the tale about Tschaikovsky's suicide after completing the Pathetic Symphony. Poor Tschaikovsky, who died of the cholera! The use of such anecdotes is significant;

that interest which should be centered upon music is seduced into the bypaths of literature. Painless education begins by eliminating pain and ends by eliminating education.

A wise public would refuse to be written down to. It would begin by learning that even pleasure, and especially pleasure, demands the coöperation of the participant. It would very soon make the discovery that one can no more enjoy music by inspiration alone than one can compose alone by inspiration. Let those who believe in plenary inspiration make a study of Beethoven's note-books. Inspiration can suggest a theme; it cannot unaided construct a symphony. Inspiration, moreover, has the habit of happening to those who are best qualified to profit by it. In a word, the seed must find a soil.

Appreciation, then, may be passive or active. We may listen, as it were, with our external ear or our inner; listening may be a merely auricular exercise or it may be an alert function of the mind. It is the artist-type, indeed, whether as creator or as appreciator, that stands most in need of familiarity with facts and processes. Too much appreciation is a vague acquiescence in an enjoyment equally vague; it is the *laissez-faire*, "know-what-I-like" attitude, —an excellent, because sincere, beginning, but a sad end. The man who knows what he likes is too often the man who likes only what he knows, and who is content to learn little else. The very belligerency with which he usually offers his formula betokens an underlying uncertainty as to his attainments.

Strangely enough, we don't always know what we like. And deeper acquaintance with the arts inevitably effects alteration of our tastes. Technical analysis becomes pedantic and irksome only when it is the be-all of one's study; the academic mind, lacking creative vitality and yet compelled through native egotism to give itself the appearance of importance, naturally over-emphasizes those aspects of art which may be conned by rote. It makes of a means an end. In its proper place, technical analysis is the necessary prelude to emotional synthesis.

At first, of course, one is too conscious of terminology and technique. Once upon a time, too, we were acutely conscious of every step we took, of every scale we played, of every sentence we spoke. Gradually this troublesome self-consciousness is converted into habit, and takes its proper place in our scheme of things. Technical knowledge, then, far from interfering with one's enjoyment of the arts, is really an indispensable pre-requisite of the finest pleasure.

Let's put it this way: It is easily possible to watch a baseball game without knowing the rules that guide it. One looks on; two groups of players are clearly contending for victory. This in itself is enough to create an elemental excitement. A ball is aimed at, and occasionally hit. A batter dashes around the bases, unless he is stopped by the quickness and the skill of his opponents. It is possible, then, for an uninstructed onlooker to derive a certain pleasure from the spectacle.

But what is this pleasure compared with the enjoyment of the man or woman who knows the rules of the game; who knows the diamond and the outfield not only as a dim pattern but as the theatre of a symbolic battle? The normal course of the game takes on a new significance; in fact, for the first time it becomes truly meaningful. Every departure, however slight, from the routine acquires a possible importance that adds a thrill. One has not, in simple fact, become truly a participant until one has become intimately acquainted with the rules —which is to say with the design, the structure, the æsthetic theory—of the game.

The appreciator of music who lacks technical familiarity with the art is in the position of a baseball spectator—frequently a female of the species—who is at sea as to the rules and niceties of the national pastime. She, even as the pedant, lacks a sense of proportion; she gets excited at the wrong times; she is stirred, she has plenty

of fun, but the correlation between her own feelings and what the players are actually doing on the field is never very efficient. She is at the game but not in it. Her genuine pleasure will increase in direct ratio to her understanding of the sport.

Now, a knowledge of musical form at once channels and energizes enjoyment. It establishes a point of reference. Without it, one's appreciation is altogether too likely to be of the gushing, deliquescent variety that seeks to make up, in words, what has been lost in direct contact with sound. It is like a sandy soil unsupported by piles. Technical knowledge, moreover, adds to untutored personal reactions a certain much-needed objectivity. It fortifies opinion. It makes for a more critical, and not on that account a less enjoyable, approach to the arts.

Let us, in short, out with the truth: true enjoyment is quite impossible without a technical knowledge sufficient for the general appreciation of structure and design. Not even melody, in its more artistic sense, may be appreciated to the full without a tutored sense of line and flow. Strangely enough, the more we know, the more finely we enjoy. Why should ignorance of an art be expected to prove an asset?

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

SYMPHONY *No. 34 in C Major* (K 338).
The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
By W. A. Mozart. *Columbia*
$6 3 records; 12-inch *New York*

SYMPHONY *No. 3 in A Minor (Scotch).*
The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra
By F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. *Columbia*
$8 4 records; 12-inch *New York*

SYMPHONY *in D Major* (K 385).
The Philharmonic Society Orchestra
By W. A. Mozart. *Victor*
$6 3 records; 12-inch *Camden, N. J.*

These are three highly enjoyable recordings. The first was conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham; the second, by Felix Weingartner; the third, by Arturo Toscanini. The minutiæ had best be left to those who delight in comparing interpretations to the point of mysticism. There are marked differences between conductors, of course; but they are rarely so marked as the respective devotees would have one believe. Mozart, even among the ultra-moderns, still remains an undebatable pleasure. Each of these two symphonies shows him in characteristic mood and measure; neither stands among his masterpieces. Mendelssohn it has long been the fashion to scorn. If the truth were told, however, he is at his worst rather in his disciples than in himself. The Scotch symphony is melodious, honest, effective. The D Major Mozart fills but five faces; the sixth is devoted to the Dance of the Spirits from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice." John Amans does himself proud with the flute solo.

OPERA, "*La Bohème.*"
By Giacomo Puccini. *Columbia*
$26 13 records; 12-inch *New York*

This is No. 5 in the Columbia Operatic Series, sung in Italian, recorded in Italy, supported by the Milan Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Cav. L. Molajoli, with a chorus from La Scala presided over by Vittore Veneziani, and a cast that is distributed as follows: Mimi (Rosetta Pampanini); Musetta (Luba Mirella); Rodolfo (Luigi Marini); Marcello (Gino Vanelli); Colline (Tancredi Pasero): Schaunard (Aristide Baracchi); Benoit (Salvatore Baccaloni) and Parpignol (Giuseppe Nessi). "La Bohème," among the most tuneful of recent Italian operas, is likewise among the most enjoyable. This recording maintains the high standards of its predecessors for graphic presentation and for the illusion of the theatre. There are signs that grand opera is a dying form; it may well be that such albums as these will one day constitute the only recourse for the lover of the lyric stage.

"CARNAVAL," *Op. 9, For Piano.*
Played by Sergei Rachmaninoff
By Robert Schumann. *Victor*
$6.50 3 records; 12-inch *Camden, N. J.*

The sub-title of this pleasant sheaf of pieces is "Little Scenes on Four Notes." A programmistic *tour de force*, then, built largely around the notes, A, S, C, H. (The S—Es— is German nomenclature for E; H is German for B.) As for the name Asch, *cherchez la femme*. It is a small town in Bohemia, where dwelt Ernestine von Fricken, who engaged the composer's thoughts during the composition of "Carnaval." By a strange coincidence, as the annotator points out in the pamphlet that accompanies this excellent recording, the four letters are the only ones in the musical alphabet that occur in Schumann's name. Such alphabetic musicalization is common in musical literature. More to the point, the twenty selections make a most agreeable recital, and Rachmaninoff has

played them with just the power or the delicacy that the various moods demand.

CONCERTO *in D, Op. 35.* *For Violin & Orchestra*
By P. I. Tschaikowsky. *Columbia*
$8 4 records; 12-inch *New York*

This familiar offering of the violin virtuosi is played by Bronislaw Huberman, with the Berlin State Orchestra (Berliner Staatskapelle) under the baton of Wilhelm Steinberg, who is the general musical director of the Stadt Theater, Frankfurt-am-Main. Soloist and orchestra serve the Russian composer faithfully, manful and energetic when he is in heroic mood, pliantly sighful when he uses folk tunes for his sweet melancholy. The performance is, as the occasion calls for, spirited or subdued. The eighth face is devoted to Tschaikowsky's Melodie, Op. 42, No. 3, for violin (Huberman) and piano. On the whole, an altogether satisfactory release.

SUITE FOR ORCHESTRA, "*Iberia.*"
The Madrid Symphony Orchestra
By E. Fernandez-Arbos.
Arranged from the piano suite by Isaac Albeniz. *Columbia*
$6 3 records; 12-inch *New York*

HOLIDAY IN SEVILLE. *The Philadelphia Orchestra*
Orchestral arrangement of piano piece.
By Isaac Albeniz. *Victor*
$2 1 record; 12-inch *Camden, N. J.*

Señor Arbos, lately touring this country as a guest conductor, has made a very effective arrangement of the clangorous suite by Albeniz. He has made it sound, indeed—and this may be the measure of his success—as if the suite had been written originally for the orchestra. He might have been expected to impart authenticity to the rhythms and to the peculiar rhythmlessness-within-rhythm that characterizes Spanish music and is as hard for an outsider to achieve as is, for continentals, the peculiar rubato of our jazz. It is said that Stokowski orchestrated the selection that he conducts in the single record. It is especially successful in its creation of up-piled sonorities that maintain, despite a great volume of sound, an essential clarity.

LARGO, *from a Sonata by Henry Eccles (Arr. by Serge Koussevitzki)* *For Piano & Double Bass*
CHANSON TRISTE, *Op. 2.*
By Serge Koussevitzki. *Victor*
$2 1 record; 12-inch *Camden, N. J.*

DER ERLKÖNIG (*Schubert*) and LEGGERO.
For Voice & Piano
INVISIBLE (*Arditi*).
Sung by E. Schumann-Heink. *Victor*
$2 1 record; 12-inch *Camden, N. J.*

Dr. Koussevitzki is a virtuoso on the double bass, and sounds even better than his record. His own composition is a harmless little Slavic sigh, in the Tschaikowskian tradition; his concerto, for that matter, which he plays with almost incredible delicacy, considering the unwieldy instrument under his fingers, is so much Tschaikowsky-cum-water. Perhaps, for the delectation of the curious, he will some day be induced to record it. For he does succeed in making this mastodon breathe romance. Mme. Schumann-Heink was hardly well-advised to add this disk to so many that have given genuine pleasure. One listens a moment and asks, Where are the snows—and the voices—of yesteryear? One should live with boldness, but know when to retire with grace.

ANALYTICAL GUIDES

THE CONCERT-GOER'S LIBRARY OF DESCRIPTIVE NOTES.
By Rosa Newmarch. *The Oxford University Press*
$3 6½ x 4; 2 vols.; 127+106 pp. *New York*

Most of these programme notes were originally written for the concerts of the Queen's Hall Orchestra in London. They are brief, and, in their presentation of facts, accurate, but they say little that is not obvious. The first volume is devoted to the orchestra pieces that are most popular in England—the third, fourth, sixth and eighth symphonies of Beethoven, the second of Brahms, Dvořák's "From the New World," the César Franck, the Schubert Unfinished, Haydn's Surprise, and so on. Twenty overtures are discussed, twelve piano concertos, and eleven other concertos. The second volume is mainly given over to Wagnerian excerpts and popular tone poems. There are no musical quotations: the themes are simply described in words.

ANALYTIC SYMPHONY SERIES.
Edited & Annotated by Percy Goetschius.
The Oliver Ditson Company
Various prices 12¾ x 9¾ *Boston*

Numbers 16 and 18 of this series are devoted, respectively, to the Fourth Symphony of Tschaikowsky, in F minor ($1.25; 61 pp.) and the Symphony number 47 in E-flat major by Mozart (75 cents; 20 pp.). The idea is to present, in manageable pianistic form, for two hands, a master work, analyzed in structural detail. Dr. Goetschius is an old hand at this sort of thing. Few music students of this or the preceding generation have been able to escape one or other of his instruction books,—full treasuries of sound, if academic, exposition. The music is preceded by a biographical sketch, critical notes, and an explanatory preface in which

the peculiarities of the form are entered into. The music itself is fully annotated; its construction is indicated by constant reference to the ground principles of the preface; there are also indications of the instruments in the original orchestral score. All in all, a very helpful and trustworthy guide to symphonic construction. And there is always the music itself, in viable arrangement.

BOOKS

BRAHMS.
By Walter Niemann. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$5 9 x 6; 492 pp. *New York*

In a fine translation by Catherine Alison Phillips, this German study of the bearded master provides what will be, perhaps for a long time, the best work on Brahms obtainable in English. The man and his music are intimately investigated and interrelated. Niemann is not of that school of biographers who believe the life of a composer adequately to be treated without a thorough consideration of the compositions themselves. Accordingly, and rightly, he devotes the greater part of his study to a detailed—but never pedantically dull—treatment of the essential Brahms—the composer of the symphonies, the music for pianoforte, for chamber combinations, and voices by themselves or in combination. The various appendices list, respectively, Brahms's works, his arrangements of his own works, the bibliography of the principal writings, in German, on the composer, and the bibliography of the principal works in English. There is an index of names, as also an index of references to Brahms's works in the text. All in all, a model of a book on a musician.

SCHUMANN'S CONCERTED CHAMBER MUSIC.
By J. A. Fuller-Maitland. *The Oxford University Press*
75 cents 6¾ x 4⅜; 47 pp. *New York*

This is one of the pamphlets in the Musical Pilgrim Series, edited by Sir Arthur Somervell. It is ably and succinctly done by an authority, and should prove of distinct helpfulness to devotees of Schumann as well as to lovers of chamber music in general. The author, happily, is not ashamed of his enthusiasms, and though he is as well aware as the next man that music is appreciably mathematical in substructure he knows, too, that it carries intense psychological implications. These he points out, adding to analytical understanding the pleasures of an emotional synthesis.

MEMOIRS OF LORENZO DA PONTE.
Edited by Arthur Livingston.
The J. B. Lippincott Company
$5 9½ x 6¾; 512 pp. *Philadelphia*

It was a happy thought, amidst the welter of biographies and autobiographies of our self-debunking era, to present these memoirs of a wandering Jew of the arts. Da Ponte, to Americans hitherto, has been a vague name associated with the librettos of certain of Mozart's operas. Henceforth the literary and lascivious gentleman will occupy a place on the shelves in comforting proximity to his friend Casanova, who, it will be recalled, was also a musician of parts—good enough to play violin in the orchestra of an opera-house—and a lover as well as a librettist. Dr. Livingston's editing of the memoirs is much more than the usual perfunctory job; he is to issue, in fact, during the year, a monograph on Da Ponte in America, in which the authorities and documents upon which he bases his notes to the present edition will be given entire. The memoirs are as fascinating as the most gallant fiction; probably in more instances than one they draw upon imagination rather than upon reality. Yet enough of the man's life has been authenticated to make the rest of it seem fairly possible. What could this man not do, except lead a quiet existence? He versified, he was banished from Italy for amatory indiscretions, in Austria he established his historic association with Mozart. In this country, where he lived his last thirty years, he turned his hand at everything that could bring in a penny. He was the first professor of Italian at Columbia; he directed the Italian opera-house; he had a book shop; he taught in private. But all this merely scratches the surface of an absorbing narrative related by a personality as absorbing. . . . The book is a fine example of contemporary typography; the version, by Elisabeth Abbot, reads easily; there is an excellent index.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Mr. Justice Holmes

THE DISSENTING OPINIONS OF MR. JUSTICE HOLMES, arranged by Alfred Lief, with a foreword by George W. Kirchwey. $4.50. 9¼ x 5¾; 314 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press.*

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES's dissenting opinions have got so much attention in late years, especially from hopeful Liberals, that it is somewhat surprising to discover that Mr. Lief is able to muster but fifty-five of them, and even more surprising to hear from Dr. Kirchwey that in only one case has the learned justice stood quite alone, and that the cases "in which he has given expression to the judgment of the court, or in which he has concurred in its judgment, far out-number, in the ratio of eight or ten to one, those in which he felt it necessary to record his dissent."

There is even more surprising stuff in the opinions themselves. In three Espionage Act cases, including the Debs case, one finds a clear statement of the doctrine that, in war time, the rights guaranteed by the First Amendment cease to have any substance, and may be set aside summarily by any jury that has been sufficiently inflamed by a district attorney seeking higher office. In *Fox vs. the State of Washington* we learn that any conduct "which shall tend to encourage or advocate disrespect for the law" may be made a crime, and that the protest of a man who believes that he has been jailed unjustly, and threatens to boycott his persecutors, may be treated as such a crime. In *Moyer vs. Peabody* it appears that the Governor of a State, "without sufficient reason but in good faith," may call out the militia, declare martial law, and jail anyone he happens to suspect or dislike, without laying himself open "to an action after he is out of office on the ground that he had not reasonable ground for his belief." And in *Weaver vs. Palmer Bros. Co.* there is the plain inference that, in order to punish a theoretical man, A, who is suspected of wrong-doing, a State Legislature may lay heavy and intolerable burdens upon a real man, B, who has admittedly done no wrong at all.

I find it hard to reconcile such notions with any plausible concept of Liberalism. They may be good law, but it is impossible to see how they can conceivably promote liberty. My suspicion is that the hopeful Liberals, frantically eager to find at least one judge who was not violently and implacably against them, seized upon certain of Mr. Justice Holmes's opinions without examining the rest, and read into them an attitude which is actually as foreign to his ways of thinking as it is to those of Mr. Chief Justice Hughes. Finding him, now and then, defending eloquently a new and uplifting law which his colleagues proposed to strike off the books, they concluded that he was a sworn advocate of the rights of man. But all the while, if I do not misread his plain words, he was actually no more than an advocate of the rights of law-makers. There, indeed, is the clue to his whole jurisprudence. He believes that the law-making bodies should be free to experiment almost *ad libitum*, that the courts should not call a halt upon them until they clearly pass the uttermost bounds of reason, that everything should be sacrificed to their autonomy, including, apparently, even the rights of man. If this is Liberalism, then all I can say is that Liberalism is not what it was when I was young.

In those remote days, sucking wisdom from the primeval springs, I was taught that the very aim of the Constitution was to keep law-makers from running amok,

and that it was the highest duty of the Supreme Court, following *Marbury vs. Madison*, to safeguard it against their forays. It was not sufficient, so my instructors maintained, for Congress or a State Legislature to give assurances that its intentions were noble; noble or not, it had to keep squarely within the limits of the Bill of Rights, and the moment it went beyond them its most virtuous acts were null and void. But Mr. Justice Holmes apparently thinks otherwise. He holds, it would seem, that violating the Bill of Rights is a rare and difficult business, possible only by summoning up deliberate malice, and that it is the chief business of the Supreme Court to keep the Constitution loose and elastic, that getting through it may not be too onerous. Bear this doctrine in mind, and you will have an adequate explanation, on the one hand, of those forward-looking opinions which console the Liberals—for example, in *Lochner vs. New York* (the bakery case), in the child labor cases, and in the Virginia case involving the compulsory sterilization of imbeciles—and on the other hand, of the reactionary opinions which they so politely overlook—for example, in the Debs case, in *Bartels vs. Iowa* (a war-time case, involving the prohibition of foreign-language teaching), in the Mann Act case (in which Dr. Holmes concurred with the majority of the court), and in the long line of Volstead Act cases.

Like any other man, of course, a judge sometimes permits himself the luxury of inconsistency. Mr. Justice Holmes, it seems to me, did so in the wiretapping case and again in the Abrams case, in which his dissenting opinion was clearly at variance with the prevailing opinion in the Debs case, written by him. But I think it is quite fair to say that his fundamental attitude is precisely as I have stated it. Over and over again, in these opinions, he advocates giving the legislature full headroom, and over and over again he protests against using the Fourteenth Amendment to upset novel and oppressive laws, aimed frankly at minorities. If what he says in some of those opinions were accepted literally there would be scarcely any brake at all upon lawmaking, and the Bill of Rights would have no more significance than the Code of Manu.

The weak spot in his reasoning, if I may presume to suggest such a thing, is his tacit assumption that the voice of the legislature is the voice of the people. He is, I take it, a democrat, and thus holds naturally that the people ought to have every right to make experiments and to change their minds. But there is, in fact, no reason for confusing the people and the legislature: the two, in these later years, are quite distinct. The legislature, like the executive, has ceased to be even the creature of the people: it is the creature of pressure groups, and most of them, it must be manifest, are of dubious wisdom and even more dubious honesty. Laws are no longer made by a rational process of public discussion; they are made by a process of blackmail and intimidation, and they are executed in the same manner. The typical lawmaker of today is a man wholly devoid of principle—a mere counter in a grotesque and knavish game. Is he in favor of Prohibition? Then it is no more than a sign that the Anti-Saloon League has found out how to scare him. Is he for a high tariff on this or that? Then it is simply because the Grundys of his bailiwick have told him plainly what they want, and what penalties will follow if they don't get it. If the right pressure could be applied to him he would be cheerfully in favor of chiropractic, astrology or cannibalism.

It is the aim of the Bill of Rights, if it has any remaining aim at all, to curb such prehensile gentry. Its function is to set a limitation upon their power to harry and oppress us to their own private profit. The Fathers, in framing it, did not have minorities in mind; what they sought to hobble was the majority. But that is a detail. The important thing is that the Bill of Rights sets forth, in the plainest of plain language, the limits beyond which even legislatures

may not go. The Supreme Court, in *Marbury vs. Madison*, decided that it was bound to execute that intent, and for a hundred years that doctrine remained the cornerstone of American constitutional law. Now the court takes the opposite line, and public opinion seems to support it. Certainly Dr. Holmes has not gone as far in that direction as some of his brother judges, but if the opinions in this book represent him fairly he has gone far enough. He is a jurist of great industry, immense learning and the highest integrity, but in the light of the present book, to call him a Liberal is to make the word meaningless.

An American Idealist

THE TRUE STORY OF BERNARR MACFADDEN, by Fulton Oursler. $2.50. 8 x 5¼; 281 pp. New York: *The Lewis Copeland Company*.

BERNARR MACFADDEN: *A Study in Success*, by Clement Wood. $3. 9¼ x 6; 316 pp. New York: *The Lewis Copeland Company*.

CHATS WITH THE MACFADDEN FAMILY, by Grace Perkins. $2.50. 8 x 5⅜; 228 pp. New York: *The Lewis Copeland Company*.

THE authors of these brochures do not spare the goose-grease: poor Macfadden chokes and gurgles in it on every one of their 825 pages. I can recall no more passionate anointing of a living man, even in the literature of campaign biography. He appears as a hero without a wart, spiritual or temporal, sworn only to save us all from the Medical Trust and make us strong enough to lift a piano with our bare hands, with maybe a couple of gals and a bartender sitting on top of it. His devotion to that great cause is depicted as a sort of wild and transcendental frenzy, like that of the St. Peter Celestine who kept four Lents every year, and during each of them ate only black bread, a small loaf every three days. One marvels that a man so virulently consecrated to good works should keep his shirt in New York, where even Bishop Manning has to be on constant watch. But then one remembers *True Stories* and the *Graphic*, and at once one recalls that there have been saints who have also been excellent business men. Macfadden is apparently one of them. If it could not be done otherwise, he would gladly starve to save us, but since it is not necessary he prudently husbands the inflowing *mazuma*, and is now a very well-heeled fellow, spoken to politely by Otto Kahn, received in audience by Jimmy Walker, and the owner in fee simple of a palace over in Jersey that will make a swell roadhouse when he dies.

Despite the gusts and hurricanes of vaseline, mayonnaise, whale oil and curve grease, Macfadden emerges from the three volumes as a very engaging fellow—expansive, unconventional, amiable and innocent. There are hints here and there that, in his rôle of rich publisher, he has borrowed, like the pathetic Frank A. Munsey, some of the longshoreman manners of the younger James Gordon Bennett, but if so they seem to sit upon him lightly. His chief intellectual possession, one gathers, is a vast and cocksure ignorance. He seems to be taken in by all of the transparent quacks who advertise in his magazines, and he postures as an authority upon the crimes of modern medicine without knowing anything more about the human body than any other gymnast. His central doctrine is to the effect that bodily vigor is the foundation of all virtue. John L. Sullivan could floor an ox at a blow; Franz Schubert was floored by a few miserable bacilli; *ergo*, John was a better man than Franz. The duty of all of us is to be strong—not simply strong enough to get down the national ration of gin, but strong enough to bite off the head of a golf-club, to crack a Prohibition agent's head with the naked fist, to play leap-frog at eighty.

In the fine arts his tastes are simple. The first literary friend he ever made appears to have been John R. Coryell, the creator of both Nick Carter and Bertha M. Clay, and from Coryell, in his early *Physical Culture* days, he got the inspiration that was later to flower in *True Stories* and the *Graphic*. His disdain of fancy writing is as vast as his disdain of hollow chests and smallpox vaccine. The common belief in New York is that the records of hopes and

heartaches in *True Stories* are all forged by professionals—that what pretend therein to be the compositions of ruined shopgirls and deserted wives are really confected by James Branch Cabell, Sinclair Lewis, Glenn Frank and Mrs. Edith Wharton. But Mr. Oursler assures us on his honor that this is not so. Every story is real, and every one is selected for publication, not by an editor eager to beat the *Atlantic* and *Scribner's*, but by a committee of young boys and girls, chosen because of their literary innocence. If a manuscript lifts them it goes into type, no matter if it comes from a switchman at Como, Miss., or a night-club hostess at Red Lion, Pa. But if they find it dull it goes back to the author, even though that author be H. G. Wells, Thomas Mann or Rabindranath Tagore.

All three of Dr. Macfadden's encomiasts tend to be somewhat reserved about the *Graphic*. The voluptuousness which got into it several years ago was not the fault, it appears, of the publisher. He had so many other fish to fry that he could give but little heed to it, and so the young reporters of the staff ran amok, and a great deal was printed that might very well have been omitted. Macfadden himself sees the paper as a great moral agent. When a lady in Park avenue, getting news that her confidential male friend has gone broke, heaves herself out of the eighteenth story window, he is not content to record the overt facts (with a composograph showing her passing the tenth floor); there must also be a moral homily upon her two falls, and her old mother in Skaneateles must tell why she was not taught the facts of sex hygiene in infancy. And when a Chief Justice Taft dies prematurely at seventy-two, it must be delicately pointed out that putting on too much fat is suicide. This scheme, to be sure, has not been carried out in every detail, but all the same the *Graphic* takes a predominantly moral line, and if it has accomplished nothing else it has at least made hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers privy to the crimes of the Medical Trust.

In this endeavor, it seems to me, Macfadden has cramped himself by yielding too much to the literati that he is forced to hire. These gentlemen, despite his training, yet harbor prejudices in favor of fancy English, and so his paper is probably often unintelligible to its customers. Some day, if he doesn't watch out, some rival will blow him up with a tabloid that is really a tabloid, and not simply a smaller and better edition of the *Times*. In that perfect tabloid, as I envisage it, there will be no word of more than one syllable, and no word at all that might be a picture. The news of the day will be told precisely as the gory fictions of the comic strips are now told—in series of graphs, with an occasional balloon. And the vocabulary of the balloons will be restricted to such terms as even infants of three are hep to: *blaah*, *bang*, *boom*, *shhhh*, *wow*, *woof*, *hell*, *damn*, and so on. I have not patented the idea; it belongs to anyone who wants it. The first man who grabs it will make the *Graphic* shrink to the futile obscurity of the Boston *Evening Transcript*.

Pedagogues A-Flutter

HUMANISM & AMERICA: *Essays on the Outlook of Modern Civilization*, edited by Norman Foerster. $3.50. 8⅝ x 5⅝; 294 pp. New York: *Farrar & Rinehart*.

This collection of essays is a manifesto for a movement called, by its proponents, Humanism, "which," so Dr. Foerster says in his preface, "is rapidly becoming a word to conjure with." It is not, it appears, a new movement, but goes back, like Freemasonry, to a remote and hoary antiquity, and has been supported, at one time or another, "by persons as various as Homer, Phideas, Plato, Aristotle, Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, Paul, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe; more recently, by Matthew Arnold in England and Emerson and Lowell in America." But at the moment, lacking any such whales, it is in the hands of a group of American pedagogues, of whom the imperial wizard is Prof. Irving Babbitt of

Harvard, the grand goblin Prof. Paul Elmer More of Princeton, and the supreme sinister kligraph Prof. Foerster himself. The present pronunciamento embraces fifteen essays, three of them by the learned men I have just named and the rest by various lesser initiates, including eight more professors, an advanced poet, two college boys, and the author of "Waldo Frank: a Study."

In so large a collection there is necessarily some difference of opinion, both as to what is wrong with the world and what ought to be done about it. Prof. More seems to be most disturbed by Dr. A. F. Whitehead's somewhat ribald speculations about the nature of God and by the transcendental prose printed in the magazine called *transition*. His brother, Prof. Louis Trenchard More, denounces Whitehead too, but is also against Einstein and Planck, not to mention John B. Watson. Prof. G. R. Elliott of Amherst rages against "softening God's laws" and pleads for "a rediscovery of their severity": he believes that "the two most potent and distinguished personalities . . . that have so far appeared in the English literature of the Twentieth Century" are the late Baron Friedrich von Hügel and Prof. Babbitt. Prof. Thompson prints an earnest essay on the nature of tragedy: it would get him an A in any course in Freshman English. Prof. Robert Shafer of the University of Cincinnati compares Dreiser to Æschylus and proves that Æschylus was the better when it came to asserting "his faith that Moral Law uncompromisingly governs the life of man." Prof. Harry H. Clark of Wisconsin shows that the only recent American novel worth a hoot is Dorothy Canfield's "The Brimming Cup," and argues that the only way to get better ones is for "our interpreters of literature in college and university" to put their heads together, and show the boys "the unerring congruency to human nature demanded of great art." And so on down to Mr. Gorham B. Munson, author of the monograph on Waldo Frank, who first shows that criticism is in a sad state in America, and then "takes the risk"—his own words—"of nominating Matthew Arnold as having the build of a great critic." Alas, Mr. Munson is modest!

All this, I fear, will strike the reader of these lines as mainly rubbish, and that, in truth, is what it is. The only contributors to the volume who go to the trouble of stating plainly what Humanism is are Dr. Foerster and Prof. Babbitt. Dr. Babbitt, who has been in the movement for years, says that it represents an effort to set up a criterion of values which "the phenomenal world does not supply"—in other words, to add intuition to experience. The trouble with such a fellow, say, as Dreiser, is that he simply describes the world as he sees it, and lets it go at that. Ask him what meaning there is in the story of Jennie Gerhardt and he tells you that he doesn't know. Dr. Babbitt believes that, at least for many men, this is insufficient. They want some assurance, some certainty, some answer to the riddle. As for Dr. Babbitt himself, he believes that it is to be found in "religious insight." "For my own part," he says, "I range myself unhesitatingly on the side of the supernatural." And he believes that it would be a good thing to round up all persons who think the same way, that they may "move toward a communion" and become "an element of social order and stability." Dr. Foerster inclines the same way. He believes that man lives "on three planes, the natural, the human and the religious," and that Humanism "should be confined to a working philosophy seeking to make a resolute distinction between man and nature and between man and the divine."

In all this, of course, there is nothing new, though I fear Dr. Foerster is going beyond the facts when he says that Homer, Shakespeare and Goethe believed it. The same thing precisely has been preached in all the Little Bethels of the world since the invention of original sin, and is even today the theme of nine evangelical sermons out of ten—that is, when they deal with religion at all. More, it is at the bot-

tom of all the secular schemes for getting rid of uncomfortable realities by conjuring up something grander and gaudier—for example, Rotarianism. George F. Babbitt, in fact, was quite as sound a Humanist as Dr. Foerster: he too yearned and panted for a sweet and simple arcanum and could see something divine in a bank cashier, or even a lawyer. Nor is it hard to understand why the Humanist theology should appeal powerfully to young college instructors, and to the colicky sophomores who admire them. It is the natural and inevitable refuge of all timorous and third-rate men—of all weaklings for whom the struggle with hard facts is unendurable—of all the nay-sayers of Nietzsche's immortal scorn. The hot sun is too much for them: they want an asylum that is reassuringly dark and damp, with incense burning and the organ playing soft and delicate hymns.

The demand for that asylum is couched in mellifluous terms, but it remains nonsense. The progress of the human race is not forwarded by any such vague and witless blather. It is forwarded by extending the range of man's positive knowledge, by grappling resolutely with facts, by facing life, not like a schoolma'm, but like a man. With that business the finishers of bond salesmen have no more to do today than their melancholy predecessors had to do in the past. It is the enterprise of far better men—most of them, though they may not always know it, creative artists. It is an enterprise demanding the highest capacities of mankind, and so it is naturally not comprehensible to campus Pollyannas.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

LOUIS ADAMIC *was born in what is now Jugoslavia, and during the World War served in the United States Army.*

DOLORES BENARDETE *was born in London, but was brought to the United States as an infant. She obtained her early formal education in the public schools of New York. She has an A.B. from Hunter and an A.M. from Columbia, and is now working for her doctorate at the latter university. She is an instructor of English at Hunter.*

MARQUIS W. CHILDS *is on the staff of the St. Louis* Post-Dispatch.

CHESTER T. CROWELL *was born in Texas, but now lives in New Jersey. He is an old newspaper man. His first novel, "Liquor, Loot and Ladies," has just been published.*

W. A. S. DOUGLAS *has been a newspaper man all over the world. He is now the Chicago correspondent of the Baltimore* Sun.

BORIS EMMET, PH.D. (*Johns Hopkins*), *was, until the beginning of this year, treasurer of a chain of department stores on the Pacific Coast. Before that he was production manager of a large clothing factory. He is now professor of business organization in the Graduate School of Business at Stanford University.*

ISAAC GOLDBERG, PH.D. (*Harvard*), *is the author of a dozen volumes. He has just completed a book dealing with the music of George Gershwin, and including the evolution of jazz. He is also collecting material for an exhaustive history of Yiddish literature from its origin up to the present.*

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN *is the author of "Bitter Bierce" and "Why We Fought."*

SARA HAARDT *is a native of Alabama, and a graduate of Goucher College.*

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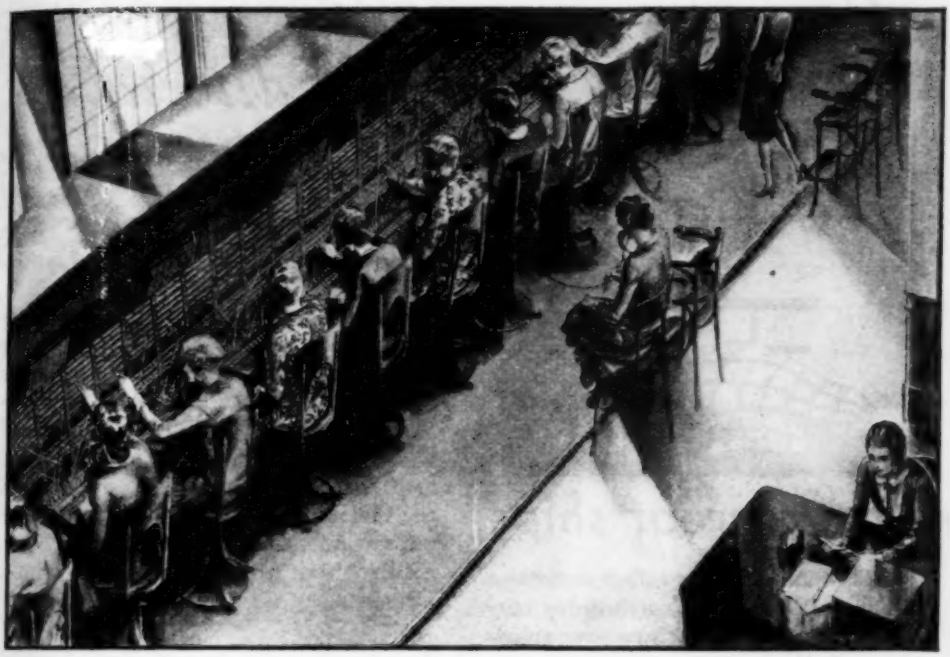
FULTON OURSLER *was born in Baltimore and educated there. He came to New York as editor of the* Music Trades, *and later became chief editor of the Macfadden group of magazines. Of late he has devoted his whole time to writing novels and plays. His novels include "Sandalwood" and "The World's Delight," and his plays, "The Spider" (in collaboration with Lowell Brentano) and "All the King's Men."*

J. A. ROGERS *was born in 1833 in Jamaica. He is self-educated. He is the author of "From Superman to Man," "As Nature Leads," "The Approaching Storm," "The Maroons of the West Indies and South America," "The Ku Klux Klan, Past and Present," "This Mongrel World," "Blood Money," and "The Golden Door." He is a contributing editor of the* Messenger.

OLAND D. RUSSELL *is assistant telegraph editor of the New York* World. *He was formerly the Japan correspondent of the same paper.*

RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS *is assistant to the president of the United Railways and Electric Company of Baltimore. He was formerly a newspaper man.*



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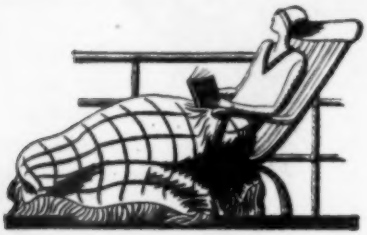

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Editorial NOTES

VARIOUS kind friends write in to suggest that the department of Notes & Queries, which ran in THE AMERICAN MERCURY from June, 1925, to June, 1926, be revived. In fact, some of them send in queries for it, with the demand that they be printed forthwith. Is there any general feeling that the revival should be undertaken? Or any opposition to it? The Editor will be very glad to hear from other readers who are interested.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June will be the following:

"Wisconsin Notebook," *by Zona Gale.*
Two capital sketches of typical Americans by the author of "Miss Lulu Bett."

"The Story of the *Seven Arts*," *by James Oppenheim.*
The *Seven Arts* lasted only a year, but its influence on American literature was considerable, and it also left marks upon American politics. Here its editor tells the full story of the venture.

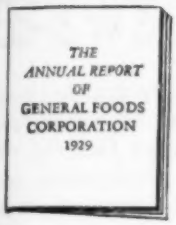
"On Living in Cities," *by Warren S. Thompson.*
How long will it be endurable? Must its present horrors last forever? Dr. Thompson, who is director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems, answers at length, and out of the richness of the special knowledge of the subject.

"Passaic: The Passing of an Idyl," *by Arthur Hanks.*
The grotesque story of a scheme of "Americanization" that brought only unhappiness and ruin to its beneficiaries.

"Seen & Heard in Mexico," *by Harvey Fergusson.*
The author of "Wolf Song," "Capitol Hill," and "The Blood of the Conquerors" has been over the border looking about. Here he makes his instructive report.

"Birmingham," *by Clement Wood.*
A really extraordinary poem.

There will be two short stories, and the usual departments: Editorial, Music, The Library, and The Arts and Sciences.



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THE INVESTOR

MINORITY STOCKHOLDERS

By Rudolph L. Weissman

As a rule, the small stockholder exhibits little interest in the affairs of his company. And the bondholders and owners of preferred stock, so long as they receive their interest and dividends regularly, either have no legal voice in the affairs of the business or are wholly indifferent. Annual meetings are ill attended. James J. Hill once said that he could not remember that a stockholder of one of the most important Northwestern railway systems ever attended a meeting unless for the purpose of making trouble. Only one large American corporation, the Southern Railway Company, prints yearly the proceedings at its annual meetings. The difficulties of inducing stockholders to take an active interest are similar to the difficulties of getting out the vote at political elections. Underlying the attitude of the theoretical owners of the business, one finds the same sense of futility, and only too often it is justified. The holding of meetings in small towns, the surprise, the resentment with which many corporate executives greet questions, and the policy of furnishing abbreviated, conundrum-like financial reports, discourage curiosity.

Corporate minorities, when they are troublesome, cannot be deported or dismissed by ridicule, but minority rights arise only out of actual or alleged abuse, oppression, or fraud. On all questions of the wisdom of policies the courts refuse to interfere, on the well-established principle that directors cannot be compelled to act wisely. The courts hold aloof from family quarrels: the remedy of the stockholders is to elect or appoint new directors or agents. The position of corporate minorities is so weak inherently that in choosing investments one can do no better than to consider as the dominant fact the record and reputation of the management and its affiliated interests. The opportunities for unjust gain and for self-seeking are so great, the obstacles in the way of overthrowing an entrenched management are so formidable, that over and beyond plants, patents and impressive statistics, no single factor weighs as much as honest management.

Consider the reliance which must be placed on the integrity and capability of a chain store. Who determines the locations of additional stores? Are the leases acquired so that officials profit thereby? It is true that transactions between a corporation and its directors are jealously scrutinized, but the courts of some States, notably New York, adopt a rule which is founded on the assumption that the real motives elude the most searching inquiry. What are the chances of a bad situation being discovered? Are purchases of commodities made at good prices through competition, or is favoritism present? When the losses are uncovered, or minorities aroused to action, it is generally too late to recover the fortunes of an enterprise.

One of the most frequent sources of litigation is in connection with dividends. In closed corporations, where one group has invested a large part of the capital and another is in active management, as well as in corporations with widely distributed ownership, minorities often believe dividend payments are being held back unjustly. But unless fraud or a breach of trust is involved, the courts generally refuse to interfere. Surplus earnings, in the directors' discretion, may be used to ex-

Continued on page xxx

Pride of Craftsmanship

Builds America's Finest Motor Car

A LITTLE less than two years ago, a group of earnest men took over the management of Pierce-Arrow. The task was approached with the confidence of long experience — but also with a great reverence for a fine name, a distinguished achievement.

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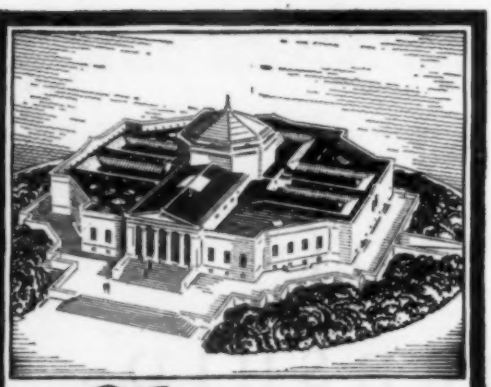

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxviii

pand, or for the anticipation of debts, or to build up a strong working capital position. Since the majority is in the position of a quasi-trustee, efforts to freeze out minorities, particularly where a stock has no market, are usually frustrated. Dr. I. M. Wormser, a leading authority on corporation law, has developed the thesis that the courts should grant relief, even where fraud or dishonesty does not exist, since unreasonable conduct effects the same results, and therefore warrants intervention. The question is important, for corporations in declining industries have been tempted to use big treasury resources to invest outside the business. At times, the investments yield a larger return than ordinary operations. If this is permanent, the shareholder should have the right of determining whether the corporation, which may be a pipe line or railroad equipment concern, should be transformed into an investment trust.

Investment bankers and investors are bound to confront new situations owing to the more general use of the bond convertible into common stock, or with warrants entitling the holder to buy common stock in the future. Many of these contain provisions guarding against the issuance of obligations prior in lien without adequately securing the debenture obligation. But nothing prevents these corporations from selling preferred stock with more favorable stock participation features, which will dilute the value of their privileges. In this connection, a young man, a Belgian who had come to this country to study American financial methods, asked me: "What is the attraction of Delaware?" He had noticed in studying investment circulars the prevalence of Delaware charters. Not only does Delaware invite incorporations by its tax laws, but its recent Corporation Act, among other things, seems to grant directors the power to grant options for stock

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1880 GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY YEAR 1930

DAVEY TREE SURGERY

Reproduction from a painting made on the campus of the Sweet Briar College, Sweet Briar, Va., by Frank Swift Chase © The D. T. E. Co., Inc., 1930

Half a century since John Davey originated the science of Tree Surgery

FIFTY YEARS ago John Davey began experimenting with his new theory that trees could be saved by curative processes. Were they not living things? Were they not subject to disease, injury and other ills? And yet to most men they were just trees, destined to die whenever circumstances took them.

Countless millions of people had seen trees die—if they saw trees at all—without ever a thought that they could be saved. John Davey saw sick and injured trees with understanding and sympathy. He conceived the idea that a system of methods and treatment could be devised that would save innumerable trees that were being lost unnecessarily.

What gave him the idea no one knows. John Davey passed away suddenly nearly seven years ago without disclosing the source of his inspiration. He did a comparatively rare thing; he gave the world a new idea.

As with most new ideas, John Davey endured the long and bitter struggle against ridicule and cynicism and inertia and established habits of thinking. He struggled forward with remarkable determination and with sublime courage. He lived long enough to see his new science a proven success both from a practical and a commercial standpoint.

Like most geniuses John Davey did not care much for money. He had a profound love of nature and was not only thoroughly trained in horticulture, but was an eager student of the related sciences. He not only gave to the world a new idea, but he gave a fine philosophy also. To him the whole development became a great ideal of usefulness and constructive service. His spirit impressed itself indelibly and is a living force in the organization that he founded and inspired.

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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxx

unlimited in duration, without making a public record of the grant. The statute, to complete the wide open leeway given the directors, provides no standard by which the price is determined. Holders of senior securities may be deprived effectively of rights which induced them to buy the stocks or bonds of a corporation.

From the very beginning of the corporate form of business, it has been held that one of the valuable rights of a stockholder is to take, in preference to strangers, a proportionate number of the new shares when capital stock is increased. This preëmptive right enables the shareholder to maintain unimpaired his existing rights as to net earnings or net assets. If the stockholder cannot subscribe, at any rate he may sell his rights. Recently, without it having been called to the attention of investors, the by-laws of many corporations have deprived stockholders of their preëmptive rights. One must conclude that this has been done in order to give interested parties opportunities for quick, fat profits.

In May, 1929, the weakness in the contract provisions of preferred stocks was described by me in this department. In brief, they were found to possess the vulnerable features of bonds without the strong elements of fixed obligations. Except under the peculiar statutory provisions of a few States, holders of non-cumulative stock must stand by and see earnings plowed back into the company, so that in time the common stock will become more valuable than the preferred shares. The courts have repudiated the contention that earnings for each year become a fund, set aside in a sense for the senior stockholders. Unless bad faith is proven, the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Southern Railway and Wabash cases have settled any doubts that were entertained on this proposition.

Continued on page xxxiv

LE MOMENT TENDU

[THE TENSE MOMENT]

When the house is afire and you are waiting to be rescued by the brave pompiers (fire-laddies) do not lose your savoir-faire . . . jamais! (pronounced zhomae) . . .

be nonchalant . . .

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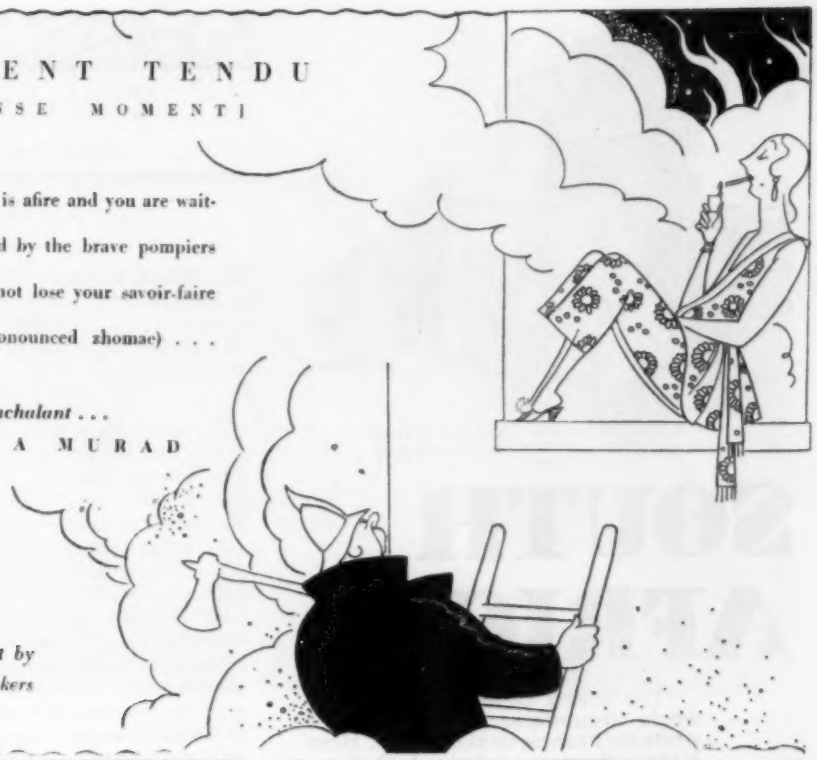

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No other land can parallel the complex witchery of this tourists' paradise—its glittering background of gold and diamonds, its amazingly varied flora and fauna, and its stupendous and beautiful waterfalls set in their inspiring environment of natural grandeur.

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Write for information regarding special cruise or independent inclusive tours. Ask for booklet HB16.

Government Travel Bureau of South Africa
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The INVESTOR

Continued from page xxxii

New Financial Books

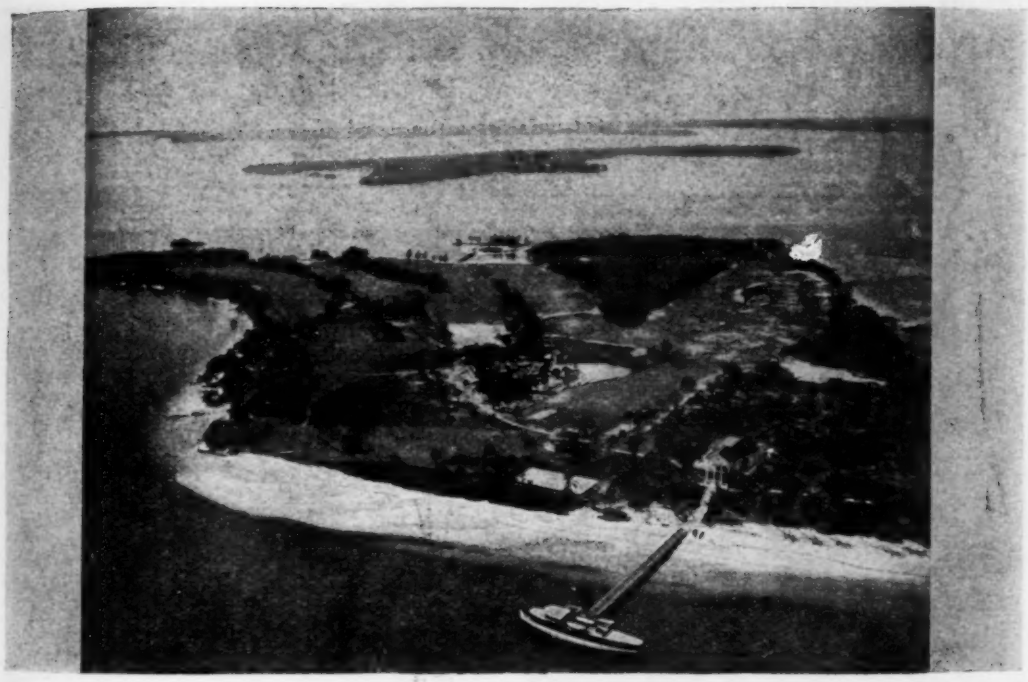
THE STOCK MARKET CRASH—AND AFTER.
By Irving Fisher. *The Macmillan Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5¾; 286 pp. *New York*

MEETING THE BEAR MARKET.
By Glenn G. Munn. *Harper & Brothers*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 276 pp. *New York*

The sequel to a panic is not recovery, but a stream of books explaining what happened and why. Both these volumes, although showing haste in preparation, are well done. Professor Irving Fisher fixes as the cause for the panic the piling up of margin accounts and the Hatry failure in England. Unlike Mr. Munn, who is security analyst for a large New York Stock Exchange firm, Professor Fisher believes that stock prices were, to a large extent, justified by the increase in earnings, but Mr. Munn shows conclusively to what extent prices had outdistanced both actual and prospective profits. Professor Fisher's book leans heavily in part on the report of President Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes, and sees in extensive industrial research and invention, in mergers, in industrial efficiency, in coöperation on the part of labor, and in the economic benefits of Prohibition, reasons for belief in a permanently high price plateau for common stocks. Mr. Munn presents some interesting remarks on market psychology. The agencies forming public opinion are almost always bullish. When the public should be held in check, "it is a courageous banker or business leader who will risk popularity and possible ridicule (if he proves to be wrong) by uttering a cautionary statement. Such announcements are usually couched in timorous phrases."

THE NEXT TEN YEARS IN BRITISH SOCIAL & ECONOMIC POLICY.
By G. D. H. Cole. *Macmillan & Company*
$5.50 8 ¾ x 6; 459 pp. *London*

The well-known Guild Socialist rehauls pre-war Socialism in the light of applying immediate measures to England's problems. Mr. Cole acknowledges the fallacies of his former assumptions. He used to urge that men must be forced to be free; now he says that "we may reasonably hope for a social order in which most men will do their fair share of the world's work without more than the allowed modicum of grumbling, and without serious physical or mental discomfort; but for a world immune wholly from what economists call the 'disutility of labor' it is merely foolish to hope." A novel method is suggested for relieving unemployment temporarily through a National Labor Corps, to be used for carrying out the work of social and economic reconstruction.



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Right in the heart of the world famous tarpon waters of Florida's West Coast are Useppa Inn on Useppa Island, and Gasparilla Inn (The Little Inn) at Boca Grande. There's golf and tennis too, not to forget the boating and bathing. Write to J. F. Vallely, Manager, Useppa Inn, Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida, for reservations at or information about either.

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GASPARILLA INN, BOCA GRANDE, LEE COUNTY, FLORIDA
HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR, PUNTA GORDA, FLORIDA
HOUSES OF THE FLORIDA GULF COAST HOTELS, INC.

Sleep is precious . . . so is coffee

HAVE you missed coffee at your evening meal? Now you can bring back that lost zest with the most delicious coffee you ever tasted. And you can have the comfortable certainty of restful sleep and steady nerves.

Kaffee Hag Coffee is *real coffee* of the finest blend, with 97% of the caffeine removed. It is the coffee that lets you sleep—the original caffeine-free coffee with an improved flavor.

No longer need you drink unsatisfying substitutes. Try Kaffee Hag Coffee *tonight*. Make it just as you would any other coffee. Drink it, black and fragrant, or mellow with cream—as many cups as you like. Then sleep!

Let us send you a sample. Mail the coupon. Or buy a vaccum-sealed can at your grocer's.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, page xxii

different times in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. Vol. XVI is made up of "The Cream of the Jest" and "The Lineage of Lichfield"; Vol. XVII contains "Straws and Prayer-Books," with an appendix devoted to slatings of the various Cabell books by imprudent reviewers; and Vol. XVIII is a miscellany made up of "Townsend of Lichfield," "The White Robe," "The Way of Ecben," and a number of smaller pieces in prose and verse. The author's preface to "The Cream of the Jest" is full of interesting and amusing stuff. It appears that Sinclair Lewis, then serving as reader for the George H. Doran Company, rejected the MS. in 1915, and that it was later rejected by a long list of publishers, including Robert M. McBride & Company, which firm eventually reconsidered its rejection and finally published the book in 1917. As a result of this encounter Lewis and Cabell afterward became friends. "The Cream of the Jest" was also instrumental in bringing its author into contact with other contemporary literati, including Hergesheimer and Burton Rascoe. Thus "in the end," he says, "this book became, in some sense, the most potent of all my books in its influence upon my career as a writer." But "it did not get me any general recognition." That was to come later, with "Jurgen" and the ill-starred effect of the New York smut-snufflers to suppress it. Cabell has never been fortunate in the printing of his books; the ordinary edition is sombre and undistinguished. The Storisende Edition, designed by William Dana Orcutt, is far better, but even so it is unlikely that Mr. Orcutt will put it among his masterpieces. The paper used is somewhat stiff and unwieldy, and the printing looks somehow pale. The binding is a dark green cloth, with gold stamping. The edition is limited to 1590 copies, of which 1550 are for sale.

FICTION

THE FULLY LICENSED MAN.
By Charles Pond. *Reynolds & Company*
9d 7¼ x 4⅞; 16 pp. *London*

This mordant and uproarious skit makes a fair English match for "The Specialist," now a best-seller everywhere in America. It is just as funny, it is far more penetrating, and it is quite free from indecency. A fully licensed man is the highest type of English saloon-keeper. He may sell anything alcoholic, either for consumption on his premises or for taking away. He is the dominant citizen of his neighborhood, and is naturally greatly venerated by the rank and file of Englishmen. Here one of the clients of such a man, adoring him to idolatry, sets forth his merits in hushed and trembling tones. It is a magnificent piece

Continued on page xxxviii

PRODUCTION

Fifteen thousand bound books each day is the production record in the complete plant of The Haddon Craftsmen. Foremost publishers—Harper & Brothers, Thos. Nelson & Sons, Inc., E. P. Dutton & Co., Simon & Schuster, Brewer & Warren, Inc., Alfred A. Knopf, and others—center the responsibility of complete book production in this organization, where artist, photo-engraver, compositor, electrotyper, printer and binder combine to eliminate the worry and waste of divided effort. Telephone for a practical Haddon representative to discuss your production problems.

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Friends of music in every nation of the world have taken steps to prevent destruction of this emotional art. The English, French, Spanish, Italian and Australian *governments* have given notice that music will be protected. In America the Music Defense League offers a democratic method for marshalling the cultural forces of the nation. We know that the registration of a sufficient volume of protest in this way will be heeded by theatrical interests. *The public must be served.*

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City ..... *State* .....

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(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, *President*,
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxvi

of irony—simple, eloquent and devastating. The author is an English actor.

THE SWEET CHEAT GONE.

By Marcel Proust. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$3 7¾ x 5; 379 pp. *New York*

This is the seventh part of Proust's "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu"—"Albertine Disparue" (1925)—in a distinguished translation by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. The volume, which continues with the history of Albertine, Gilberte Swann (Mlle. de Forcheville), Mme. Sazerat, Robert de Saint-Loup, and others of the families of the Faubourg St. Germain, is uniform with the preceding parts of the novel, published as "Swann's Way," "Within a Budding Grove," "The Guermantes Way," "Cities of the Plain," and "The Captive."

FIFTH AVENUE.

By Fred Rothermell. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$3 8 x 5⅜; 299 pp. *New York*

Mr. Rothermell here presents a variety of characters: Old Miss Stebbins, who refuses to sell her red brick house near the Arch, though her limbs are petrified with age, and who dies on her way to the Waldorf to dinner; Anna and Christine, who work in the flower factory across the way, and become rivals, and the dupes of a greasy little Greek, for a string of garnets; Abraham Markowitz, who leaves Broadway to establish a mail-order business only one flight up at 100 Fifth avenue—"that's an address or I'm a fool"; three anonymous men who crash to death off a scaffold; Mr. Graham, the doorman of an apartment house, whose uniform costs $85 without the cap and braid—who is ashamed to be seen talking to his family from "the other side of town"; Mr. West, the Negro, who burns to death when he fights his way into his lodging for his suit of sage-green livery. Mr. Rothermell's objective style is somewhat overdone but his characters are easily recognizable and interesting types.

THE ROAD OF THE GODS.

By Isabel Paterson. *Horace Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 264 pp. *New York*

Alethea, the Woman Who Washes the Dead, is an outcast among the Cowyth-An, a pagan people of the Holy Wood; she is an Alexandrian, a priestess of Astarte, and the High Priest loves her for two years, despite the presence of his gentle wife Hathi. When he returns to Hathi, Alethea poisons her, and is, in turn, poisoned by her hatred for the High Priest and all the people of the Cowyth-An. Years after, Hoath, the son of the High Priest, marries her granddaughter Greda, and Alethea pledges her to betray him into

Continued on page xl

FLORIDA HOTELS

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Tampa

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The foremost institution for Dramatic and Expressional Training. The instruction of the Academy furnishes the essential preparation for Directing and Teaching as well as for Acting.

The training is educative and practical, developing Poise, Personality and Expressional Power, of value to those in professional life and to the layman.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxviii

telling her the Secret of Women, in strict disobedience to his priestly vows. Disaster follows swiftly. The conspiracy between Alethea and the Greek Artemidorus to destroy the Cowyth-An collapses when Artemidorus is killed by a Roman spear; Alethea herself is slain; and the Romans march down the Road of the Gods, driving the people of the Cowyth-An before them. "It was all over so soon. Greda and Hoath were on the Road of the Gods, the westward stretch. The clasp of their hands tightened. Now they had no one and nothing but each other. With their faces set toward Gaul, they ran on." An undistinguished performance.

JOY IS MY NAME.
By Sarah Salt. *Payson & Clarke*
$2.50 7⅜ x 4¾; 325 pp. *New York*

Joyce Raven has "never imagined the stage to be anything except a bright, glittering experience that would take her far away from the dull, sober, inglorious life of her small provincial town. And touring was only a stepping-stone to London" . . . It is the old story with her,—dismissal from Mrs. Rice-Pilkerton's Repertory Company when Maurice, the handsome leading man, gives her a pair of shoes; desperate lines in London, where, unable to find work, she passively gives herself to an elderly married man; an hysterical scene at home when her mother turns her out; another seduction, this time by the assistant doctor in a private asylum where she has obtained work; and her inevitable return to Maurice, in London, who lives with her, and then calmly sends her to a house of prostitution.

BACKWATER.
By T. S. Stribling. *Doubleday, Doran & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 308 pp. *Garden City, L. I.*

Jim Murdock, the son of Old Bill Jack Murdock, the bootlegger of Ringerman-on-the-Levee, in East Arkansas, loves Mary Sue Meredith, daughter of Winchell Meredith, one of the valley aristocrats. Jim has graduated from the State university, he is handsome and ambitious—he dreams of developing a serum against Texas fever—and some day, when his old pappy dies, he will be wealthy; but Mary Sue wants her children to be thoroughbreds. However, she sticks with him during endless fights over boundary lines, bank robbers, stills and bloodhounds, and when at last the Mississippi rushes in and Old Bill Jack Murdock saves the town only for the town to discover that Winchell Meredith is himself a robber and a hypocrite, she agrees that it would be just as well to leave with him for the West, "the dry country." A mediocre performance.

Continued on page xlii

Martin Bruehl

Scene from "THE LAST MILE" at the Sam. H. Harris Theatre

THE first act of "The Last Mile" is a powerful dramatization of a sketch by Robert Blake entitled "The Law Takes Its Toll," which originally appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for July 1929.

Mr. Blake was executed by the State of Texas shortly after he completed writing it.

Both the sketch and the play are eloquent and moving indictments of our methods of organized revenge.

As long as the supply lasts, we will send a copy of July 1929, free with each new subscription

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY 730 Fifth Avenue New York City

In June

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

will present, among other articles, the following:

ON LIVING IN CITIES
By Warren S. Thompson

How long will it be endurable? What must be done hereafter to get rid of its present horrors? The director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems answers at length, and out of the richness of the special knowledge of the subject.

WISCONSIN NOTEBOOK
By Zona Gale

The author of "Miss Lulu Bett" returns to a mordant realism. Two capital sketches of typical Americans.

PASSAIC: THE PASSING OF AN IDYL *By Arthur Hanko*

The grotesque story of a scheme of "Americanization" that brought only unhappiness and disaster to its beneficiaries.

THE STORY OF THE *SEVEN ARTS*
By James Oppenheim

The *Seven Arts* lasted but a year, but it left permanent marks upon American literature, and even some scratches upon American politics. Here its editor tells the full story of the venture.

SEEN & HEARD IN MEXICO
By Harvey Fergusson

The author of "Capitol Hill," "The Blood of the Conquerors" and "Wolf Song" has been over the border looking about. In this article he makes his instructive report.

BIRMINGHAM *By Clement Wood*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY seldom prints poetry, but there is always room for really extraordinary things. Here is one of them.

There will be two short stories, and the usual departments: Editorial, Music, The Library, and The Arts and Sciences.

The June issue will be out May 23rd

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xl

THE PIG IS FAT.
By Laurance M. Maynard. *Farrar & Rinehart*
$2 7½ x 5; 278 pp. *New York*

Benny Wagner, the moronic son of August Wagner, an old German saloon-keeper, swallows his first taste of whiskey on the eve of National Prohibition. Inevitably, he is drawn into a career of crime: he becomes a catspaw for Chick McTeague, a gangster; he steals his father's whiskey, and sells it; gets into a fight and a killing; lands in jail and there falls a prey to Jew Murphy, a dope operator. He is Dopey Ben now, a "pusher" on Murphy's staff, alternately selling dope and doing stretches in the pen. Whenever a big shipment of the stuff gets in from Europe, Murphy gives Benny the office: "The pig is fat, Cokey. Watch your step." The first time he slips in getting away with the stuff Murphy deserts him. He sits in the Big House making a beaded bag and singing. "If I was a millionaire and had lots of coin, I'd buy a big plantation, I'd raise heroin." Mr. Maynard, who is serving a seven-year sentence in the New Jersey penitentiary for "breaking, entry and larceny," is the author of "Murder in the Making" published in the June, 1929, issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY. His novel presents an eloquent account of the genesis of crime in the early Prohibition era.

ELLA.
By Elisabeth Wilkins Thomas. *The Viking Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 247 pp. *New York*

Ella has a singularly charmed life, without tragedy or triumph, or devastating passions of any kind, yet it is far from a dull one. As a child she climbs trees for forbidden cherries, plays tag, presides sweetly at her birthday party, and goes to school to Miss Phelps and to Miss Childers; later, she goes to a convent, a boarding-school, and college, and finally becomes a teacher of girls herself. "I am born once of my mother; I am born again of my teacher," she says. But always she sees beyond her mother, she reads beyond her teacher; and always she is herself. Flowers, trees, a little cart, the word *womb*, "a lovable little crocheted silk canoe" swinging from a lamp, a picture of John Milton in her "literature" book, the base of a young pine tree on the college campus, a round room in an elderly tower, which she visits as a little girl, and to which she returns in the end—these are among the experiences that enhance, without usurping, her individuality. As for marriage, "It's not a matter merely of being asked . . . or not asked. It's my me-ness. Not to be some one's mother, or some one's wife; not to give up me. It's an ungainly condition. But there is something in being me, in holding to being me, I mean." A good first novel.